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"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."

Homes and Graves.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

How beautiful a world were ours,
But for the pale and shadowy One
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,
And stalketh in its sun!
Glad Childhood needs the lore of Time
To shew the phantom overheard;
But where the breast, before its prime,
That carrieth not its dead—
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit sees no tomb!

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead;
Some secret of his soul had taught
That lesson dark and dread!
And ah! we bear about us still
The dreary moral of his art—
Some form that lieth, pale and chill,
Upon each living heart,
Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave!

To Boyhood hope—to Manhood fears!
Alas! alas! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place of tears,
A cradle for the tomb!
If Childhood seeth all things loved
Where Home's unshadowy shadows wave
The old man's treasure hath removed—
He looketh to the grave!—
For grave and home lie sadly blent,
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years, and then the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth;
A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And one dear name, he vainly calls,
Be written on a tomb—
And he has learnt, from all beneath,
His first, dread, bitter taste of death!

And years glide on, till Manhood's come;
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair:
A darkness, from the churchyard shed,
Hath fall'n on each familiar room,
And much of all Home's light hath fled,
To smoulder in the tomb—
And household gifts that Memory saves
But help to count the household graves.

Thus, homes and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world;
But drearier days must yet betide,
Ere Sorrow's wings be furled;
When MORE within the churchyard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home,
Till home, unto the old man's eye,
Itself appears a TOMB,
And his tired spirit asks the grave
For all the HOME it longs to have!

It shall be so—it shall be so!
Go bravely trusting—trusting on;
Bear up a few short years—and, lo!
The home and grave are ONE!—
And then, the bright ones gone before,
Within another, happier home,
Are waiting, fonder than before,
Until the old man come—
A home where but the LIFE-tree waves;
Like Childhood's—it hath not a grave!

Miscellaneous Selections.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE,

Not Unfriendly to Labor and Happiness.

'How I envy those ignorant Irish girls!' said Lucy Shannon to her father. 'I wish I was one of them, and then I should not be so wretched.'

Lucy was the daughter of a gentleman who had lost his property through the mismanagement of others in whom he had confided. In his prosperity, he had afforded his daughters the best means of obtaining a useful education, and few young ladies were so accomplished, and at the same time so capable. When the blow first fell upon him, they braced themselves to bear it, and not fully realizing the deprivations to which they were resigned even cheerfully. Mr. Shannon who had past the meridian of life, but who still retained a good portion of activity did not despond, because he felt assured that, as there had been no loss of integrity in the loss of property, those who had been his companions in prosperity would be ready, and even anxious, to furnish him with the means of commencing business again in a safe and limited way, and, in the success of economy and untiring industry he had the fullest confidence.—His expectations, however, were fallacious. One rich man to whom he applied for a small loan, refused because the bankrupt could give no security but his character, probity and general intelligence. A clergyman who then was immensely rich, refused on the ground that he had placed all his secular concerns in the hands of a banker, to whom however, he did not even refer the applicant. A third who had been his physician, and who was very wealthy, regretted that he had just engaged in erecting a block of buildings, that required all he had and more too, and he was obliged to borrow. The fourth thought that friends should never have any pecuniary concerns with each other, for it always destroyed true friendship. Discouraged by the result of these applications, Mr. Shannon determined to starve rather than ask assistance. His daughters seeing his distress, and knowing that the day of need could not be very far distant, determined to make an effort to turn their talents to advantage. The first attempt was to obtain something by writing for the magazines. The eldest wrote a tale for a Sunday School establishment, and left it to be examined as a specimen of a series to follow. The second daughter wrote a poem and presented it for publication to the editor of a popular magazine. The third hired a near room and proposed to teach a small school. The fourth hoped to obtain some employment in painting maps or engravings, and the fifth intended to ply her needle in company with her mother, who though in feeble health was determined not to be a spectator only of the industry around her.

For a few days the hope of employment encouraged the family, but sadness came over them when they were obliged to leave their comfortable and spacious dwelling for another in which they must be subjected to inconvenience. Their furniture was sold at auction by the assignees, and the portion exempted by law from sale was not sufficient to furnish even the mean tenement which they were obliged to occupy.

