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."

From the Knickerbocker.

Indian Triumph-Song.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The shore, the shore,
The pebbly sand,
The birchen door,
The leafy land,
The curved canoe,
The wigwam fire,
The wavelet blue,
The pine-tree spire!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! I'm home again.
Nor dripped the plashing oar in vain!

The sun, the sun,
The mountain cone,
The smoke-wreath dun,
The oak o'erthrown,
The ripple dance,
The hemlock shade,
The wildering glance
Of dark-eyed maid!
Ho! ho! my Huron home again;
Nor went the warrior forth in vain!

He came, he came,
The hunter pale,
With flag and flame
And fearless trail;
With gleaming gun,
Cold bayonet,
And plume upon
His helm of jet!
Ho! ho! he will not come again!
The Huron knives rang not in vain!

I led, I led
My battle train,
With serpent tread,
O'er hill and plain;
My battle-band
Soft moccasin'd,
When flowers were fanned
By evening's wind:
Ho! ho! my sylvan home again!
We did not bend the bow in vain!

We met, we met
At set of sun,
And red and wet
Were knife and gun;
Oh! red and wet,
And clotted o'er
With locks of jet
And drops of gore!
Ho! ho! my forest home again!
The hatchet did not drip in vain!

It rang, it rang,
The deadly blow,
With vigorous clang,
From foe to foe;
And dark the cloud
As pall of hearse,
And fierce and loud
The battle curse!
Ho! ho! my woodland home again!
They clutched the Indian's throat in vain!

'Twas done, well done,
Mid crimson rain,
The conflict won,
Th'invader slain;
And homeward now,
With captive pale,
We guide the prow
And ride the trail:
Ho! ho! our birchen home again!
We did not track the wolf in vain!

Ho! ho! ho! ho!
Let youth and sire
Make midnight glow
With faggot fire:
Unstring the bow,
Wave hatchet bright:
The captive foe
Shall burn to night:
Ho! ho! ho! ho! I'm home again!
The Huron does not fight in vain!

Tales and Sketches.

Female Physicians.

BY FANNY FERN.

The Boston Journal strongly advocates the introduction of females into the ranks of the medical profession. We consider the needle a much more appropriate weapon in the hands of a woman than the scalpel or bistoury.—*Exchange.*

Do you? Just suppose yourself a forlorn, sick bachelor, in the upper story of some noisy boarding house, whose inmates don't care a pinch of snuff whether you conclude to die, or get well. Suppose you've watched that spider in the corner weave his web, till you are quite qualified to make one yourself; suppose you have counted for the thousandth time all the shepherds and shepherdesses, distorted little dogs and crooked trees, on the papered wall in your room; gnawed your finger nails to the very quick, and twitched your moustache, till every hair stands upon its own responsibility. Then, suppose, just at the last gasp, the door opens, gently, and, *not* a great creaking pair of boots containing an oracular, solemn M. D., grim enough to frighten you into the church-yard, but a smiling, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, nice little *live woman* doctress, hey?

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! how your pulse races!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you so demurely about your "symptoms," (a few of which she sees without any of your help!) Then she writes a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep *very* composed and quiet, (just as if you *could!*) smooths the tumbled quilt, arranges your pillows, shades the glaring sunlight from your eyes, with an intuitive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll "call again in the morning;" and so—the last fold of her dress flutters through the door; and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—clutch a looking glass to see what the probabilities are this you have made an impression! inwardly resolving (as you place yourself between the blankets) not to get *quite* well as long as she will come to see you! Well, the upshot of it is, you have a delightful and lingering attack of the *heart* complaint!

For myself, I prefer prescriptions written in a *masculine* hand; I hate subscribing to anything that wears a bonnet.—*Olive Branch.*

☞ Douglas Jerold says that "earth in Australia is so kind that just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest."

