THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

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"Poet's Corner."

The Dirge of the Mariner.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Lask not to sleep where the ancient church-bell
Will fright the young birds from my grave—
More dear than its chime is the requiem swell
And musical moan of the wave:
Let not the frail herbage grow over my bones,
Which the winter-gale covers with snow;
Oh! bury me not where memorial stones
Earth's chronicled sepulchres show.

But place me away where the curlews sweep
Round the Ocean's unlaureled goal—
On the sparkling beach, where the surges sleep,
And the waters forget to roll;
I have lived on its mighty and solemn breast,
And I love it far more than land;
Oh! when I am dead, let my ashes rest
Entombed on the weltering strand!

For there the green billows with chaplets of foam
Will come from the midst of the sea,
Like friends from the haunts of my ocean-home,
To utter their sorrow for me;
They will bring gay weeds from the fathomless caves
And twine them above my head,
And the ambient gleam of the distant waves
They will cast on my lonely bed.

With shells like the rainbow, and pebbles rare,
They'll enamel the polished strand,
And the signs of their faithful vigils there
Will be traced on the silver sand.
Sadly the sound of their mournful retreat
In the distance will die away,
And wildly the sobs of their coming will greet
The home of the mariner's clay.

They'll haste on the wings of the tempest, to wail,
Or under the starlight to sigh;
They'll throng like an army its chieftain to hail,
Or meekly creep thither to die.
Let my slab be inscribed by the radiant wave,
My shroud be enwove from the surge—
Let no tears but the spray wet the mariner's grave,
And the sea sound forever his dirge!

The Rainy Day.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of my youth fall thick on the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Your fate is the common fate of all,
In every life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Selected Miscellany.

THE OLD BOY.

EVERY man is double. He is what he knows himself to be, and what others think him. The two men—the outward and visible, and the inward and invisible man—are often very different sort of people.

Perhaps this thesis was never more forcibly illustrated than in my own case. I had the misfortune, when scarcely fifteen years of age, to dream a most rare and ominous dream. So distinct was the vision in all its details, that it rather resembled a visit to another world, or a *clairvoyant* projection of the soul into the future, than an ordinary dream. Its most astounding peculiarity was its apparent duration. Every body almost is familiar with the fact, that in a dream a few moments are often so prolligiously crowded with images and sensations that they appear as many hours. But I doubt whether there are many dreamers living who can boast of having condensed ten years of life into a single night. Such, however, was precisely my case. I awoke ten years older in mind than when I fell asleep the night before. I awoke with a distinct remembrance of ten years of active experience. I had the clearest recollection of thoughts and events during the whole period. During these ten years of dream-life, I had left school, studied at a university, travelled, loved, fought, and written works which had obtained for me a great literary reputation. In a word, I had become a great and distinguished man, accustomed to receive the consideration due to my position. I had possessed fortune, power, a host of admirers, and, above all, the consciousness of power and manhood. I awoke a mere child in the eyes of the world; a delusive phenomenon, an anachronism, a living paradox; a schoolboy ten years older than himself; an experienced man ten years younger than his ideas.

At first I could scarcely realize the absurd fact of my youth. I was inclined to take truth for vision, and vision for truth. But finding myself soon driven to fall back on metaphysics, and on such notions as that life is itself a dream, and that ideas and events differ only in a trifling degree, I thought it wise to avoid becoming insane by taking a more practical view of my position. I certainly had dreamed myself into a most unboyish state of intellect and feelings. I as certainly had awakened to a most un-man-like appearance of juvenility, and a most inconsistent state of boyish thraldom. I was at an English boarding-school—the Rev. Doctor Whopham's classical academy! What a ridiculous misfortune for the author of books, the politician, the man of the world, of my dream-memory!

I was just revolving these contradictions in my mind when the school-bell rang for the boys to get up. It was six o'clock in the morning. For the last five or six years of my life (in the infernal dream) I had been accustomed to lie in bed in the morning and muse on the composition of my works. On the present occasion I continued to ponder lazily over my mysterious vision, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by one of the boys in the room calling out in a shrill tone:

'Hollo! Darkman, do you mean to get up to-day, or wait till to-morrow?'

