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 Closing Scene.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile, armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year:

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
Croaked the crow, through all the dreamy gloom
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re gave the swords, to rust upon the wall.

Re gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips, a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed—
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

Autumn.

Thou comest, Autumn! heralded by rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest like imperial Charlemagne
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all the vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon the altar shine the sheaves;
And follow thee in thine ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves
[LONGFELLOW.

☞Somebody shrewdly remarks that one-half of the repents and two-thirds of the bosoms that you run against in fashionable society are false.

☞If five and a-half yards make a porch, how many will it take to make a sea-bass.

Selected Miscellany.

LOVE ON THE ROAD.

BY P. A. BUSTACE.

'Rub the horse down well, and don't feed him till he is perfectly cool.'

These words were addressed to the hostler of a hotel in Brighton, by a handsome middle aged man dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted from an elegant black horse, and tossed the rein to the attendant—

'And now,' said the horseman, addressing a waiter, 'show me into a private parlor.'

A well dressed man who rides a handsome nag is always sure of a warm welcome at a public house, all the world over. Our friend soon found himself in a neat parlor with flowers and vases on the mantle piece, and the blinds, for it was a warm summer's afternoon, carefully closed, while the open window permitted a free current of air to circulate through the apartment.

The waiter remained standing near the door.

'Any orders, sir?'

'No—yet stay; who came in that handsome phæton, I saw standing in the yard?'

'A lady, sir.'

'Ah.'

'A young widow.'

'Bah!'

'She is very handsome.'

'Go along, and shut the door after you,' muttered the traveller testily.

'A woman and a widow,' he soliloquized. 'I'm certainly very glad I don't know her. I'm very fortunate to have attained the age of forty without any feminine attachment—pecuniarily independent—not ill-looking, I think I must admit that—I should make what those busy bodies, match-makers, call a grand match. But thank my stars! I have preserved my content and independence so far, and I'm not likely to succumb now. No, no! Jack Champion was born to live and die an old bachelor. And now for the newspaper.'

In the meantime another horseman had come to the hotel, his horse reeking with sweat and literally unable to place one foot before another.

The hostler, an Irishman, made his appearance.

'Pat,' said the young man, fashionably dressed, 'put my mare in the stable, and do the best you can for her.'

'Och, Misthur Traverse, and she's kilt intirely.'

'I'm afraid so,'

'And what the divil made you crowd her so.'

'No matter. Is my sister here?'

'Yes sir. Bill, show the gintleman into the parlor.'

'Ah, Bell,' said the young man, 'you are here.'

'Yes,' replied the beautiful woman rising to meet him, 'but what's the matter with you?'

'Nothing, Bell, nothing.'

'Something is certainly the matter—You look flushed and excited.'

'I'm in a hurry.'

'That's not all. Tell me what has happened.'

'I must be brief, for I am pursued.'

'Pursued.'

'Yes. You know that fellow who insulted you in the coach the other day,' replied the young man. 'Well, I've been on his track for more than a week, I met him in the street to-day, and gave him a confounded horse whipping. I handled him very roughly, I'm afraid.—He instantly got out a warrant against me, and not wishing to be dragged into court till I was ready, I mounted my horse and gave the officers the slip. Perhaps I had better have waited and braved it out; but having taken this step, I'm bound to baffle them. To-morrow I will surrender. Now, Bell, if your pony will take me to your uncle's in five minutes, I'm your man.'

'Poor Charly couldn't do it,' replied the lady.

'Then I'll make other arrangements.—By the by I'll meet you at the villa.'

From the drawing room the young man rushed into the stable.

'Pat,' said he, 'give me a horse, and a good one.'

'Sorra the horse we've got in the stable except this black, that belongs to a gintleman who come here jist afore ye. Och but he's a good one, yer 'onner.—He'll go 2.40 to a cint.'

'I'll borrow him,' said Traverse jumping on his back. 'Tell Bell to drive the gentleman to the villa, and there he can have him.'

'But your 'onner,' loudly responded the hostler.

In vain. Traverse had set spurs to his horse and was off like a thunderbolt.

'O, wira, wira, wira!' said the hostler. 'What will become of me? I'm ruined and undone intirely.'

Shortly after Mrs. Leslie rang for her phæton, and at the same time Mr. Champion, the old bachelor, ordered his horse. The pony came round to the front door, and at the same time the young widow stepped into the phæton.

'All right,' she said to Patrick, with a smile, nodding and taking the reins—'Give him his head.'