A Great Man Self-Wrecked.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Many years ago—in the summer of 1815 it was, or thereabouts—a wealthy merchant of New York took charge of a little boy who had been left an orphan. The parents of this child had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theatres of the United States; but dying within a short time of each other, they left behind them, in a state of complete destitution, three young children. The eldest of these was a handsome boy of about six years of age, with a quick eye, an active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant of whom we speak had known the parents of this child; and out of pity for its helplessness, he and his wife, who had no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the ardent boy passed his days in the house of his benefactor; how he was beloved by these two childless people; how in the strength of their great affection, the merchant and his wife took him to Europe; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care of a reverend gentleman near London; how he came back to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir—it would take long to tell. But we would fain linger on this portion of our story; fain would dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning—his feats of strength and agility—his ease and grace on horseback, his dexterity in the fencing room, and his success in all that seemed to promise for him a brilliant future. But the truth must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college of Charlottsville, amply provided with money. In those days, dissipation among the students of colleges was unhappily but too common; and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest ruffians of the town, the hardest drinkers and the most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than they all—and that one was the subject of our story, now a good-looking, free hearted young fellow of eighteen. Friends advised him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors remonstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honors yet; companions tempted and wine allured, and he embraced the filthy siren and so fell. Instead of coming home from the University with honors, he was expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken the proud spirit; but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay the gambling debts he contracted at college, the wilful young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterward left his country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggle with the Turks. He never reached his destination, and nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experiences had been bought. One morning, the American Minister at St. Petersburg was summoned to save a countryman of his own from the penalties incurred in a drunken debauch. He came in time to rescue our prodigal from a prison; and through his influence he was set at liberty, and enabled to return home.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while the youth was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms, and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and the young man was entered as a scholar in the military academy at West Point. For a little time all went on well; the young man was assiduous in his studies, became the favorite of the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas, and alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and in ten months from his matriculation, he was cashiered.

Disgraced and humiliated, where could the young man find refuge but in the home of his adopted father? Thither, then, he went, and was again received with open arms. During his stay at the academy, the merchant had married again to a lady some years younger than himself. Time passed on; but just as the sun of happiness seemed about to shine upon him, a quarrel took place between him and the lady, which severed for ever all the ties of friendship between the merchant and his *protege*. Another circumstance which is scarcely fit for mention here, was hinted at; and which if true, throws a dark shade upon the quarrel, and an ugly light upon the character of the dissipated youth. Whatever the cause, however, the merchant and his adopted son parted in anger, never to meet again! and when the former died, the latter shared no portion of his wealth.

Again thrown upon the world by his own misconduct, the young man tried his hand in a field common to young men, and wrote several poetical pieces and articles in the magazines. These were so well received that he was almost tempted to believe that he could obtain a living by literature. But his old habits returning he despaired of success in his new avocation, and enlisted as a private soldier in the army. He was soon recognized by a former companion in the military academy, and great interest began to be felt for him among the officers. It was proposed to buy a commission for the talented and handsome young man; but just as friends began to rally round him, and just as their plan seemed to prosper, he deserted.

For more than two years the world knew nothing of his whereabouts; and may be, had almost forgotten him.

In 1833, however, the proprietors of a magazine offered two prizes for the best poem and tale which should be suitable to their pages. Numerous MSS. were sent for competition, and a day was appointed on which the arbitrators were to meet to judge of the merits of the various productions. Almost the first manuscript that was opened claimed attention, from the remarkable beauty and distinctness of the hand writing. One of the arbitrators read a page or two and was charmed. He called the attention of his friends to the tale, and they were so much pleased with it that it was read aloud from beginning to end, and all admitted that it was worthy the highest prize. The "confidential envelope" was opened—a Latin motto was discovered. No other tales were read, and the award was immediately published. But where to find the author, so that the prize money might be paid? The publishers and arbitrators had not to wait long. In the evening following the announcement, a young man came to the office to claim the prize. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and his whole appearance bespoke dissipation, want and idleness. A well worn coat, buttoned up to the chin, concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect, wretched boots, discovered the absence of stockings. But he looked a gentleman, nevertheless; for his face and hands were clean and spotless, his hair was well arranged, his eye was bright with intelligence, and his voice and bearing those of a scholar. The publishers and arbitrators were interested extremely. They enquired into his history, and finally offered him employment on the magazine for which the tale had been written.

A little money judiciously applied soon altered the appearance of the young man, and in a short time he took his post as second editor of a monthly magazine, with the means and position of a gentleman.