At the same moment another of the boys thought it a capital joke to throw a bolster at me, which, descending precisely on my face, for the moment half smothered me, and so irritated my temper in the anomalous condition of my mind, that forgetting my boyhood for the nonce, I sprang out of bed, seized the offender roughly by the shoulder, and administered a couple of boxes on the ear, with such lusty good-will, that the whole room rung with their vibration.

'Take that, you insolent young monkey!' I cried in a stern, contemptuous tone, which amazed the offender, who was as nearly of my own size and age as might be.

'I say,' retorted the boy angrily, 'none of that girl's play with me, if you please, come on and fight like a man, if you can!' and the boy doubled his fists and threw himself into a very orthodox pugilistic attitude.

This brought me to my senses, and recalled me to a consciousness of my absurd position. However, there was, of course, no retreat, and I prepared for the inevitable contest. He had told me to fight like a man. Little did he imagine how much of a man I was. Ten years of adventures had given me a self-possession and courage very different from the mere effervescence of boyish audacity. Confidence is strength. I looked upon my antagonist as a child. My manly pride almost disdained such an enemy. He had scarcely returned my blow when I assailed him with such decisive resolution, that in a few moments he was grovelling on the floor at my feet, bleeding and vanquished.

The other boys applauded me admiringly, as I strode scornfully back to my bed-side and began to dress in silence.

It was the first time they had witnessed anything of the kind on my part. Though not by any means weak or small for my age, I was of an extremely effeminate appearance. My complexion was singularly fair and delicate; my hair soft, light and wavy; whilst previous to the change wrought in my character by the dream, I had been remarkable for the gentleness of my manners and though not timid, had always avoided quarrelling and fighting as much as possible. But now I had acquired all the stern combativeness which ten years of arduous struggles rarely fail to impart to the human disposition. Accordingly, when on descending to the school-room Dr. Whopham severely reprimanded me for my violence, I showed no manner of contrition for the offence, but looked coldly and indifferently at the Doctor, who in my eyes was now no more than a vulgar pedagogue, very much my inferior in acquirements and talents.

'Do you hear, sir?' said the Doctor; 'I say that I will make an example of you.'

'You had better not,' said I, sarcastically, thinking of a repartee I had made to Washington Irving a year or two before, (in the dream;) 'I should make a bad example to a certainty.'

'You shall be flogged, sir,' said the Doctor, losing all patience. 'By G——, I'll not be bearded by any boy in my school. I will flog you this very day!'

'I think you will not, sir,' said I with affected politeness.

'Why not, thundered Whopham, growing purple in the face with rage, 'you poisonous young viper!'

'Because if you attempted such a thing, or effected it by force, I would infallibly kill you.'

'Kill me!' cried the Doctor; 'the young wretch, the unprincipled, immoral young monster—he threatens to murder me!'

'Yes; if you lay hands upon me, I do,' was my deliberate answer.

'Why, what's the matter with the boy?' said the head usher, coming up; 'is he mad? He used to be the most peaceable and gentle boy in the whole school, and look at him now; his face is like a Satan's.'

'Wicked, but angelic,' said I, laughing. 'Mr. Polyglot, I thank you for the compliment.'

'Does the devil possess the boy?' exclaimed Dr. Whopham, looking at my erect attitude of defiance with a mysterious feeling of dismay, and perhaps imagining that I relied upon the rank of my relatives, who were of wealth and distinction, to bear me out in my rebellious conduct.

'Hark you, you couple of old fools!' said I, with an indescribable pleasure in their utter confusion, 'we have had enough of this. I meant to run away, but perhaps you may as well expel me. At all hazards, here we part; so good bye for ever. Boys, good bye!'—

As I spoke, I made a dash at the nearest school-room window, which was open to admit the fresh air, vaulted over the window-sill, and manfully took to my heels. In a few hours I had distanced all my pursuers, for I was the best runner at the school, and I did not spare my legs. For several days after I could scarcely walk. Meanwhile I had taken the rail to London. I was safe. I was free. I was to all intents and purposes the man of my dream, without his position, his fortune, or his fame; at least, so I fondly fancied. And now what was to be my course? At all hazards, I was resolved not to return to my relations. How could I explain to them the change that had taken place in my being? They would have confined me as a lunatic, or sent me back to school as a culprit. My first resolution, then, was to preserve my personal liberty at all costs. Any thing was better than the slavery of a school-life—even starvation; but that I did not apprehend. I had a gold watch of which I could nearly guess the value. I raised ten pounds (fifty dollars) upon it the next day. Half that sum judiciously invested, supplied me with clothes suitable to the appearance of a man several years older than myself, which I had resolved to assume. A pair of spectacles fitted with green glasses, a stiff cravat and shirt collar, and a rather clerical suit of black, were my whole means of disguise. Being nearly as tall as the average run of men, I was thus enabled to conceal my extreme youth, and to enter upon the career which I had proposed to myself as the source of my future income. This career was literature. Nor need it be wondered at that I adopted the pursuit which, in my dream-life, I had already carried to such a successful issue.