'Och, it's all wrong my lady,' replied the hostler keeping a tight hold of the rein. 'Sure an' you can take two inside.'

'Very well, but I came alone.'

'You have got to take a passenger.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, wira, your brother has been stealing a horse.'

'Stealing a horse?'

'Yes, this gintleman's, and he said you were to take him to the villa to get the horse back again.'

'Very angular,' said the widow, 'but William always was very eccentric.'

At this crisis Mr. Champion appeared.

'My horse ready?'

'Jump in sir.'

'I didn't come in a carriage.'

'In wid yeez,' shouted the hostler.

'Take a seat beside me, if you please, sir,' said the widow, with one of her most fascinating smiles.

Mr. Champion approached the step to inquire the meaning, when the hostler seized him with a vigorous hand, and thrust him into the phæton, while the pony, startled at the movement, dashed off at a run.

Poor Captain Champion. Here was a situation. A confirmed old bachelor bodily abducted by a fascinating young widow. The captain had to lend his assistance to the lady, in management of the pony, who was shortly reduced to his usual slow and quiet pace, and then after thanking her companion for his assistance, Mrs. Leslie told him that in a few minutes he should be put in possession of his horse which had been borrowed by a gentleman. This explanation she vouchsafed. She required in turn to be made acquainted with the name of her companion, after giving her own.

In a few minutes the captain began to feel somewhat more at ease—in fact he began to like his position. He had never sat so near a pretty woman in all his life. He began to ask himself whether if the proximity was so pleasant for a few moments, a constant companionship might not prove as agreeable. While her attention was engaged upon her pony he had an opportunity to survey her features. Her large, dark luminous eyes, seemed to be literally swimming in liquid lustre. Her cheeks were as soft and blooming as the sunny side of a peach. Her profile was strictly Grecian, and her parted lips showed a row of tiny pearls as white as snow. The most delicate fingers, encased in French kid, closed upon the reins, and the varnished tip of a dainty boot indicated a foot that Cinderella might have envied.

'Do you live far from here madam?' asked the captain.

'Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if you are in a hurry.'

'Not for the world. The pace seems to be a very fast one.'

The widow turned those witching black eyes of hers upon the old bachelor and smiled. It was all over with him. When he sprang out at the gate of the villa, and touched the fairy fingers of the widow, as he assisted her to alight, his heart was irretrievably lost.

A red-faced old gentleman in a dressing gown received them at the door.

'My dear Captain Champion, uncle,' said the widow, 'excuse me for announcing sir.'

'Very happy to see you sir,' said the old gentleman, 'walk in sir.'

The old gentlemen were soon chatting together familiarly, and the former felt himself completely at home. After an hour spent in this manner, his host excused himself, and the bachelor was left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the hall. The captain easily recognized the widow's, and a glance through the half open door, showed that her companion was a very handsome young gentleman.

'There, dear Bell,' said the young man, 'don't scold me any more. I won't do so any more, I promise you. Give me a kiss.'

A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable genuine kiss—the captain saw and heard it. A pang shot through his heart.

"The only woman I could ever love," said he to himself. "And she's engaged."

The widow tripped into the room. If she was pleasing in her carriage dress, she was perfectly bewitching in her drawing room attire. Champion could now see the whole of that delicate fairy foot.

"My dear sir," said she, "your horse is at your service now."

Champion rose.

"But," she added, "if you will stay and take dinner with us, my uncle will be very much gratified, and I shall be highly pleased."

"The coquette," thought Champion. "I am much obliged to you, madam, but I have another engagement."

"Then we can not hope to detain you sir. But first allow me to present you to my brother."

The handsome young man now made his appearance and shook hands with the bachelor.

"That's the horse thief, captain," said the widow, laughing.

The young man apologized, and explained the circumstances which had impelled him to take the liberty—adding, "I am sorry that we cannot improve the acquaintance thus casually made by enjoying your company at dinner. I am sorry you are otherwise engaged."

"Why as to that," said the captain, drawing off his gloves, "your offer is too tempting and I feel compelled to accept it."

So his horse was remanded to the stable, and he stopped to dinner. And after dinner they had music, for Mrs. Leslie played and sang charmingly. Then he was persuaded to stay to tea, and in the evening the family rambled in the garden, and the captain secured a ten minutes *tete a tete* with the widow in the summer house overgrown with Madeira vines and inhabited by a spider and six earwigs. It was ten o'clock when he mounted his horse to return to Boston, but it was bright moonlight, and he was romantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his visit—and the next—and the next. In short the episode of the borrowed horse produced a declaration, and an acceptance; and though years have passed away, the captain has had *no occasion* to regret his ride with the widow and the pony phæton.