In a few days the means of purchasing the daily food for the family began to fail, the eldest daughter went to the agent of the Sunday School Association and was told her story was well written, but not sufficiently doctrinal. She then carried it to a weekly paper, and after waiting two months to have it read, she was informed that it was approved, but the proprietor had concluded not to pay for any tales, because he could get as many as he wanted free of expense—not so well written to be sure, but good enough for common readers.

The second daughter after delivering her poem at the magazine office, and waiting a month or more, was informed that it had been mislaid and probably lost.

The teacher sat day after day in her school-room, expecting applications, and although she had sold a valuable gold ring to pay for the printing and distribution of an advertising circular, no pupils applied. The weather in the mean time became cold and having no means to purchase a stove and fuel, she took a severe cold, and required all the care of her mother, during the day, and of her sisters by turns at night.

No employment in painting could be procured by the fourth daughter for many weeks, but at last a considerable job was engaged at a very low price. As the hope of the family seemed to rest upon this, the sisters all took hold, and the work was done very promptly and very well. The employer was satisfied but he did not pay them, and because they called too soon, as he thought for payment, he concluded not to employ such troublesome persons any more.

Not finding employment from others, the youngest parted with some valuable books, at a sacrifice, and purchased some cloth, which she made up in the hope of finding a purchaser for ready made articles; but was obliged to sell the articles at less than the cost of the materials, to get some medicine for her sick and suffering sister.

Unable to get a small loan from any of his former friends to recommence business, Mr. Shannon endeavored to obtain employment as a book keeper or a clerk, but his friends could not bear to employ one who had perhaps employed them in former times, and strangers preferred a younger man.

It was on his return home, after a vain application for a subordinate situation in a bank, that Lucy uttered the ejaculation with which this tale commences.

'If I had never known what it was to be well off, I should now be contented,' said she, 'and if I were ignorant, a thousand avenues to pain would be closed.—All I wish is that I was dead.'

'I could bear the loss of property without a sigh, said the father, 'but when I see those I love so unhappy, I am distressed; but when I believe that education really and necessarily increases our misery and our inability to obtain the means of comfortable subsistence.'

'If we were ignorant drudges, we could find full employment,' said the youngest daughter; 'there is a demand for servants, but we must starve.'

'Why may we not become servants then,' said the second daughter, 'surely it will do no harm to carry a little science into the kitchen.'

'You have not the necessary strength,' said the mother, 'and it is ten to one if anybody would employ you.'

'I am determined to try it,' said Anna, 'for if I can get a situation, I shall be able to make Lizzy more comfortable at least. Lizzy, dear, don't you cry so; it will not hurt me in my own estimation to become a domestic, and I have grown too desperate to care what others may think of it.

Anna's resolution seemed to put courage into her sisters; and after some discussion, the whole four determined, the next day, to make the experiment of going out to service.

Mr. Shannon opposed the plan until he found it useless to do so, and he was obliged to consent to have the family scattered for a season, in the hope of a future reunion.

'I shall apply directly to our minister's wife,' said Lucy, 'for I know she wants an American girl.'

'She will know you, my dear,' said Mrs. Shannon.

'I trust she will,' said Lucy. 'I do not mean to go as if I was ashamed.'

'I shall go to some hotel, if I can,' said Anna, 'for they give higher wages than private families pay.'

'You will be too much exposed there,' said the anxious mother. 'I pray you not to risk such exposure.'

'Never fear for me, mother,' said Anna, 'I shall think of you when I am in danger, and then I shall surely wear a charm against mischief.'

'I,' said Josephine, the second daughter, 'will turn nursery maid and take care of somebody's children, but I shall be afraid to teach them anything, lest they should become as helpless and unhappy as we are.'

'I will take anything I can get, if it is not a school,' said Jane, the first daughter, 'for it is not best for servants to be too particular.'

After arranging their plans, and concluding to call at home next evening, the sisters kissed the feeble Lizzy, and retired, in better spirits than usual, to their small and ill-ventilated rooms.

Early the next forenoon, the sisters plainly dressed, set out on their mission.