Now here was an oportunity of retrieving his lost character. Here were friends, ready not only to overlook the past, but to assist in making his future calm and free from care. Here was a public ready to listen to his teachings, and a patron ready to reward his labors. For a little while all went on well, and those who knew him began to congratulate themselves upon the happy change. Those who admired his genius were beginning to respect his integrity. He was happy and successful in his new avocation. He married a young and beautiful girl, his cousin; he found for himself a cottage, which the care, economy and gentle temper of his wife converted into a home, and he was beginning to be a happy man. It would be well if our story ended here; but, alas for human frailty! alas for good resolutions made without prayer to God! alas for principles to which He assists not! the young husband of that fair young wife fell back again into the abyss, and forfeited the respect of his employers and the sympathy of his friends, through his devotion to the bottle.

It were a weary tale to tell how often he repented, and was forgiven; how he passed from the editorship of one magazine to another; how he went from state to state, and from city to city, a hard-working, aspiring, sanguine, talented man, bearing about him the curse of irresolution, never constant but to the "seductive and dangerous besetment" of strong drink; how friends advised with him, and publishers remonstrated; how at one time he had so far conquered his propensity as to call himself in a letter to a friend, "a model of temperance and other virtues;" and how, at another he forfeited the occupation, which was the sole dependence of his little family, by frequent relapses into his old, disgraceful habits; how he committed under the excitement of intoxication, faults and excesses to which no gentleman would plead guilty; how he borrowed money of his friends without the means or intention of returning it; how he forfeited the esteem—even while his talents commanded the admiration—of the public; how he succeeded in bringing many literary speculations into life, which his vicious habits and inattention to business murdered in their youth; how he became a confirmed drunkard, with only now and then a fitful hour or so in which to throw off on paper the vagaries of a mind rich in learning and imaginative fancies; how his young wife died broken-hearted, and how he became so reduced as to be able no longer to make an appearance among his friends, how his wife's mother, constant to his fallen fortunes, and ever anxious to conceal his vices, went with his MSS. from office to office, and from publisher to publisher, in search of the means to support him; how for a little while he shook off the lethargy of intoxication and again appeared in the polite circles of New York; how he was caressed, and feted, and congratulated; how the efforts of his pen were sought by rival publishers; how he was engaged to be married a second time to a beautiful young woman, and how the engagement was finally broken off through his return to his pernicious habits. It were a weary tale indeed.

The melancholy story of this man's life was soon to close—the golden thread so rudely snapped asunder—and by his own hand. He partly recovered from his dangerous courses, and was engaged in delivering lectures in different towns. They were well attended, and it was with something like renewed confidence that the well-wishers of the lecturer watched his conduct, which was now distinguished by extreme sobriety. He even appeared to have renewed his youth and strength; and it was with pleasure that his friends again received him into their houses. At one of these he met with a lady with whom he had formerly been acquainted. Their friendship was renewed, and they were engaged to be married. Everything seemed to promise well; the dawn of better days appeared; and the reformation so long coming, seemed to have come at last. But it was not to be. On a sunny afternoon in October, in the year 1849, he set out for New York, to fulfil a literary engagement, and prepare for his marriage. He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with direction for him to convey it to the railroad stations. In an hour he would be off for Philadelphia. But he would just take a glass before he started—for refreshment sake, that was all. Fatal hour! In the tavern he met with some old acquaintances, who invited him to join them. In a moment all his good resolutions—home, duty, pride, honor,—were forgotten; and ere the night had well set in he was in a state of filthy intoxication. Insanity ensued; he was taken to the hospital; and, on the night of Sunday, the 7th of October, he died a raving madman. He was only thirty-eight years old when his last dreadful scene of life's tragedy was enacted.

READER—What you have read is no fiction. No single circumstance here related, not a solitary event here recorded, but happened to EDGAR ALLAN POE, one of the most popular of our writers.

Grace Darling,

ing, has resounded through the civilized world, was born November, 24th, 1815, at Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, England. She was the seventh child of William Darling, a steady, judicious and sensible man, who held the responsible office of keeper of the Longstone Light-house, situated on one of the most distant and exposed of the Farne Islands, a rocky groupe extending some seven or eight miles beyond this dangerous coast. In this isolated position where weeks elapsed without communication with the mainland, the greater part of Grace's existence was passed with no other companionship than that of her parents and brother, who resided at the Light-house. She was benefitted by the advantage of a respectable education, suited to one in her sphere of life, and her time was principally occupied in assisting her mother in household affairs.