In a few days, by assiduous labor, I had dashed off one of those strange, wild, improbable, plausible, and supernaturally interesting stories of which the literature of all nations scarcely furnishes a dozen examples. I knew, however, by my old dream experience, what a new aspirant for literary fame had to expect from publishers. I also knew how to deal with this despicable race of moral Jews, who discount thought and devour the mental wealth of genius, precisely as their prototypes eat up the fortunes of the members of rich and noble families. Accordingly, I took excellent precautions against their ignorance on the one hand, and their impertinence on the other. I introduced myself to the firm of Grey, Brown, Yellowboy & Co., as the private secretary of a young gentleman of fortune, who indulged in literary ambition. I spoke with sincere admiration of my own genius, that is, of my imaginary master's; finally, I presented the MS. of my story as a work which had been produced under the most singular auspices. It was, in fact, I said, a translation and completion of a fragment never printed, which the illustrious *Theodore Amadeus Hoffman* had left behind him, and which, by incredible labor, my young employer had succeeded in deciphering and translating.

The publisher was extremely anxious to see the author, whom I did not forget to make the cousin of a Duke, and a man of noble name and family. But I told him that, until after the publication of the work, such an interview would be impossible, as Mr. Percy Egremont (my supposed master) had, even then started for Rome on a secret mission from the home government. The publisher, who could not penetrate my grave demeanor and green spectacles, treated me with distinguished politeness—not the less that I alluded to my own prospects of a diplomatic career under the patronage of Mr. Egremont. He purchased the copyright of the work; and had good cause to rejoice in his speculation, for it ran through five editions in the space of as many months, and I found myself both famous, and, comparatively speaking rich. The publisher happened to be one of the most honest of his tribe, and I had received for each edition of my little book—which, by the way, was expensively printed and illustrated—the sum of thirty guineas, in all one hundred and fifty, or about eight hundred dollars. Thus I had achieved at a bound what, in my dream, and too often in the real lives of authors of the highest merit, was the result only of years of toil and drudgery—a position. I had a name, and the command of a publisher. I could draw money in advance, if I required it, on my mere promise of an unwritten book. At fifteen years of age I was one of the happy few whom success stamps with the mark of the most exclusive of all nobilities, acknowledged superiority. But I had the memory of ten years of battle in my heart. In secret I felt all the sadness which poets are prone to, who weep the miseries of humanity—all the weariness of life which a varied experience of its pleasures and its cares produces in the mind of the earnest thinker. Meanwhile other sensations natural to my age, and stimulated by my unnatural extension of experience, began to exercise an empire over my soul which neither reason nor prudence could contend against. The beauty of fair and gentle women haunted my dreams. The melody of angel voices, heard in poetic reveries, resolved themselves into the musical accents of silken-haired and blue-eyed girls. I had slid imperceptibly into society through the agency of my publisher and the literary men to whom he had introduced me, since, on the undeniable success of my book, I had laughingly thrown off my mask, and declared myself to be Percy Egremont in person.

And, as Percy Egremont, I was every where welcome. My extreme youth—for, though none suspected my real age, I could not be supposed to be more than nineteen or twenty at the very farthest—my fame echoed by every newspaper and review throughout the kingdom, my girlish face and gentle manners, all contributed to make me a sort of general pet lion. Even my brother authors loved and spoke well of me. How could they suspect, beneath my effeminate aspect, the iron will and hardened heart of a man practiced in all the wiles and stratagems, inured to all the tempests and convulsions of a worldly and insatiable ambition!

If, with all this, I felt at times that my life was after all a sort of protracted imposture, a kind of sublimely methodical madness, what mattered? I was the last person in the world to underrate the value of a dream. So I dreamed on, and took no thought for the morrow.