'God bless you my children,' said the distressed father as they left the door.—He followed them with his eyes until a turn in the street concealed them, and then gave free course to his tears.

The absence of Mr. Shannon, not at dinner, but at the dinner hour, filled his affectionate wife with apprehensions.—Her anxiety was relieved, when he returned soon after dark, apparently more cheerful than when he left her in the morning. He had hardly kissed Lizzy and removed his outer coat when Lucy entered, and it was not many minutes before all the other children were seated around Lizzy's bed evidently more delighted than if they had not been separated. Each was telling another of the adventures of the day, when Lizzy suggested that each should relate aloud what had happened, and then she could hear them all, and once telling would suffice.

'Come Lucy,' said Mr. Shannon, 'let us hear your story first, for you are the oldest.' 'What success had you at the parson's.'

'I rang the bell and was admitted as usual,' said Lucy. 'When Mrs. Parnel appeared I asked her if it was true that she wished to hire a domestic. She answered affirmatively, and I asked her what work would be expected.'

'Everything,' said she, 'but washing; I have a girl who can do that, but she can do nothing else well.'

'What wages do you propose to give, madam?'

'I would give two dollars for a good American girl,' she said, 'but why do you ask the question? Do you know of any good girl?'

'I do,' said I, 'and am authorized to engage the place for one.'

'Who is she?'

'The daugnter of a gentleman who has been suddenly reduced to poverty.'

'Daughters of gentlemen make poor servants,' said she, 'but if you know her, and will answer for her character, I will try her, for I have become desperate.'

'I think so well of her,' said I, 'that rather than she should lose the place, I will do her work for a few days till she can come and take the place, you know, I can well be spared at home now.'

'Do you mean what you say?' said Mrs. Parnel.'

'I do,' said I, 'I should like a little active exercise.'

'I shall take it as a great favor,' said she, 'though I should be afraid to impose such duties upon yourself.'

I took off my things without further ceremony, went over to the house with Mrs. P. and soon found myself to work. Every room was in confusion, for you know Mrs. P. is no housewife; but with the aid of the other girl, I wrought such a change before sunset, that, when I was preparing to go home Mrs. P. said,

'Oh, if I had a girl who knew how to work as well as you do—one that had some system in her labor, I would give her any wages!'

'I told her that if she liked my work I should have no objection to living with her, for I must earn a living in some way. So, the amount of it is, that I have engaged to return at two dollars a week, with the privilege of setting in the parlor when I prefer to do so. Thus you see father, our rent is provided for.'

'Did Mr. P. treat you kindly?' asked Mr. Shannon.

'Quite so,' said Lucy; 'and just before I left an occurrence took place which brought me at once into favor, and shows that a decent education, after all, is of no disadvantage to a servant. Mr. Parnel is to deliver a lecture before the Lyceum this evening, and desiring to know the true reading of some lines which he wished to quote, he came to ask his wife if she recollected them. She did not, and I very humbly suggested where they might be found in Spenser. He brought the volume, and I soon found them for him. He then invited me into his study and told me to use his library as if it were my own. So you see father, if he had no heart for your wants, he had a head which may be made subservient to mine. But Josephine, now let us hear how you succeeded.'

'I went with Jane to the Intelligence Office,' said Josephine, 'and we could hardly make the keeper believe that we wanted places and not domestics. When he was satisfied that we were in earnest, he gave us chairs and treated us more civilly than he had a dozen others who were waiting for places, and sitting in a row on a long bench. Presently a lady came in, and, after a few words with the keeper, I was called and introduced to her as a young woman wanting a place.

'I went home with her. She proved to be the wife of a master builder who, when I entered was making out a long account at a desk in one corner of the room. 'Wife,' said he, as we entered, the door 'I have wasted two days on this account and cannot reconcile it. I would give half I am worth to know a little about book-keeping. I am satisfied that there is an error of at least $50 against me, but I cannot see where it is. I wish that girl was a clerk instead of a cook.'

'Perhaps, sir,' said I, 'I can be of service to you in both capacities. May I look at the account?'

'Look at it, yes,' said he, 'and if you'll find where the error is, I'll give you a five dollar bill and a new gown into the bargain.'