Why is a chemist like a wit? Because he is furnished with good retorts.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY J. R. BOWERS.

'Will no one go for her!—Will no one go off, for my child, my only child?' shrieked the miser, wringing his hands, and running to and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was scarcely a soul present who, at one time or another, had not suffered in the hands of the hard-hearted money-lender.

'Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers, think of me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her Townsend? I'll give you anything—I mean in reason."

'Go for her! not I,' said the man, with a mocking laugh, shaking off the old man, 'all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea. Besides, ain't I a father, too—and think you I'll sacrifice my life for another? No, no, old bulks, you must take your gold to some other market.

'Oh! she will die; my child, for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones, will you go off, if I will give you a thousand dollars?'

'Not for ten thousand,' gruffly said the person addressed, 'a boat couldn't live in the breakers a minute.'

'I will give ten thousand to any one,' eagerly said the old miser—'ten thousand dollars, Simon,' and he seized one of the spectators by the button of his shaggy jacket, 'oh! go, and the blessing of a broken-hearted father will go with you.'

'I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man,' he said, in a more feeling tone than the others had used, 'your daughter must die.'

'Must die! Oh! no—she shan't die. Take all I am worth good sirs,' he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, 'but restore me my daughter—only, only I hope you will spare a little for us to live on, if it's no more than a beggar enjoys.'

'It's no use, old man,' said the last speaker, 'the whole world would not tempt us to put out to sea in a storm like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear, and I pity your daughter, for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there is no hope.'

The father heard the speaker in stony silence—then he turned and looked out at sea, where, a few minutes before, the outline of the stranded packet might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that hovered over the bar on which she lay, but now the darkness had shut her in front view, and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sound of her minute guns, booming solemnly across the sea.

The old man groaned, and sinking down on a boulder, buried his face in his hands and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resume his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might thus have passed when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said

'Mr. Snelling, they say your daughter is on board the packet—is it so?'

'Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her,' he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, 'it is Harry Martin. Oh! Surely, young man, you have not come here to triumph over my distress?'

'God forbid,' was the fervent reply, 'I come to aid you, if indeed mortal can render aid in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?'

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of the old man's face worked convulsively. All pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had cursed his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would sooner see her dead than married to the young man, were known to every listener. At length he gasped—

'Yes, yes—but go at once. Only save her and she shall be yours.'

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was afloat and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with the lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen, momently cutting the outlines of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of a billow; then she gradually passed into the darkness and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success and yet lingering in the faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all, was evident from the audible prayers for his success, which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

'It was madness to attempt it,' said the fisherman, 'but when I found he would go, I insisted that he would make his conditions with the old man before he ventured, for, you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurer's hands, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as poor a chance as ever. Between us, I believe she thought as much of the young man as he did of her, and if her father sent her away, as I more than suspect, to drive Harry Martin from her thoughts, her present danger looks something like the retribution of a higher power as a punishment for his conduct.' But hark! was not that a hallo?'

Every ear was turned seaward, in which direction the fisherman indicated that he heard the hail; but nothing could be seen except the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind, forming a chaotic mass of darkness. Nor was any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

'Hark!' at length said one, 'there it is again.'

Every one listened, and now a hallo was heard faintly from the thick gloom seaward. One of the fisherman shouted, and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest. A few moments of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

'There it is,' at length cried one, 'see—just rising on yonder wave!'

'I see it,' shouted one.

'Here they come—huzza! a miracle, a miracle—ah! how gallantly she breasts the surge,' were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf.

But now the fear arose that the boat would be swamped in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she arose and fell frightfully on the surge, showers of spray falling over her, and the water continually pouring into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with silent awe.

A few minutes removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat, and stood trembling by, gazing at her as she buffeted the waves; and no sooner did she touch the ground, than he rushed into the retiring surf and clasped his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fishermen were forced to carry both together to dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found that he was lifeless. The emotion of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The good folks of that seaboard village can yet tell you how, after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune, the extent of which even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectation.

But this was the least part of the treasure brought him by his wife; and in her virtues, he had ample recompense for the long years of opposition on the part of her parent.

Advice for Winter.

Before long, says Mrs. Denison, of the Olive *Branch*, we shall hear the shrill whistle of old Winter's bagpipes. Up street and down he will go, like an itinerant organ grinder.