I had made the acquaintance, amongst other young men of literary tastes, of Lord Arthur Carisbrook, and by him had been introduced to his mother, the dowager Lady Carisbrook, and his sister, Lady Rosina, a girl of eighteen, who had just been presented at Court, and was in all probability destined to be the recognized beauty of the season.

The moment her dark blue, languishing eyes fell upon me, a flood of new-born vitality streamed through my frame. My chest seemed to expand, every fibre of my body to dilate with an ecstatic sensation of power. I felt myself a man indeed, and capable of contending with men. But, alas! I was still at least ten years older than I looked!

"What a pretty boy!" I overheard the Countess say to her son as I turned to speak to Rosina.

"Yes, mamma," replied the young Lord, "you would hardly imagine that he was the author of 'Nairad.'"

"Why, dress him in Rosina's clothes," said the Countess, "and he would look more girlish than your sister."

I bit my lips with vexation. But the expression of Rosina's eyes, which, as she was tall, were precisely on a level with my own, soon distracted my thoughts from this mortifying remark. Rosina was, in truth, a girl worthy of a poet's love. She was full of animation, yet free from coquetry; she appreciated art, she enjoyed nature, she adored beauty. She had only one fault—an intense fear of ridicule. She had a soul brave and lofty enough to have defied menace, and dared persecution; but her courage faded before a sarcasm; a sneer descended on her resolutions like a blight upon the nectarines. This peculiarity of her character I discovered at our first interview, thanks to my supernatural knowledge of the intricacies of human fancies and motives.

At the same time, I conceived for her one of those insane, unspeakable, delicious passions which can only come into existence under rare and extraordinary circumstances. Such passions know no middle path; they bring with them either supreme happiness or intolerable misery. In my case, it required the most careful policy and perfect self-restraint, to give even the hope of a happy result. I do not allude to social difficulties. The love of Rosina secured an elopement was a cardinal remedy for all such obstacles. But to be loved, and loved as madly as I myself loved, by Rosina, it was absolutely necessary that I should avoid ridicule. My weak point was my youth. Feeling that any affectation of disguising it would only render me absurd, I resolved, with the policy of a true politician, to annihilate its weakness by making it a tower of strength. Accordingly I assumed the part of a gay, careless boy-poet. I made no pretense to the dignity of maturity. I took liberties with every body, and allowed every body to treat me as a precocious youth, who had no idea of appearing otherwise than he was. Lady Carishrook took a great liking to me—she little thought what exquisite art I had employed to ingratiate myself—and I was invited to join a large party of fashionable people at her country mansion.

It was on this occasion, that I had hoped to bring my boyish schemings to a happy climax. By my boyish vivacity and unassuming manners, I acquired the affections of nearly all the guests assembled. My subtle jests passed for random flashes of humor. Sayings which Talleyrand might be proud of, were repeated as happy blunders of a prattling youth. My authorship of "Nairad," which might have opened the eyes of any one of ordinary perspicacity, was for the time forgotten. It was only when alone with Rosina that my tone and manner underwent a total transformation. To her, I discoursed naturally and freely, with all the gravity of a philosopher, and enthusiasm of an ambitious genius. For her ear I reserved the stores of my mysteriously acquired knowledge, all the wonders of my daring projects and aspirations. I made her my confidant and friend. I never said a word of love. I even forced myself to look at her without betraying my passion. I had but one object—to teach her to respect me. In the presence of third parties I avoided showing even the most shadowy indication of the love that consumed my soul. Thus I escaped the ridicule of rival suitors, the odious comparison with their robust forms and whiskered faces, thus in short I convinced Rosina of my superiority, before she had even dreamed of comparing me with others.

All went well. My policy was triumphant, and at length the crisis was brought on, which was either to establish my complete success or utter failure.

"How is it," said Rosina, as we stood talking before dinner, in a conservatory of exotic plants, to which we had retreated from an instinctive wish to enjoy one another's society undisturbed, "How is it, Percy, that you are so different when alone with me, from what you are in company?"

"It is because, my dear Lady Rosina, the mass of mankind are not worth talking sense to, as they are barely capable of understanding nonsense. Besides I am a mere boy comparatively speaking, and it would be bad taste to show myself wiser or cleverer than older people. I have also the misfortune to look much younger even than I am; my face is——"

"More like a pretty girl's than a man's," said Rosina, laughing with a wickedly puzzling expression.