'The items of the account were numerous, for it related to business operations of some magnitude. I examined the debit and credit, and all seemed fair except certain balances, and a few questions satisfied me that one credit had been repeated in them. The error was soon made evident, and the man to my surprise took out the reward and insisted upon my receiving it. He then questioned me about my education, and finally agreed to employ me to keep his accounts, and I am to be paid two dollars a week. So that book-keeping which I thought useless at school is to be the making of me for aught I see. But here mother is the five dollar bill. Now Jane tell us your story.'

'I was waiting for a call,' said Jane, 'sometime after Josephine left, for though several ladies came and several of the girls in waiting went off with them, the keeper did not call me.

'At last, when a well dressed lady came he beckoned to me, and introduced me in terms which were very kind, and which indicated as I thought, some acquaintance with my family. The lady was in want of a sort of governess for her children, and he recommended me because I had been so well brought up myself that I know how to manage children.'

'You must give her good wages,' said he, 'and if she disappoint you, I will be accountable.'

'You hear what he says, miss; do you authorize him to say so?'

'I know not on what authority he speaks, said I, but I hope he does not overrate my intention, if he does my ability.'

'I have no personal acquaintance with the young lady said the keeper, 'but my little daughter, who was here just now, told me that she was once her Sunday School teacher, and she loved her dearly. The young lady's manners, and those of her sister who is just gone out,' added he, 'taught me the rest.'

'The amount of it is that I am engaged as governess to the children, and a sort of companion to the mother who is a widow. The terms were to be two dollars a week, but when she discovered that I could play and sing well enough to teach such children, she voluntarily offered to give me extra pay for this accomplishment. I shall in this way be able to keep alive the little knowledge I have and was likely to lose when we had to part with our piano. Oh, dear, what a lucky thing it is that I used to be monitor at school sometimes.'

'Come Anna,' said Mrs. Shannon, 'it is your turn, now.'

'I went directly to the great hotel,' said Anna, 'and saw the landlord. When I asked him if he had occasion for another domestic, he said no, but he wanted a wife or a housekeeper to look after his domestics.'

'I have tried several house-keepers,' said he, 'but they have all failed, and I am desperate.'

'Have you ever lived out?'

'Never, sir.'

'Have you ever kept house?'

'Never.'

'What sort of a situation do you expect.'

'I care not,' said I, 'so it be one that I can fill honorably.'

'Who are you?'

'The daughter of a gentleman who has been faithful to his children, if not successful in business.'

'Could you head the table at the Ladies' Ordinary, do you think?'

'I have been accustomed to good society, and I have a mother capable of advising me in all difficult matters.'

'I want a lady,' said he, 'of good manners and good education; one capable of directing servants, and old enough to command respect. You seem to have all the qualifications but age; how will you acquire that?'

'It will come in time without much effort on my part,'

'How old are you?'

'How old do you wish me to be?'

'Twenty five at least.'

'I will try to be twenty-five then.'

'Come,' said he laughingly, 'the bell will ring for dinner in the course of a few minutes; you may go with me and inspect the tables, and, if you please you may give us a specimen of your quality at the head of them.'

I followed him to the dining hall, and, by good luck, suggested some improvements in the arrangement of dishes. The landlord then led me to the housekeepers' seat at the table, where, you may be assured, I presided with becoming grace for I am duly installed in office, at a salary of three hundred dollars for the first year.'

'Providence has certainly been kind to us,' said Mr. Shannon. 'The dark night has brought out bright stars, and mine is not the least brilliant among them. When I left the house this forenoon, I was a desperate man, goaded to despair by the destitution of my family, and indignant at the indifference with which the world looked on, I determined to imitate your example, my girls, and engage in any employment which offered, however mean. As I passed a fruit store, a thought struck me, which I immediately reduced to action. I entered and told the fruit dealer that I wished to try an experiment, and if he would trust me with a basket of oranges I would sell them for him. My respectable appearance probably led him to suppose I was about to engage in some frolic, and he filled quite a large basket for me. Promising to return in two hours, I proceeded directly to the counting room of a merchant and bank director who refused the day before to assist me. He was in conversation with two other merchants, with whom I had been once on equal terms.