Grace had reached her twenty-second year, when the incident occurred which has given her so wide spread and just a fame. The Forfarshire steamer porceeding from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, was wrecked upon one of the fearful crags of the Farne group, on the night of the 6th of September, 1838. The vessel, which subsequent inquiry proved to have been utterly unseaworthy, was broken in two pieces, the after part, with many souls upon it, being swept away instantly, while the fore part remained upon the rock. The captain and his wife were among the number of those who perished. Nine persons survived the horrors of that night upon the remaining fragment of the wreck, exposed, amid the smiland profound darkness, to the fury of the waves, and expecting momentarily to be engulphed by the boiling surge.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th, these poor people were discovered from Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance, by means of a glass, clinging to the rocks and remnants of the vessel. Grace, the moment she caught sight of them, perceiving their imminent danger—for the returning tide must wash them off—immediately determined to save them; and no remonstrances of her father, who, in the furious state of the sea, considered it a desparate and hopeless adventure, had any power in dissuading her. There was no one at that time at the Light-house but her parents and herself, her brother being absent on the mainland; and she declared if her father did not accompany her, she would go alone; that live or die, she would attempt to save the wretched sufferers.

Her father consented to the trial. The boat was launched with the assistance of the mother, and the father and daughter, each taking an oar, proceeded upon their errand of mercy. They succeeded; and in no instance has lowly virtue and unobtrusive heroism met with more prompt acknowledgement or just reward. The highest enthusiasm prevailed throughout Great Britain as the adventurer became known, and distant nations responded with hearty sympathy. To reward the bravery and humanity of Grace Darling, a subscription was raised in England, which amounted to £700, and she received besides numberless presents from individuals, some of them of distinguished rank. Her portrait was taken and multiplied over the kingdom; the Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate; dramatic pieces were performed representing her exploit; her sea-girt home was invaded by steamboat loads of wonder seeking admirers, and offers of marriage, not a few, flowed in upon her.

Amid all this tumult of applause, so calculated to unsettle the mind, Grace Darling never, for a moment swerved from the modest dignity which belonged to her character. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement in her circumstances, to reside at the Light-house with her parents, content to dwell in the secluded and humble sphere in which her lot had been cast, proving by her conduct that the literality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling, alas! too often the case with the noble and the good, was not destined to long life. She survived only a few years to enjoy her well earned fame. In 1841, symptoms of declining health exhibited themselves, and on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.—*Women's Record.*

The Bound Boy's Dream.

A Charming Sketch.

MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A little fair-haired child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow dark stairs to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little bound child, that had neither father nor mother, and no soft bed awaited his tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to light en the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful moon smiled in upon the poor bound boy and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after a while, as he laid there, what a wonderous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and there seemed all studded with tiny, precious, sparkling stone. The broken floor, too was all encrusted with shining crystals and the child raised himself upon his elbow and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious sight.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft white figure that stood by the bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly; but he found breath to murmur,

"Tell me who you are?"

'Look up, be not afraid,' said a sweet en, 'look up, darling, I am your brother Willy sent down from the angels to speak with you and tell you to bear all your sorrows patiently, for you will soon be with us.'

'What, you my brother Willy! oh! no, no, that can not be; my brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn, and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips; but your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than I ever saw before, and there is no ugly hump on your back—besides, my brother Willy is dead long ago.'

'I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother; my body, with the ugly hump is dead and turned to ashes, but just as soon as that died, I went up to the great heavens, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very beautiful. But God, who is your father, and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments, that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so no wonder you do not know me.'

And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.

'Oh!' he exclaimed earnestly, 'if I too, could go to Heaven!'

'You can go,' replied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness. 'You have learned how to read—well, to-morrow get you your Bible, and find very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus: 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father, which is above.'

'Even if they beat me!' murmured the little bound boy, with a quivering lip.

A flash of light passed over the angel's face, as he replied—

'The more you forgive, the nearer you will be to Heaven.'

In another moment the vision had gone but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought—'I will forgive them, even if they beat me.'

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting upright on his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself from the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his own.

'Little one, I am your father,' said the form, in melting accents.

'I dont think you can be my father,' whispered the boy, timidly. 'My father used to look very old indeed, and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face and all over his forehead; his hair was short and white, not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room.'

