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 Wail of a Sorrowing Mother.

He was my only boy!
A gem within the casket of my heart,
Priceless and precious as the gush of joy
That from its fountains start.

How has the silken cord
Of my unspoken love been round him thrown,
Binding to pure affection ev'ry word
And smile his lip hath known.

Day after day his feet,
Fleet with the litheness of unfettered youth,
Came to my ear, soft as the tuneful lute,
Or spice-wind from the south.

But, O, he comes not now!
His joyous step and merry laughing eye,
And the pure radiance of his sunny brow,
Were things of earth, to die.

Death, to the gentle child, [blend
Came not with whispering accents, such as
Sometimes with angel forms, whose faces mild
Above the death-couch bend.

The living wreath of Fame,
Twined by a nation for his sire to wear,
Withers to dust—and Glory's loud acclaim
But sharpens my despair.

The glare of earthly pomp
Fades like a meteor in a star-lit sky;
And the loud peal of Honor's clarion trump,
Is passed unheeded by.

The loftiest seat of earth
Shrinks as a shrivelled scroll before the fire
That desolates my humble homestead hearth
With anguish deep and dire.

Give me thy help, O God!
In this my hour of grief and fearful woe:
Teach me to bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
And stay the tears that flow.

For his dear sake, whose heart
Is gashed and bleeding by the bitter stroke,
Help me to cheer his childless path, nor part
The ivy from the oak.

I know my bright-eyed boy
Is nestling in the lovely Savior's breast;
I hear him join the swelling song of joy,
In that sweet world of rest.

Then cease, my heart, thy wail,
Here be thy anchor from the storm of grief,
Let His unfailing promises prevail,
And prayer be my relief.

Tales and Sketches.

Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Concluded.

DECEMBER 28th, 1764.

It is well to let the storm, in some measure, pass over, before we look to see the desolation it has made. We all slept quietly last night; and to-day we can speak calmly of what has come upon us. We have various plans for the future. In these, the bitterest thing is, that it will be necessary for us to be separated, at least, for a time. I can think of nothing better at present, than to procure Jenny and Mary places at service in respectable families, while I go about and endeavor to obtain a situation that will yield a support to me and my beloved ones.

Mary has nearly recovered her former cheerfulness; and talks and laughs for the purpose of diverting our thoughts. Our plans are fixed in some measure; as soon as the new vicar comes, I will instruct him in the duties of the office, and then begin my journey; meanwhile I have written to some old acquaintances in Salisbury, begging them to try and obtain places for my daughters in respectable families. Mary is willing and active; her sister is well skilled in household work, and qualified also to undertake the instruction of children.

I have determined not to leave them in this village; it is a poor place; and the people are cold, and not disposed to befriend the destitute. The talk is all now about the new vicar. Some express regret that I must go away. It may be from the heart; I do not know.

December 29th.—To-day I wrote to the Bishop, at Salisbury, and laid before him my condition, and the helplessness of my family. I informed him that I had been many years an humble laborer in the Lord's vineyard, and asked his assistance in obtaining a place. He is said to be a kind-hearted, Christian man. I have little doubt he will be disposed to help me; but I do not expect much.

December 30th.—Misfortunes thicken! I see not now what can save me from a jail! Yes, a jail! it is inevitable!

I feel overwhelmed; every effort to recover my former strength, to regain my fortitude, is vain. I am incapable even of inward prayer. The blow is too severe!

A prison is inevitable! Let me repeat it, till I familiarize my mind to the hideous thought. May Providence protect my helpless children!

Perhaps a speedy death may end my misery! My heart is crushed; my brain is fevered. I cannot write now.

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I am now more composed; and I hope, in a better frame of mind. I know not what fearful feelings have overcome me; I have seemed, for several hours past, in a terrible dream. My body has been cold, but my heart was burning. Now I can look more clearly on the stern reality.

Then it is true, *Brooks* has hanged himself. *Fieldson* sent for me, and informed me of the fact. He had an official paper, and a notice of my liability for the hundred pounds, for it seemed Brooks left a large accumulation of debts. He was thought a rich, and an honest man; I never dreamed of his coming to such an end.