I did not blush, as I should probably have done, had any one else said the same thing. It was not the wounded vanity of a child, it was the baffled passion of a man, that caused me to turn pale, to feel my knees almost sink beneath me, and to contract my brows with an expression of pain that no self-command could conceal.

But my agony was of brief duration.—Rosina took my hand in hers, and pressing it in a way that caused me the most delicious thrill of enjoyment, said, in a very different tone, and with a look that penetrated through all my artificial panoply: "Percy, I think Alcibiades, at your age, must have been what you are now, a combination of the beauty of a woman and the soul of a hero!"

Scarcely had Rosina uttered these perilous flattering words, than I had clasped her lovely form to my heart in an embrace of frantic delight, and pressed upon her lips a kiss that caused me to turn faint with rapture. In another instant I was at her feet. I looked up. She was trembling from head to foot. Her eyes were swimming in tears. She said nothing, she raised me gently; one more passionate embrace, and at the sound of the dinner bell, we hastened to put on an indifferent aspect and join the assembled guests in the drawing-room. Henceforward our eyes might have served us as telegraphs.

And now, laugh who will at what follows. Years of peril, vicissitude, and wild adventure lie between me and that hour. I yet shudder to recall its eventful moments. On entering the drawing-room I met face to face a newly arrived guest. Almost petrified with horror, I recognized—Doctor Whopham. I saw, too, with the same glance, that he too had recognized me. Nevertheless I did not lose my presence of mind. I tried the only chance I had.

"Doctor," said I, shaking him by the hand and speaking in an under tone, "silence!—silence at any price—at any price!"

But the schoolmaster either would not or could not understand me; probably the latter, as he was a man of heavy and obtuse intellect. He stared at me for a moment in stupid amazement; then burst out in a tone that was audible from one end of the room to the other:

"What! you here? So I've caught you at last, Master Darkman, have I? Your relations have been half crazy about you. Don't frown at me, you young villain! Ha, ha! gentlemen and ladies, would you believe it? this is one of my boys who ran away, some six or seven months ago, from my school. Well! this is a *dies fortunata!* His relations have offered all sorts of rewards for his recovery. Excuse me your lordship, but how in the name of Scylla and Charybdis, did this boy come here?"

I did not regard the supercilious smiles and broad grins of the faces that surrounded me, all radiant with infernal curiosity and enjoyment of the ridiculous scene. I turned, crushed as I was in soul, with a proud and calm air, towards Rosina. She was laughing—yes, laughing aloud at my hideous discomfiture! As her eyes encountered my look of eternal reproach, she burst into a yet more extravagant fit of laughter.

We were always a fierce and violent race, we of the Darkman family. A man darkened by a fearful crime was its legendary founder. And now all the blackness of Hell seemed concentrated in my heart.

"Dog!—idiot!" I cried savagely, "what is the meaning of this farce—this incomprehensible insolence? Apologize at once, and choose other subjects for your jests in future."

"Oh indeed!" said the schoolmaster. "Oh, indeed! you call me dog and idiot, do you? Wait till I see your father, or till I get you back to school, and have you flogged as you deserve. Only let me—"

At this moment, the course speaker was interrupted in his diatribe by a blow on the head from the pedestal of a massive bronzé lamp, which in my fury I had seized and wielded as if it had been a mere bamboo cane. Amid a general cry of horror the Doctor fell senseless to the floor, and a stream of blood from his fractured skull began to form an ominous pool upon the carpet. I was only restrained from repeating the blow by the united efforts of the bystanders.

The next day I awoke in the county gaol.

Some weeks elapsed. The schoolmaster did not die. He only became a lunatic, which to a man who was born a fool, was perhaps no great misfortune. I myself was liberated on the ground of temporary insanity, which my incoherent ravings in the delirium of a fever that had supervened on the last-named events, not a little encouraged. Pale, wasted, and broken-spirited, I, some months later, being on a visit to an aunt in London, ventured to knock at Lord Carisbrook's door. My former friend received me, to my amazement, with more than his usual cordiality.

"Are you prepared," said I "to hear a story which vulgar minds would call incredible?"

"I assure you that I am burning with curiosity to hear the explanation of your mystery."