'Will you buy some of my oranges, gentlemen?' said I, 'they are sweet and cheap.'

'What do you mean, Mr. Shannon?' said one of the gentlemen. 'you have not turned pedlar, have you?'

'Having found it impossible to get any higher employment,' said I, 'I have been reduced to this. Is it not an honest calling?'

'Are you in earnest,' said one of the gentlemen.

'I never was more so,' said I, 'you will bear witness that I have tried in vain to get other employment. But I must not spend my time in talking—will you buy, gentlemen, or not, for I must be moving.'

'What will you take for your load?' said the gentleman who had not before spoken.

'It is worth two dollars at retail,' said I, 'you may have the whole lot at a dollar and three quarters.'

'I will take it,' said he, 'but as I have not change, I must trouble you with a check for the amount.' He filled a check and said, 'there Combie and Miller, you must buy a basket too; here's a blank check for each of you.'

They did as he proposed, and he filled the three and gave them to me. The basket was emptied on the spot, and I set off to fill it again for each of the others. On my way to the fruit dealer's I called at the bank with the checks, and the teller counted me out three thousand dollars! I told him he had made a mistake.' He looked at the checks again, and declaring that each was good for a thousand dollars, he turned away to wait upon another customer. A motive, which I cared not to analyze, had induced the three princely merchants to furnish me with the means that one of them previously refused. I intended only to shame him, but he had fairly out-manuvred me, and after calling at the fruiter's, paying for the basket, and ordering the two others sent as directed, I came home, undecided what course to pursue. What shall I do, my children? let me have your advice.'

'I would return every cent of it,' said Lucy, 'and shew my independence.'

'So would I,' cried Anna, 'and starve before I'd take it.'

'They only gave it from pride,' said Josephine, 'you stooped so low it mortified them.'

'Perhaps they think to be repaid,' said Jane.

'Don't you think so, Lizzy?'

'No,' said the sick child, 'I think they were sorry that father had been refused. When one repents, he has a right to expect forgiveness.'

'I would use the money, father, and pay it if ever I was able, to them or some suffering fellow creature.'

'This is my view of the matter,' said Mrs. Shannon.

'And mine too,' said her husband—'The similarity of the three checks proves that it was not a mistake. It was evidently a purchase, and a payment, and not a loan. If I take the money I make three friends, if I refuse it I lose three.—I have no right to attribute a good act to a bad motive. I shall at once acknowledge the favor with gratitude. And, girls, you may all go and get released from your places.'

'I should prefer,' said Anna, 'to keep my place a little while, at least to see what I can do.'

'And I too,' said Lucy, 'I engaged for a trial week.'

'Father,' said Jane, 'why can you not keep the whole matter secret, and let us see what it is to earn our own living?'

'What was hard necessity will be a good frolic now,' said Josephine, 'and I propose that we should all keep our places, and come home every other Sabbath—for this, I believe, is a servant's privilege—to tell our experience.'

This plan was agreed on and continued until all were satisfied that knowledge unfits for labor only when it is united with pride of affectation, and that it is unfavorable to happiness only when it is perverted or worthless.

What is Fame.

Our friend, T. A. Fessenden, Esq., relates the following anecdote, which we think presents a striking illustration of the truth of Byron's remark that 'glory consisted in being shot in battle, and having one's name reported in the army list.'

He was conversing with some gentlemen a short time since, and a remark was dropped relative to the uncertainty of life, when an individual standing by said:

'That puts me in mind of what that old fellow said who died the other day, out back somewhere. I saw it in the paper. Strange I can't think of his name.'

'What did he say?' asked F.

'Well, I can't think just what he said; 'twas something about life, though. Don't you know his name? If I could only think of it now you'd remember what it was he said.'

'What sort of man was he?' said F.

'Well, he was considerable of a man, and he made some talk when he died.—Seems to me he lived somewhere out in Massachusetts.'

'Do you know whereabouts in Massachusetts?'

'Well, seems to me 'twant far from Boston. He was a man that used to keep the fust rate of stock on his farm, I have heard. There, it is strange I can't think of his name. You've heard of him a dozen times afore in your life.'

'Was it Webster?'