Fieldson reminded me that the cloth-merchant, Withiel, of Trowbridge, held the bond for the hundred pounds. He had cause to pity me, under such a calamity,—so unexpected, too! An hundred pounds! Ah, we have in the world, if sold, would not bring one hundred shillings! The little property my wife brought, melted away during her long illness; there is yet a piece of land at Bradford that must be sold at a sacrifice. But all is in vain; I am a beggar; and must go to jail if Withiel is not merciful. Payment of the debt is impossible!

Evening.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to fall into despair! almost to doubt of Providence! a minister of the gospel, too! I have reason for deep humiliation.

I have done all in my power; I have written to Mr. Withiel, candidly acknowledging my utter inability to meet his claim, and leaving it in his hands, to be indulgent, or to send me to the debtor's prison. Should he be disposed to kindness, I shall be grateful to him; if not, I must submit to circumstances.

Returning from the post-office, I tried to nerve myself for the task of disclosing to my children the extent of our misfortunes. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the girls bore it more manfully than the man; more resignedly than the Christian minister!

I told them of Brooks' death, of my liability for the debt, and the possible consequences. Both heard me with deep and anxious attention.

Jenny embraced me, weeping softly. 'To prison!' she repeated after me. 'Ah! my poor dear father! You have done no wrong—and yet you must suffer so much! But I will go myself to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withiel's feet, and entreat his mercy!'

'No, Jenny, you shall not!' cried Mary, sobbing. 'He would not forgive one farthing of the debt for all your tears. Merchants have hard hearts. I will go and hire myself to him as his servant; I will live on bread and water all the days of my life, 'till I have earned money enough to pay father's debt.'

We all became more calm while talking over our plans; but all could not fail to perceive how hopeless they were. At last Jenny said—'Why disturb ourselves with fruitless schemes! Let us wait Mr. Withiel's answer. If he is inexorable, let us be resigned. Go, then, to prison, my father! Perhaps you will be better there, than at liberty, amidst hardship and want. And you need not be ashamed, for you go without guilt. We will both go out to service, and with our wages buy you every thing necessary for comfort. I would not be ashamed even to be a beggar; for it is no sin to beg for my father. We will visit you as often as we can. You shall be well taken care of, and we will have no farther fear.'

'You are right, sister,' said Mary. 'We will not distress ourselves any farther. I will not fear; I will be happy as I can be, while separated from you and father.'

With such comforters, how could I despond? Fleetman was right when he said in parting, that I had two of Heaven's angels about me.

Sylvester night.—The year is ended. It has been, through the favor of Heaven, a happy year, with the exception of a few storms. It is true, we have sometimes had scarce enough—but we have had enough. It is true, my limited means have caused me many cares and perplexities; but even these have enhanced our enjoyment. It is true I have not wherewithal to support life for me and my children, three months, but how many are there who know not how they shall live from one *day* to another! My present prospects are poor enough; but if the worst comes, as Jenny says, I shall know God watches over me, even in a prison.

No outward calamity can destroy the comfort of a good conscience; no favors of fortune can give peace, when the soul is troubled with remorse. I have cause to be very thankful!

He who knows not how to want is rich. He who is indifferent to worldly honors or contempt, hath indeed a good report. I understand our blessed gospel better from day to day, since I have learned in the school of adversity. The learned men of Oxford and Cambridge, write commentaries on the letter of the gospel; but teach not so much of its spirit.

Thus I close this year. I am glad I have kept a journal for many years. Every man would find it profitable to do this; for one acquires more knowledge of himself by this means, than in books of learning. He who keeps a daily record of his thoughts and feelings, may see, at the end of the year, how various are the pictures of himself. Man changes from hour to hour. He who says he knows himself, is right only in respect of the moment in which he speaks. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer, what they will be to-morrow.

A journal is also profitable, inasmuch as it teaches us confidence in Providence. More instruction may be derived from the history of one man's thoughts and feelings during twelve months, than from the general history of the world.