I told him all—even to my interview with his sister and her terrible laughter.

"And now," said he, "I will tell you something, since it appears after all that you are a man of an honorable family. Rosina did not join in the brutal laugh at your misfortune. She loved you (so well, to take a pleasure in your ridicule."

"How, you would persuade me to disbelieve my senses?"

"Yes; but if you would save Rosina another *fit of hysterics*, you will leave me and join her in the next room."

In another instant my future bride was in my arms. To real love its object can never be ridiculous. Two years later the marriage of the only son of Sir Lionel Darkman to Lady Rosina Carisbrook was announced in the papers.

And strange to say, the memory of that dream never faded, but remained as it were, an integral part of my life. When other subjects failed us, it was a constant resource for conversation; and Rosina, smoothing my hair with her white hand, would say, gently smiling, "Now tell me some of your adventures in dreamland."

And when ten years were elapsed, the two memories, of the visioned and the real life, remained strangely distinct; and I perceived that the latter was, indeed, but a continuation of the former. Indeed, Rosina often whispered—what my own vanity would have scarcely ventured to suggest—that I had become at last a greater man even than the man of my vision. Perhaps this flattering fancy was but a dream, like the other. At any rate I doubt whether I shall ever dream again half so pleasantly!

Thus I owe my fame, my bride, and my happiness to a dream.

Royal Tiger Hunt.

"I had hunted the lion and the jaguar, or tiger-cat of America. I had equally chased the African lion, and I would, for once at least, find myself in the presence of the tiger of Hindostan. Our party consisted of five Europeans—three Englishmen, one Irishman, and myself (French)—besides four Malays, two sepoys, and eight dogs, of which they spoke wonders. The heat was scorching, without a breath of air. In India, when once you have made preparation for a perilous expedition you can no longer be interested in "smaller game." Good bullets, sharp harpoons, spears, the best of tempered sabers, would be of very little use to you against the bengalees, and the joyous clouds of birds of the most varied and brilliant plumage which vocalise in the air; you leave them at liberty, respect them even in their sleep; and that is the reason, probably, which makes them so familiar and tame in their incessant evolutions. A powerful motive, however, compels you to respect them, above all when you are at some distance from a town or plantation; the report of your gun would not alone awaken these vast and imposing solitudes; under the bushes in the vicinity, near to the muddy marshes and swamps, repose the lion, sleeps the tiger, and for such visitors your arms should ever be in a state of readiness. At mid-day we came to a halt at the delightful residence of Dr. Macquarie, whom we found low-spirited, but who, nevertheless, gave us a warm reception. The previous evening a panther had leaped the wall enclosing his lodge, and carried off and devoured the son of a Malay, his servant, while sleeping in its cot. The wall was thirteen English feet in height, and the leap of the furious beast must have been confined and difficult still more by a ditch on the other side." (Here a sudden tornado, peculiar to the East, overtakes the party, and compels them to remain over night.) "On the following morning, before break of day, we were on march, reinforced by the brother and sister of the devoured Malay, who would be revenged of the panther or tiger. The dogs in front kept close to us, as if fearful of approaching danger. By the advice of our guides we quickly passed through a thick wood, and arriving at a clear and extensive plain, seated ourselves to take breakfast. The tiger did not leave us much leisure. On its first and awful roar the dogs, which they had told us were so courageous, slunk behind us, their tails between their legs, and looking here and there, with the most stupid fright expressed in their faces, neither whip, nor blows with the gun, nor menaces, nor caresses, would conquer them, so we resolved to pass them by. A second roar, shorter and louder, told us the tiger was approaching. We looked at our priming, and awaited him in order of battle; the Malay three paces in advance, his sister by his side, both armed with a pistol and an iron hand-harpoon. Behold him in our presence! More beautifully striped than the zebra, snorting, astonished much more than frightened at our presence—immovable at first, putting forth deafening and profound roars, raising his furry eyelids, licking his half-opened lips with a rough and red tongue. He was magnificent to behold. We advanced towards him some steps, he made some towards us; and all at once, as if they were ashamed of their pusillanimity, the dogs without being set on, came and placed themselves in our front, close together, impatient but silent. At sight of the dogs the tiger became furious; he no longer regarded us, his first victims were to be the dogs, who dared to brave and await him. They advanced together at first, then divided and attacked the ferocious beast in front, behind, and on the flanks. The tiger fixed his eye on the most bold among them; he gave a spring, and in an instant he had one enemy the less, the dog's entrails were strewed on the ground by a single pressure of the beast's jaws. We wished to assist the others, who had run back some steps, but the Malay, by a sign of the hand, intimated that it was not time to act yet; he wished us all to return home in safety. His sister showed admirable *sang froid* and intrepidity; in her vigorous hands she held the sharp-pointed harpoon, and I remarked that her yellow complexion gradually assumed a red or bright copper tint. The field of battle now became more confined, not exceeding fifty paces at most, our enemy was surrounded by twenty within this space. At a signal from the Malay the dogs flew on all at once; the tiger roared, bounded like the boa-constrictor, and crushed one dog after another, and although bleeding in every part was still as furious and menacing as ever. All the dogs were put *hors de combat*, the only three alive still seemed to implore the Malay, who advanced, and we followed—a bullet is discharged, the tiger roars, attempts to spring, but falls to the ground like an aerolyte, the young girl advances, and lances her harpoon, which penetrates his body; he attempts to retreat, but the more he moves the more the deadly weapon enters his flesh. A general discharge of our rifles brought his end to a dead certainty. We had returned half-way home, when the two Malays, who preceded us, uttered a loud shriek. We hastened our steps, and soon found these two unfortunates stretched on the ground, and kissing with transport part of a human body. It was a portion of the head and throat of their younger brother, which they recognized from a slight scar on the forehead."—*Arago.*