'And what else?'

'He used to pray and sing very sweetly, but I never hear any praying and singing now,' sobbed the child, bursting into tears.

'Don't cry, my dear little boy, but listen to me. I am your father, your immortal father; that old lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the graveyard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body of mine, I was with the shining angels, and hosts of them bore me up to Heaven; and the King of that glorious place clothed me in these white, stainless robes, and gave me this tall, beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan—because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him; and although I was very poor, I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong. And you, if you never forget to say your little prayers, that I taught you, if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in Him always, shall soon be with me in my sweet heavenly home.'

Once more the child was left alone, and still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants; and the same soft, mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer to the head of this little bed. And a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others—sang:

'My child, my little earth-child, look upon me—I am thy mother.'

In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago, of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead; then came on the cruelty of strangers, who, after she had been put away into the deep ground, treated him with harshness and severity.

He turned towards her—oh! what a glorious being! Her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know. He had doubted if the first risen was his brother—if the second was his father—but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling but the thought of the past and the present overpowered him.

'Oh! mother, mother, mother,' he cried stretching forth his hand, 'let me come to you—let me come; there is nobody in this world like you; no one kisses me now, no one loves me. Oh! mother, mother, let me come!' and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

'My orphan child,' she said, in low tones that thrilled him to the heart, 'you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. Every day I am by your side, and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger—when you cherish a spirit of revenge—you drive your mother from you. Remember that, my little one—your sins drive your mother from you, and displease the great and holy God.'

'Be good—be happy, even amidst all your trials, and if it is a consolation, you know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul. And farther, thou shalt soon be with me.'

'Oh! mother, mother, mother,' murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him—he looked eagerly around; there was no light—a solemn stillness reigned. The radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming; but oh, what a dream; how strengthening—how cheering; never, never never would he forget it.

The next morning when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forebore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream; and the hard hearts that listened were softened; and the mother, who held her babe, was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor—and so he was. The child found his way into their affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so good; and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did in very deed take him far above to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own.—But they all felt that he was in the bright heaven with his brother, and his father, and his dear mother.

A Yankee Bugle Player in England.

Some ten or twelve years since, an American bugle player concluded to make a trip to England to learn by personal observation the state of instrumental music in that country.

A day or two after his arrival in London he saw an advertisement in the Times, for a bugle-player in one of the Guards.

Our American presented himself the next morning to the band-master of the regiment, and introduced himself by saying that he had seen an advertisement for a bugle player, and he had come to offer himself as a candidate for that situation.

The band-master, not thinking that the stranger presented a very promising appearance, treated him rather cavalierly, but finally told him that there would be a rehearsal the next morning, and he might come and show what he could do, intimating at the same time that his qualifications must be very high to obtain the place. Nothing daunted, our American made his appearance with his E flat bugle in his hand and took his place in the band.

The rehearsal commenced with a new piece containing a solo for the clarionet, which the performer upon that instrument found great difficulty in executing.

After several failures, the Yankee bugle-player requested permission of the band-master to play the solo upon the bugle.

The band-master laughed at him, and ridiculed the idea of his being able to perform it upon that instrument. However the American, being very sanguine, consent to the trial was finally obtained, and the band having performed the prelude, the solo was commenced; but scarcely had our hero sounded half a dozen notes when everybody else ceased playing and listened with wonder and admiration to the magic notes.

The solo was concluded, having been executed to perfection. An universal storm of applause shook the building.

The band-master, rushed up to the performer and passing his hand, exclaimed: 'Who are you?' 'My name is Kendal,' replied the Yankee.

'What! Edward Kendal of Boston! You are not only the greatest bugle-player of America, but also of the world, and the band master.

The rehearsal was over for the day, and Ned Kendall was the guest of the band during his stay in London.—*Boston Daily's American Chronicle.*

The Invisible Foe.

We verily believe that the best [illegible] in the world have occurred in the colleges, and the one we are about to relate is as true as it is amusing. It occurred in the [illegible] North State.