I have learned from past occurrences, not to be depressed by misfortune; but to look for change, when things are at their worst. When all prospers with me, I become alarmed and apprehensive, lest I be not prepared for evil; on the other hand, when I seem most to be pitied, my spirits rise, my fortitude is strengthened. Besides, the evil seldom appears so formidable on a near approach, as it did when viewed at a distance. Clouds are darkest when first they appear in the horizon, and many comforts have always been mingled with my trials, which have taught me to hope with trembling, not to be the sport of expectation. What is he who is sad? he is following an *ignis fatuus* through a marsh!

New Years's Morning, Jan. 1, 1765.

I have something new and surprising to record. This morning early, at six o'clock, while I lay in bed thinking of the sermon I am to preach to-day, I heard a knocking at the front door. Mary was already in the kitchen, and hastened to see who was the visitor at such an unwonted hour. In the faint light she saw the figure of a man, who gave her a large basket, and said, 'Mr. ——' (she did not hear the name,) 'sends the vicar this basket, and begs he will take good care of what it contains.'

Mary brought in the basket, and then knocked gently at my chamber door. When I answered, she came in, wished me good morning, and a happy new-year, and said laughing, 'Father, you must confess me a prophet!' Here is the Bishop's mitre I told you of!' She then informed me of what had occurred, and regretted, as much as I did, that she knew not the giver.

While she went to fetch a light and call up her sister, I hastily dressed myself. I cannot deny that I felt some curiosity; for new-year's presents had been rare things with me. My most probable conjecture was, that my friend, the farmer, had shown his good will by sending me a basket of cold provisions; but why send it so secretly, and before day?

When I came out of my room, I saw the girls standing by the table on which the basket was placed, looking as if eager to get at its contents. It was carefully sealed, though the cover was full of slits, and a paper fastened to it addressed to me. The basket was large, and rather heavy. I lifted up the cover carefully, with Jenny's help. A fine white cloth was next presented to our sight; this was removed: and what was our astonishment when we saw before us a beautiful infant fast asleep.

The child seemed about eight or nine weeks old, and was sleeping on a blue silken cushion covered with a quilt of silk, bordered with lace. Its cap, also, was of the finest lace. We stood a few minutes in silent amazement, till at length Mary burst out a laughing. Jenny seemed rather inclined to tears than laughter. She touched its soft cheek with her finger, saying, 'Poor little thing, it has no mother! How cruel to abandon so helpless, innocent a creature! See father, see, Mary, how quietly it sleeps—unconscious of its condition! We will not disturb it. I will take care of it, and be its mother.'

I embraced the compassionate girl, and applauded her charitable resolutions. 'You are both the step-children of fortune,' said I. 'God proves our faith; or, rather he commends it. We will cherish the little forsaken innocent; for though we know not how we are henceforth to earn our daily bread, He knows, who has made us parents to this orphan.'

We agreed not to disturb the little foundling's slumber, but busied ourselves in conjectures as to who its parents could be. Without doubt they knew me, for the basket was directed to me. We could arrive, however, at no satisfactory conclusion, and I devoted myself to looking over my sermon on Providence; while the girls were occupied in household affairs.

Evening.—I returned weary and exhausted from my labors. The roads were shocking; and I was obliged to walk; but my fatigue made me anticipate with more delight the cheerful welcome that awaited me at home. There stood the table, covered with its snow-white cloth; and upon it a flask of wine, the new year's gift of a kind neighbor, which was refreshing indeed. And there was Jenny with the infant in her arms. Mary ran to show me the pretty bed they had found in the basket when the child awaked, with the store of baby-clothes; and a package, which had lain at the child's feet, addressed to me. I opened it eagerly, expecting to learn from whom the singular present came. Within was a roll of twenty guineas, and the following letter:

"REVEREND SIR: To your well-known humanity and kindness the unfortunate parents of this infant are emboldened to entrust him, imploring for him your fatherly care. We may one day be enabled to show you our gratitude, when circumstances permit us to make ourselves known. In the meantime, whatever your charity may prompt you to do for him, will not fail to be seen by us. The boy's name is Alfred. He has been already christened. The twenty guineas are for the first quarter; every three months you will receive the like sum. In conclusion, we beg you to receive our child, and commend him to the kind care of your noble-hearted Jenny."