[illegible] ting rid of him with pennies, or silver or gold. [illegible] has been known to leave the miserable contage at sight of all these; and if you would keep him dancing attendance only on red coal fires—at a distance,—or warming his toes at lighted window panes, or rubbing his stiff fingers into crevices that let the warm out, put a little of this magic preventative on the sill of every poor man's door.

Our word for it old Winter will tune his bagpipes to the sweetest music.

And now a little advice, which we give free of charge. Or you may reward us in that pleasant coin, yclept sunny smiles; we'll take any quantity in exchange for our marketable goods.

The cellars are hungry about this time, and should be fed; so lay in a share in a good stock of wood, coal, &c., and a large share of good nature. They go together grandly, especially on a cold winter's day. Get just as many apples as you can possibly afford, and store them up with any quantity of cheerfulness. You will appreciate them best when the old bagpipes play under your window, and the grand machinery in the upper air is weaving shawls and rappers, and ribbons, and caps, and great coats, for dame Nature's shivering children.

If you have a merry company around you, if eyes sparkle, and cheeks glow, and mothers sew, and grandmother knits, while you hold the newspaper, snuggled down in that cozy arm-chair, and enjoying the small talk generally, what a happy being you are! How good the roast apples smell! Down come the crimson coals—showering all over them. Quick Johnny! mother hand us the shovel.—There! all right—look at the baby's eyes; they are full of roast apples. You shall have some, Charley, if mother don't say no.

Mother don't say so, if it *is* baby's first introduction to winter luxuries; so a bit of the yellow apple melts on its rosy lips. He laughs and makes faces, and every body else laughs and makes faces at him just for fun.

And outside, old winter gives a flourish with his bagpipes.

Hang up your golden squashes by their crooked necks, at the same time hanging up discontent by his crooked neck. Don't cut the latter down till he is needed for use, then quarter him and throw him to the vultures.

If he should strangle, so much clear gain, for have you not heard, better is a dinner with herbs than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Let your doors and shut out the wind; at the same time shut envy out of your heart. Mend your gates, and mend your manners up were going to say—there is room for improvement in everything. Lay in your sugar and molasses, and as much sweet pepper (warranted not to ferment,) as will keep till spring.

Preserve your peaches and your equanimity.

Keep the mould from your cheese, your pork barrel and your memory; the two former by being careful, the latter by being virtuous. Look over your apples and potatoes occasionally, and over look your neigbor's faults.

Give your attention to buisness—give of your abundance to the poor. By following these rules we will insure you a happy winter.

"ALL'S WELL."

BY FANNY FERN.

"Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well!"

FALSE prophet!—Still and statue-like, at yonder window, stands the wife. The clock had told the small hours; yet her face is prest closely against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing; she *hears* nothing—but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist! there is an unsteady step in the hall; she *knows it!* Many a time, and oft, it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her; and, in maudlin tones, pronounces a name he had long since forgotten "to honor." Oh! all enduring power of woman's love! no reproach, no upbraiding—the slight arm passed around that reeling figure, (once erect in "God's own image.") With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist, if he would, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a *thousand* such vigils. It is the performance of a vow, with a heroism and patient endurance *too common* and every-day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel," above.

"All's well!"

False prophet!—In yonder luxurious room sits one whose *curse* it was, to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was, when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own, in heart-music around that happy hearth. Oh! *where are they now?* Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen—"Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more?", Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than *God?*

"All's well!"

False prophet!—There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where that lonely dove could fold its wings, when the parent birds had flown. The brooding wing was gone, that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. *Love* was its life; and so—it drooped!

"All's well!"

False prophet!—Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bedewed face, hungers and thirsts, while the publican stands afar off. The [illegible] wails in vain to the crimsoned judge for justice; and, *unpunished of Heaven*, the human tiger crouches in his lair, and springs upon his helpless prey!

"All's well!"

Ah yes, all is well!—for He who "seeth the end from the beginning" holds *evenly* the scales of justice. "*Dives" shall yet beg of "Lazarus.*" Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our *hedge of thorns* has fenced us in! and, in the maturity of our full grown faith, we shall *unceasingly* say—"Father! not as *I* will, but as *Thou* will!"—*Musical World.*