One of the [illegible] was in the habit of exercising a [illegible] over the [illegible] night, when by no means agreeable to them. [illegible] accustomed to steal cautiously [illegible] corridors of the college, and [illegible] there appeared to be any thing [illegible] not prescribed by the Rules, [illegible] hesitate to peep through the [illegible] and take an observation. Some students resolved to cure him of [illegible] pensity, and they hit upon the [illegible] expedient:

In the course of their walk [illegible] frequently seen, at a neighboring [illegible] large black ram, which was [illegible] tame, and which had been taught [illegible] any one, who appeared to challenge [illegible] by stooping or bowing his head. [illegible] managed on one night to entice the [illegible] into the college, where they secured [illegible] in an empty darkened room, and left [illegible] the next day. At night, just before [illegible] Professor's espionage, they turned [illegible] ram out into the hall, having first [illegible] him with a piece of blanket. He [illegible] perfectly black, and of course invisible, as no penetration of light [illegible] less, as no penetration of the eye [illegible] wide hall.

Presently the learned Professor [illegible] ing up stairs on tiptoe, proceeded to [illegible] a room whence issued rather unusual sounds. As he stooped to apply his [illegible] ric to the key hole, the ram, taking [illegible] a challenge, gave him a playful butt [illegible] tumbled him heels over head. [illegible] himself up as well as he could, in [illegible] tonishment, he was assiled in the [illegible] and once more prostrated. This [illegible] ing illustration of the ups and downs [illegible] life continued some minutes, and [illegible] parties made an unpremeditated descent [illegible] of the stairs. The alarmed Professor [illegible] not sufficiently hurt by his fall to [illegible] him from flight, and he made track [illegible] his dwelling with Gilpin speed. The [illegible] erated animal flesh also made toward [illegible] home.

The next morning the worthy Professor was seen at an early hour examining the door of the hall very closely for [illegible] tracks which might unfold to him the character of the nocturnal foe. He searched in vain, however—and for days the mystery preyed upon his spirit.

After the graduation of the next class he inquired of one of the baccalaureates if he had not a hand in the adventure that night, and begged him, if it was so, to explain to him the mystery. When the explanation was given, the Professor was convulsed with laughter, and declared that, had he discovered the trick at the time, he would have pardoned them for the matchless fun of the thing.—*Southern Literary Gaz.*

FORGET ME NOT.—'Grandmother,' said little Gretchen, 'why do you [illegible] beautiful flower, blue as the sky, and by this brook, a Forget-me-not?'

'My child,' said the grandmother, accompanied once your father, [illegible] going on a long journey, to this [illegible] He told me when I saw this flower [illegible] I must think of him; and so [illegible] the Forget-me-not.'

Said happy little Gretchen, 'I have neither parents, nor sisters, nor brothers from whom I am parted. I [illegible] whom I can think of when I [illegible] get-me-not.'

'I will tell you,' was the answer. 'One of whom this flower reminds you—Him who made it. He [illegible] in the meadow says, 'Remember me,' every flower in the garden [illegible] says to us of its Creator, Forget [illegible]

☞ A female teacher of [illegible] stood on the banks of a [illegible] stream, once wished to [illegible] her pupils an idea of faith. [illegible] was trying to explain the [illegible] word, a small boat glided in [illegible] the stream. Seizing upon [illegible] for an illustration, she exclaimed [illegible]

'If I were to tell you that [illegible] leg of mutton in that boat, you [illegible] lieve me, would you not, even [illegible] seeing it yourselves?'

'Yes ma'am,' replied the scholars.

'Well that is faith,' said the [illegible]

The next day, in order to [illegible] recollection of the lesson, she [illegible]

'What is faith?'

'A leg of mutton in a boat!' [illegible] answer shouted from all parts of the school-room.

☞ When ministers do [illegible] dom fail to bring out a good [illegible] weeks since we overheard a [illegible] clergyman of the Methodist [illegible] tion, ask a younger brother [illegible] he knew how to secure large [illegible] during the hot weather, when [illegible] es of all denominations are [illegible] thinly attended? The young [illegible] plied in the negative, and [illegible] he happy to learn that [illegible] cret. The venerable [illegible] eye, while little balls of [illegible] ping out of the other, [illegible] that seemed to say as [illegible] as a joke, exclaimed [illegible] my good brother, is [illegible] short sermons.'

☞ Women are [illegible] beautiful they are [illegible] sted. If you [illegible] sex, or industry [illegible] the acquisitions [illegible] make a tramp [illegible] the population [illegible] is 5,200,000.