Mary was wild with joy at our unexpected riches; though she soon recollected that the writer of the letter might have named her with compliments as well as her sister. We read the letter over and over, and would scarce believe our eyes, when we looked at the pile of guineas. To be relieved from want and pinching poverty so suddenly, so unexpectedly! And who could be the parents? I thought over all my acquaintance, but knew of none who could be in such circumstances, yet were able to pay so liberally for the support of their offspring. Well! I will not attempt to read the riddle.

January 2d.—Fortune loads me with favors. This morning I received a letter enclosing twelve pounds, from Mr. Fleetman. He has paid me twelve pounds for my loan of twelve shillings. He must have succeeded beyond his expectations; indeed, he intimates that. He is too generous; and I cannot even thank him, for he has forgotten to inform me of his whereabouts. Heaven grant that my unexpected good fortune may not fill me with vain or high thoughts!

Now I have hopes of being at length able to liquidate Brooks' debt to Mr. Withiel.

My girls were delighted to hear the letter from Fleetman. Mary whispered, I know not what childish nonsense in Jenny's ear, at which Jenny colored very much, and looked half angry with her sister. The young man is evidently an enthusiast; but I take his compliments with due allowance. This is part of his letter:

"When I left your house, my dear and excellent friend, I felt as if again about to quit the paternal roof for the turmoil of the world. I shall never forget my feelings while with you. Through life I shall cherish the remembrance of you, in your rich poverty—your Christian humility and contentedness—your patriarchal simplicity and elevation of soul. Nor shall I forget your sweet, playful, endearing Mary; nor—I can find no word appropriate to your Jenny's loveliness. She seems to me a Saint, whose touch hallows everything earthly! I shall never forget the moment in which she gave me your loan and spoke kind words of comfort to me.

* * * * * * *

"I hope ere long, to explain everything to you. Pray present my kindest remembrances to your lovely daughters, if they will condescend to receive them."

So he has some idea of revisiting Crekeland! I shall be glad to see him again. Perhaps the young man in his enthusiastic gratitude, has sent me his all, in return for the trifle I lent him! I should be very sorry for that. He appears rather used to acting from impulse; but he has undoubtedly an honest heart.

The little Alfred is already a prodigious favorite with the girls. He is indeed a sweet child. We have bought a nice cradle, and several other necessary articles. The cradle stands by Jenny's bed, and she watches over him with the tenderest care.

January 3d.—To day the new vicar, Mr. Fleecher, arrived at the inn, and sent for me. I immediately obeyed the summons. He is a fine-looking man, of pleasant manners. He informed me that it was his wish, if I agreed to it, to enter at once upon his duties; but that I might retain the emolument till Easter. I answered, that I had no objection, and should avail myself of the opportunity for seeking other means of livelihood. Yet it was my wish to deliver a farewell sermon in the churches where I had so long preached the gospel.

This he readily agreed to, and proposed to come this afternoon to my house, to look into the condition of the dwelling so soon to be his own. His wife accompanied him on his visit. She is, apparently of good family, and well bred, but haughty and overbearing. Nothing was right about the house; and my daughters she scarce honored with a glance. She noticed Alfred sleeping in his cradle—and turning to Jenny said, "You are young to be married!" Poor Jenny colored, and was about to explain, when I came to her aid. Mrs. Fleecher heard me through with great attention, then put on an incredulous look, and shrugged her shoulders. This behaviour I thought very unbecoming, but said nothing. I invited them to stay to tea, but the lady declined. Her husband seems completely under her sway. I need not add, we were glad to be relieved from such visitors.