A RACE OF RED MEN IN WESTERN AFRICA.—The *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* for June, contains, a translation by Cherbonneau, Professor of Arabic at Constantine, of the journey of a traveller named Tuggurt via Timbuctoo to the *Mountains of the Moon.* These mountains, however, according to this account, do not lie in Middle, or rather Eastern Africa, as laid down in our geographies, but among the Western highlands, which fill the space between the middle course of the Niger and the Atlantic Ocean. The route taken was from Timbuctoo to Dachenne, up the Niger, then for some time upon the Niger, and finally by land to Bambara, Sukay, Maika and Sakat. Then follows the ensuing passage: "Beyond the circle of Sakat begins, so to speak, a new world: the people have a red color, of whom a part are herdsmen, possessing innumerable herds of camels and flocks of sheep, the rest are husbandmen. One travels some two months upon the territory, and then comes to a great salt lake, called Sebkat Schnaktha. This lake loses itself in the sands of a boundless desert, in which one finds no trace of vegetation. Across this desert, the passage of which occupies five weeks, dwell nations of a red color, living in tents made of buffalo skins, and subsisting on dates and camel's milk. Then comes a second waste, which can be crossed in fifteen days; after which occur the first cases, which belong to the Mountains of the Moon, and are inhabited by red men." Are these accounts actually based on facts? The journey, as described, is long enough to bring one to the Atlantic.

A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He says "It is impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaws closed as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell shut."

☞A clergyman of indefinable character, going to say prayers, had great difficulty putting on his surplice. "I think," said he to the clerk "the devil is in the surplice." The astonished clerk stared till he got it on, then sarcastically exclaimed, "I think he is sir."

Wellington Saving Napoleon's Life.

The following passage from the memoirs of the late General V. Muffling, writen by himself, under the title of "Aus meinem Leben," will, perhaps, at this moment, be read with some interest. Muffling was the agent of all the communication betwen the head-quarters of Blucher and the Duke of Wellington during the march of the allies on Paris, after the return of Napoleon from Elba.

"During the march, (after the battle of Waterloo,) Blucher had once a chance of taking Napoleon prisoner, which he was very anxious to do, from the French commissioners, who were sent to him to propose an armistice, he demanded the delivery of Napoleon to him as the first condition of the negotiations. I was charged by Marshal Blucher to represent to the Duke of Wellington that the congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon outlawed, and that he was determined to have him shot the moment he fell into his hands. Yet he wished to know from the duke what he thought of the matter; for if he (the duke) had the same intentions, the marshal was willing to act with him in carrying them into effect. The duke looked at me rather astonished, and began to dispute the correctness of the marshal's interpretation of the proclamation of Vienna, which was not at all intended to authorize or incite to the murder of Napoleon; he believed, therefore, that no right to shoot him in case he should be made prisoner of war, could be found on this document, and he thought the position both of himself and the marshal towards Napoleon since the victory had been won, was too high to permit such an act to be committed." I had left all the force of the Duke's arguments before I delivered the message I had very unwillingly undertaken, and was therefore not inclined to oppose them. I, therefore, continued the Duke, wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do; such an act would give our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, they were not worthy to be his conquerors; the more so, as such a deed is useless, and can have no object. Of these expressions, I only used enough to dissuade Blucher from his intention."

"There are three despatches given by Muffling in the appendix to his memoirs, in which the execution of Napoleon is urged on the Duke of Wellington by Blucher; they are signed by Gneisenau, and leave no doubt of the determination to avenge the blood shed of the war on the cause of it, had he fallen into the hands of the Prussian commander.

"Blucher's fixed idea was that the Emperor should be executed on the very spot where the Duc d'Enghien was put to death. The last despatch yields an unwilling assent to the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances, and calls his interference "dramatic magnanimity," which the Prussian head quarters did not at all comprehend. Probably but few Frenchmen are aware of the existence of this correspondence, or that it is an historical fact that Napoleon's life was saved by his rival, whom it cost no small exertion to save it.

Female Influence.

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world, than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and endeared by domestic endearments, and self respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is a monarch.—Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect, to fall into ruin like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant. I often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitter blasts of adversity. As the vine which has twisted its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it in the sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riven by the thunder bolt, cling around it with the caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered branches; so, too, is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the *ornament* and *dependant* on man in his happier hours, should be his *stay* and *solace* when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the ruggedest recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

STAMMERING WIT.—Stammering is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly *cold* it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cumberland!*"

☞An eccentric man in Bath, Maine, was asked to contribute to Foreign Missions. He gave a quarter of a dollar, but stopped the agent as he was departing, and said

"Here is a dollar to pay the expenses of getting that quarter to the heathen."

A word to the wise.

☞"Madame," said old Roger to his boarding house keeper, "in primitive countries beef is often the legal tender; but madame," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom could not make this beef tender."