'Oh! Webster, that's it; yes, Webster, *General* Webster. Strange I didn't think of it sooner. 'I am dead yet,' that's what he said.'

Neither the solemnity of the subject, nor the grave import of the words really uttered by the departed statesman, could restrain the risibles of those present, and a sudden shattering of waistbands and a shower of vest buttons followed the striking illustration of the vanity of human greatness.

The above reminds us of an anecdote related by John Van Buren, the prince of memory. John was one summer day, when politics were dull and the weather was warm, enjoying himself in the interior of New York, by a comfortable ride in the cars. John had been troubled for several days with the misfortune of losing his hat at every hotel where he stopped, and to avoid the necessity of every day purchasing a new Beebe, he had attached his card bearing in large letters, 'John Van Buren,' just above Beebe's name.

The heat of the day, combined with the dust of travelling, had somewhat fatigued the prince, who placing his hat upon the seat beside him, was about disposing himself for a comfortable snooze, when his attention was called to a tall, lean countryman, who was peering very intently upon the Prince's hat.

Backward and forward walked the stranger, and looking at the hat as if he would pierce it with his gimlet eye; after some time he screwed up his courage and addressed the Prince—

'Ahem—are you—is your name Fredrick Van Buren?'

'No,' replied the Prince, 'my name is John.'

'Oh, perhaps you are Frederick's son?'

'No,' said the Prince, calmly.

'Don't you know Frederick?'

'No, I do not.'

'To what family of Van Burens do you belong to?'

'To one of the eastern families.'

'What is your father's name?'

'Martin,' said the Prince.

'Martin Van Buren,' was the drawled reply, 'I don't know Martin, but I know Frederick.'—*Lewiston Falls Journal.*

A Lion Fight.

Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of Myrtle, and every lovely and sweet smelling bloom, to the edge of the valley, that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man.

A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellucid lake in the centre, tinged with every color of the heavens.—The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxurious profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that, in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

Parched as I was by the intolerable heat, this secluded haunt of the spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes, half blinded by the glare of the sands, and even my mind exhausted by perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy breath of the silent valley. My barb, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the prouder arch of the neck, and the brighter glancing of her eye.

'Here,' thought I, as I led her slowly towards the deep descent, 'would be the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity. Who could dream that, within the borders of this distracted land, in the very hearing, almost within the very sight, of the last miseries that man could inflict on man, there was a retreat, which the foot of man, perhaps never yet defiled, and in which the calamities that afflict society might be as little felt as if it were among the stars.

A violent plunge of the barb put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted and strove to break from me; then fixing her glance keenly on the thickets below, shook in every limb. But the scene was tranquillity itself; the chameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm trees.

But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears fluttering convulsively, her eyes starting from their sockets. I grew peevish at the animal's unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had but just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The barb burst away at once. I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger; and, hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled weeds to sustain my footing, awaited the plunge. But the lordly savage probably disdained so ignoble a prey, and continued on the summit, lashing his sides with his tail and tearing up the ground. He at length stopped suddenly, listened, as to some approaching foot, and then, with a hideous yell, sprang over me, and was in the thicket below at a single bound.

The whole thicket was instantly alive. The shade which I had fixed on as the seat of unearthly tranquillity, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty herd were now roused from their noonday slumbers. Nothing could be grander, or more terrible than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged, and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and roaring defiance against the coming invader. The numbers were immense, for the rareness of shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier, issuing spear in hand, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the gallant clamor of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious as himself.

But his career soon closed; his horse's feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with fangs and claws on the creature's loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and for the instant, sat helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound; but the soldier, a figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of the monster, with one hand, and with the other shortening his spear, drove the steel, at one resistless thrust, into the lion's forehead. Horse, lion, and rider, fell, and continued struggling together.

In the next moment, a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a struggling lion, and followed him in the giddy ardor of the chase. The sight now before them was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The valley was filled with the vast herd: retreat was impossible, for the troopers came still pouring in by the only pass, and from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were rolled headforemost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible, and the heavy spears of the legionaries plunged through bone, and brain. The lions, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses and tore them to the ground, or flew at the troopers' throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler. The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, lion, and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies till their forms were undistinguishable. The groans and cries of the legionaries, the screams of the mangled horses, and the roars and howlings of the lions, bleeding with sword and spear, tearing the dead, dashing up the sides of the hill in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror.