January 6th.—A letter from Mr. Withiel; he professes himself sorry for my embarrassments, and kindly bids me give myself on concern, at present, about Brooks's debt, as I shall have as long a time as I choose for the payment. He seems better acquainted with my circumstances than I supposed; but he alludes to them delicately. His letter has taken a great weight off my mind; and I rejoice yet more to find a man so humane and honorable. He shall not be deceived in his opinion of me. As soon as I can I will go myself to Trowbridge, and pay him on account, the twelve pounds I received from Fleetman.

Jenny assures me that her rest is never broken by little Alfred, and, indeed, the child is remarkably quiet, only wakens once during the night, when she gives him a drink, and begins to sleep again. Yet I cannot help feeling some anxiety about the girl. She is not so lively as she used to be, though she insists that she is happier than ever. Sometimes she falls into absent fits, and sits silent, with her needle-work on her lap; and if one of us speaks to her she starts, and asks what it was we said. This, undoubtedly, comes from the interruption of her sleep, though she will not acknowledge it. I wish she could be persuaded to take some sleep during the day, but that she will not do.

It cannot be possible that her girlish head is turned by Fleetman's praises!—She asked me for his letter to read, but has not given it back to me. There it lies in her work-basket. Perhaps she has forgotten it.

January 8th.—My farewell sermon was heard with tears by my parishioners. I did not know they loved me half so well. From all of them I hear expressions of affection and regret, and many have loaded me with presents. My house has never been so full of good things of all kinds as it is now. We overflow with abundance. But I can readily dispose of what we do not need. I know many poor families in the village, and Jenny knows more than I do. These shall be made happy with us.

I could not deliver my farewell sermon without great emotion. It was written with many tears. I am quitting what has hitherto been my world, my business, my pursuit in life. I am thrust out of the vineyard like a useless servant; yet have I labored therein, not as a hireling; I have planted some promising vines, and pruned many. I am driven from the field of my labors, where I have wrought with care and hope and honest zeal, and fervent prayer. I have sought the bedside of the sick, and shrunk not from fatigue, so I might administer strength, and comfort, and holy hope to the dying. I have warned sinners to turn from their evil ways; I have filled the the destitute with joy; I have led back the lost to the way of life. All this I say without pride; these souls were knit to mine with the strongest tie, and that tie is broken. Why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Most gladly would I ask the favor of Dr. Snarr to allow me to remain and perform the vicar's duty, without salary, had not my successor already entered upon his office! I am used to poverty, and hardship from childhood. I should not fear them, now that I have enough, and more than enough, with the money sent with Alfred, to keep me and my daughters from want. We could be happy, and lay by enough for days of sickness and adversity. I would never more complain of wind and weather, however often and severe they beat upon my grey head, were I only privileged to preach the word of God to my dear parishioners!

But that may not be, and I will not murmur. The tears that fall upon this sheet are not tears of repining discontent. I have never prayed for riches or prosperity, nor do I pray for them now. But oh, Lord! let not thy servant be dismissed entirely from Thy service, while he has yet strength to wait on Thee! Grant that I may again cultivate Thy vineyard and with Thy blessing, win souls!

January 13th.—I have to record the particulars of my journey to Trowbridge. I arrived late at night, and much fatigued with walking to the good old town, and actually overslept myself next morning at the inn. When I had dressed myself in clean clothes—(I think I have not made a better appearance since my wedding-day, so carefully had Jenny prepared my best suit!) I left the inn, and went to Withiel's residence. He lives in a large and handsome house.

He received me, at first, rather coldly but when I informed him who I was, he invited me to walk into his office. Here I thanked him for his kindness toward me; and related the circumstances under which I became surety for Brooks, with matters that had taken place since. I then counted out the twelve pounds, my first payment, and laid them on the table.

Mr. Withiel looked at me with a smile and seemed moved. At length he reached me his hand, shook mine cordially, and said, 'My dear sir, I am better acquainted with you than you think, though I have never seen you before. I know you for an honest man. Take back your your twelve pounds; I cannot receive them from you; let me rather add something.' He went into an adjoining room and fetched thence a paper. 'You know this,' said; 'here is your own hand-writing—your signature to the bond of security. I make it a present to you and your daughters.' He tore the paper in two and placed it in my hands.