The Horse.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, a gentleman residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable young horse, stolen from the stable in the night. Great search and inquiry were made for him, but no intelligence could be heard, and no trace of the thief could be discovered. Almost [illegible] had elapsed, and the recollection even of the lost animal, had nearly faded from its owner's mind. At this period a gentleman from the East, in the course of business was travelling upon horseback on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. When within four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveller was overtaken by a respectable looking gentleman on horseback, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side, they soon engaged in a pleasant desultory conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveller's horse. And every glance of the eye cast towards him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before; and soon established in his mind the impression, that for all the world he looked exactly like the horse he had lost some six years ago. This soon became so irresistibly fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveller:

"You have a fine horse, sir."

"Yes," he replied, "an exceeding valuable and excellent animal."

"What is his age, sir?"

"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."

"You did not raise him then?"

"No I purchased him of a stranger, a traveller, nearly six years since."

"Do you reside in this part of the country?"

"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia on business. How far is it now to New York?"

"Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience, but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in possession a horse that I must claim."

The traveller looked with surprise and amazement, and replied; "What do you mean, sir?"

"I believe the horse you are on belongs to me. Five years ago the past autumn, a valuable young horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him, but no tidings ever came to hand. In color, appearance and movements it seems to me, he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, I think, for two to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncommonly intelligent, sagacious animal. And I will make a proposition to you that will place the matter in such a position that the result will be conclusive and satisfactory, I think to both of us. We are now within a mile of my residence, which is on the road in the centre of the village before us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door, the horse I am on to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle shall be taken off, and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house and pass over, and go round to the east side of the barn, and pull out a pin and open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold; and that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveller assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few minutes—the bridle was then taken off—he raised his head, pricked his ears, looked up the street and then down the street several times—then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door as described, and with his teeth and lips drew out the pin, opened the door, and entered into his old stall. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by the neighbors, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveller lost his title to the horse.

☞ Smithers, on going home the other night, was run against by a three story house, which was chasing a lamp post up Canal street. On coming to, he thus reasoned with himself. "Is that mud, (hiccup) or is it brains? (hiccup.) If it's mud, I'm mortally toxicated; if it's brains, I'm slightly dead, (hiccup) that's all." When we left he was trying to persuade a freestone stoop that it was unconstitutional to leave awning posts out of doors after nightfall.

☞ A tree on Cunningham's plantation, near Lexington, Miss., was struck by lightning on the 12th inst., and of seven negroes who were sitting beneath it, eating their dinners, four were killed—a loss to the owner of some $2,500 or $3,000. How unfortunate for him that they were not free laborers.

☞ It is said that a Yankee has invented a potato digging machine, which draws by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside whistling "Hail Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets.

☞ Modesty is to the female character what saltpetre is to beef—while it preserves its purity, it imparts a flush.