But man was the conqeror at last; the savages, scared by the spear and vanned in numbers, made a rush in one body towards the ravine, overthrew everything in their way, and burst from the valley, awakening the desert, for many a league, with their roar.

Vesuvius.

The greatest eruption on record of Vesuvius was in 1669. It broke out on the 14th of March, two hours before night, on the south-east side of the mountain, about twenty miles from the old mouth, and ten from the city of Catania. The noise of the eruption was heard one hundred miles off, to which distance the ashes were likewise carried. The matter thrown out was a stream of metals and minerals, rendered liquid by the fierceness of the fire, which boiled up at the top of the mouth like water at the head of a great river—and after having run a little way, the extremity thereof began to crust and curdle, turning into hard porous stones called sciarri, resembling large cakes of burning sea coal. These came rolling over each other, bearing down any common building by their weight, and burning whatever was combustible. At first the progress of this inundation was at the rate of three miles in twenty-four hours; but afterwards it scarcely advanced a furlong in a day; and thus it continued for fifteen or twenty days together, running into the sea, closed by the walls of Catina. At length it made its way over the walls into the city, where, however, it did no considerable damage, except to a convent of benedictines. In its course it overwhelmed fourteen towns and villages, containing three or four thousand inhabitants; and it is remarkable, that during the whole time of this eruption, which was forty-four days, neither sun nor stars appeared.

A USED UP BOUASON.—We find in the Courrier des Etats Unis an affidavit sworn to by a woman over 80 years of age, named Mary Ann Williams, who says she is the natural mother of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the pretender to Bourbon legitimacy. She states also that the first intimation she ever had of his pretensions to a royal birth was from one William Woodman, an Oneida Indian, who came to her about three years ago and asked her if she would not be willing to go before a magistrate and swear that Eleazer was not her son, but was given to her to bring up; she told him she would do no such thing, as she knew him to be her son; that Eleazer has since mentioned to her that some of his friends thought he was not an Indian, but descended from royal parentage; she told him it was no such thing, that he was her son.

METHODIST CHURCH AND SLAVERY.—The province Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently in session at New Bedford, Massachusetts, passed a series of resolutions strongly denouncing slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law. These were unanimously adopted. They declare slavery to be contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature—that the church of Christ should keep herself pure from all sinful connection with it, while they sympathize with those friends who find themselves in such a position that they cannot emancipate their slaves without committing a moral wrong, and inflicting upon the poor bondman a greater evil than slavery itself. The Fugitive Slave Law was also denounced as "most barbarous, cruel unjust and wicked."

☞ Colonel Keymess, of the 40th regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day observing that a careless man in the ranks had a peculiarly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a breach of military propriety.

'Take him,' said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, 'take the man and lave him in the waters of the Gaudine.'

After some time the corporal returned.

'What have you done with the man I sent with you?' inquired the colonel.

Up flew the corporal's right hand above the peak of his cap. 'Sure, an't plase yer honor, didn't yer honor tell me to lave him in the river?' 'and there he is now, according to yer honours orders.'

CHEAP HUMANITIES.—How exquisitely delicate is the touch of this French proverb: *'It is easy to go fast when one leads one's horse by the bridle.'* How finely an insight into the inner workings of the human heart is here! It is easy to adopt from a state, when that state may be resumed at will, easy for one to part with luxuries and indulgencies, which he only parts with exactly so long as it may please himself. No reason is to be found in this comparative easiness for the man's putting a foot on the contrary, it may be a most profitable exercise; but every reason for not esteeming the sacrifice too highly, nor setting it to value, how the trudging upon foot of him who has no horse to fall back on at whatever moment he may please.

☞ Wonderful things are done now a days, said Mr. Timmins, the doctor has given Slack's boy a new lip, and a new cheek. Ah, said his lady, I have known a pair of lips and cheeks, that I have wished mine and no very painful operation at that.