I could not speak, overcome with surprise and gratitude. My eyes were wet. Mr. Withiel saw that I was endeavoring to thank him, and said, 'Not one word more, my dear sir! that is the only way in which I will suffer you to thank me.—Indeed, I have done nothing wonderful; I would freely have forgiven poor Brooks the debt, had he spoken openly to me.'

Ought it not to rejoice the heart of a Chistian to see the fruits of his faith in such men? Truly it did mine. Mr. Withiel then introduced me to his wife and his son, and insisted upon sending for my bundle of clothes from the inn, and having me for a guest while I remained in town. His hospitality was princely. So unaccustomed am I to splendid furniture, that I hardly knew how to make use of what I saw.

The next day my kind friend sent me back to Crekeland in his carriage. I prayed for blessings upon my benefactor.—My girls wept for joy, when I showed them the torn bond, and joined with me in thankfulness that so heavy a burden of care was removed from my heart.

January 16th.—This day has been truly remarkable; I shall never forget it, nor cease to be thankful, I trust, for all the blessings bestowed upon me.

We were together this morning; Alfred in his cradle, which Mary rocked while she read, and Jenny sewing by the window. Suddenly she started up, and became pale as death. We asked what was the matter. 'He is coming,' she replied; and the next instant Fleetman entered.

He wore an elegant traveling suit, and looked remarkably well. We all greeted him cordially; he embraced me, kissed Mary, and begged Jenny's pardon, while he kissed her hand, for the fright he had caused her.

I bade the girls bring out wine and cold meats, to entertain my guest and friend in rather better style than before; but he declined my invitation, having left, he said, his company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's entreaty he changed his mind, and consented to stay and lunch with us.

When he spoke of his 'company,' supposing, of course, he meant a theatrical company, I asked if they expected to play here in the village, adding, that it was too poor a place to hope for much encouragement. Fleetman laughed, and said, 'We will act a piece or so, but it shall be without pay.' Mary was delighted to hear this; she had always wished, she said, to see a play. She told the news to Jenny, who just then came in with the tray of refreshments.

'Have you many actors in your company, Mr. Fleetman?' asked Mary. He replied, 'Only a gentleman and his wife; but they are both excellent performers.'

Jenny looked unusually grave. As she set down the things on the table, she asked, looking at Fleetman, 'And you, sir—are you going to perform?'

I thought there was some sadness in her voice. The young man seemed to think so too. He did not answer for a moment; then stepping near to her, said almost in a whisper, 'That dear Miss Jenny, depends upon you.'

My daughter looked down and blushed deeply, but made no reply; and I confess I was rather at a loss to know what he meant. Indeed, the embarrassment seemed general, till Mary put an end to it by some sprightly remark and we sat down to table. Fleetman poured out wine and asked my eldest daughter to drink with him. She did so, and he seemed at once to recover his vivacity. When he rose from table, our guest went to the cradle, and asked many questions about little Alfred. I related the circumstances of my singular new year's present, and my vain conjectures as to who had sent it.

'I can give you some information respecting that,' said he. 'The new-year's present came from me.'

'From you!' exclaimed I and the girls in a breath.

'Yes from me; and now, my dear friend, it is time to let you into the mystery. I am no comedian, but a baronet; my name is Cecil Fayrford. My sister and myself have been long kept wrongfully from the estate we inherited from our late father, by an uncle, who made some difficulty about the will, and involved us in a lawsuit. We have lived, till very recently on a little property left us by our mother. My sister suffered much from the tyranny of our uncle, who was our guardian. He had promised her in marriage to one of his friends; whereas she was betrothed to the son of Lord Sandom, whose father meanwhile, was bent on forcing his son to wed a rich heiress he had in view. The lovers, persecuted as they were, resolved on a private union; and shortly after, their marriage was solemnized without the knowledge of either my uncle or Lord Sandom.

'Alfred is their son. My sister went, under my protection, to reside in a country place, where she could have the benefit of sea bathing, as her health was delicate. I engaged to provide for her infant's being taken care of. I had heard—you will wonder at this—of the Christian virtues of a certain vicar of Crekeland—virtues which shone in obscurity and poverty. I came hither with the express purpose of seeing and proving you. Will you pardon my stratagem? I ascertained that I had not been deceived in your character, and that I might safely intrust the care and education of my little nephew.

'Fortune took a turn sooner than we expected. My sister did not return to my uncle's house; but we shortly had the satisfaction of hearing that the suit was decided in our favor, and we restored to our rightful possession; and within a few days the news came that old Lord Sandom was dead. His son immediately made known his marriage, and came to claim his wife. There is now no need of keeping Alfred's birth a secret. His parents have come to take him with them; I have come to take you with me also, if you have no objections.

'The situation of Rector of ——— is in the gift of my family, whose representative I am; and it is now vacant. It is worth two hundred pounds a year, beside the tithes. You, my dear friend, have lost your place. Will you take charge and remove into our neighborhood?

God alone knows what I felt at these words—at thus seeing a field open for my labors, with provision so far beyond my necessities or merits. I felt tears coming in my eyes, and could only press my benefactor's hand. Mary embraced me joyfully; Jenny snatched the baronet's hand and kissed it! but he was gone before we could find words to thank him.

In less than half an hour he returned, bringing with him Lord Sandom and his lady, a lovely young creature, who, without heeding us, ran up to the cradle where the child lay, kneeled down and kissed his fair cheeks, and wept tears of deep emotion. Her husband raised her and begged her to be composed. She then apologized to us for her odd behavior, and thanked me most feelingly for the care I had taken of her boy. Turning to Mary, she repeated her expressions of obligation; but the lively girl disclaimed them, and pointing to Jenny, who stood by the window, said, 'My sister, there is the boy's mamma!'

Lady Sandom went up to my eldest daughter, and looked at her a moment in silence; then with a smiling glance at her brother, she took Jenny's hand kindly. The poor girl seemed abashed at being the object of so much gratitude. 'I cannot thank you,' said Lady Sandom, 'so warmly as a mother's heart prompts me to do. But I wish, lovely Jenny, that you would take me for a sister. Here is my poor brother;' the Baronet came nearer as she spoke; 'will you not take pity on him, and let me be really your sister?'

Jenny answered blushing: 'He is my father's benefactor.'

'Do not be unkind to him, then; if you but knew how he loves you!'

The Baronet took my daughter's hand and kissed it. She tried to draw it away. "Will you make me unhappy?" asked he. 'I shall be wretched without this hand.' Jenny suffered him to keep it, and leading her to me, the Baronet asked me to receive and bless him as my son.

'My daughter!' cried I. 'you are, perhaps, at this moment, bewildered, as I am. Collect yourself, and answer, as to a most solemn question. Can you love this young man? Consent not to wed him unless you can love him!'

Jenny could find no words to reply, but the glance she gave the Baronet, when I thus spoke, and her trustful look toward me, quite satisfied me that she thought him worthy of her affections; and I invoked the blessing of Heaven upon their union.

The delight of all parties, and the childish glee of my youngest daughter, in prospect of the approaching wedding, I cannot attempt to describe, nor my own feelings for the rest of the day. My heart is to full of happiness. I hope, in a day or two too be in a more serene frame of mind.

Dog Story.—The Syracuse *Star* gives the following dog story:

A horse harnessed to a buggy and fastened to a post in Salina-st., some days since, broke loose and commenced running. The frightened animal turned on Church-st., and was proceeding rapidly along when Turk, a dog belonging to Hon. Grove Lawrence, leaped out of his master's yard into the street, seized the lines and held them fast till he succeeded in stopping the horse. This admirable exploit was witnessed by a large number of spectators. 'Turk,' has been quite a lion ever since.

The Kentuckian in Malta.

We passed three weeks in Malta, waiting for despatches. Various plans were devised to kill time, and never did it pass so pleasantly away. Fishing, rowing, dinners, suppers, etc., formed our principal amusements, and as the harbor was filled with vessels of all nations, an interchange of national courtesies was kept up until our anchor was weighed, and 'Old Ironsides' again made before the breeze.

At one of the entertainments given on shore by the officers of a British frigate, the conversation turned upon rifle shooting, which led to an animated discussion between an officer of the Thunderer and a Kentuckian.

'I have often heard,' said the commander of the Thunderer, 'that you have some fellows in your country, called Kentuckians, who are reckoned as great shots with the rifle.'

'Yes sir,' replied Lieut. N——, 'that fame is great in that line, which is easily accounted for. As soon as they are able to shoulder a rifle, they commence practicing, and in course of time become excellent marksmen.'

'They may be clever, but I believe we have better shots on board our vessel.'

'I do not belong to that section of the country,' observed Lieut. N——, 'but have had but little practice with the rifle, but if I mistake not, we have a Kentuckian in company, who will stand up for his native State.'

'Yes, on all occasions,' said our purser, a tall muscular descendant of one of the first settlers of the State.

'What say you then, gentlemen, to a shooting match in the morning?'

'Agreed, with all our hearts,' said the Yankees.

The next morning the party met in a beautiful grove, and their target was set five yards distant. The English rifle is different from the American, the latter being shorter and the stock heavier. Six picked men from the Thunderer were on the ground, all of whom fired. None of them, however, 'cut the paper'—the size of a dollar—although some of the balls were close to it.

The shots were considered excellent by the English and French officers present, and were greatly astonished at the proficiency of the riflemen. The commander of the Thunderer, turning to the purser, said with a smile:

'What do you think of that? I take it you'll find it difficult to come up to it.'

'No shooting at all!' said the Kentuckian.

'Vous montez le haut chevel,' said a French officer.

'Je vous montrai,' said the Kentuckian.

'Fire away,' said the Englishman.

'I'll bet a wine supper for all hands,' said the Kentuckian, 'that I make three shots, and every one of which will be better than any yet made, and each succeeding one better than the first.'

'I'll take it,' said the Englishman, smiling.

The Kentuckian slowly raised a rifle he brought from home, and fired. The paper was cut! The second fire was better than the first; and the third bored the centre!' Nothing could depict the surprise of all present. The Englishman acknowledged the corn, and said he was satisfied. The Kentuckian enjoyed a hearty laugh, declaring it was nothing to what he could do—that he would be ashamed of such firing in old Kentucky. Rolling a quid from one quarter of his capacious 'receiver' to another, he continued:

'I must have another shot to show what can be done with a rifle, and to convince my French friend I am not boasting.'

The whole party stood silent in a ring, and the Kentuckian retreated about fifty yards, making the distance from the target to where he stood, near one hundred and twenty yards. Ordering a paper of the same size of the other to be put up in the same place, he reloaded—drew his fur brimmed beaver over his eyes, and after taking deliberate aim, blazed away.

'That was rather too low,' he said, 'the ball is about the eighth of an inch below the paper! the next time I'll hit it.'

On examining, the ball was found to be precisely where he said it was, which increased the astonishment, the remarks a shot had produced on all present, with the exception of the Yankees, who were used to it.

This lick will bring the persimmon,' said the Kentuckian, as he raised a piece high up, gradually lowered it and fired. The paper fell from the tree, the ball 'driving home' the nail which supported it! Language cannot describe the looks of the foreigners, and particularly the natives, who crowded around the Kentuckian in numbers. That night the wine flowed freely at the 'Old Admirals,' and a more joyous party never met in Malta.

A Cheap Luxury.—As a weary traveller was wending his way, through the mud, out in a far west region of country, he discovered ahead, a young maiden standing in the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house and asked the maiden for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen in several days, offered her a 'dime for a kiss.' The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and dime. The traveller was about to resume his journey, but, the maiden never before having seen a dime, asked:

'What am I to do with the dime?'

'You may use it in any way you wish,' he replied, 'it is yours.'

'That being the case,' she replied, 'I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss.'

Mr. Mayhew, said Swift in a sermon, 'there are three sorts of pride, of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, most of you being liable to that abominable vice.

A player declared him able to earn with ride as highly exciting.