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."

For the Register.

Lines in Memory of C. C. T.

Alas that the flower ye have cherished so fondly,
So soon should be chilled by the frosts of death's night,
While the dew of affection was sparkling around it,
And life's glowing morn shone never more bright.

Thy flower is transplanted from earth's dreary garden,
To bloom 'neath the smile of skies vernal and fair,
Where no storm ever hovers or clouds ever gather,
Nor blight is e'er wafted on heaven's pure air.

She is gone, and no more will her smile of love greet thee,
Nor her voice, like low music, e'er fall on thine ear;
For that voice is now mingling melodious with angels.
Who watch o'er the friends that are still ling'ring here.

She is gone, and ye deeply and sadly deplore her,
But your trust is in him who ne'er chastens in vain;
And though ye no more on this earth shall explore her,
Ye know that in heaven she liveth again.

She is gone, yet repine not, for bright is the vision,
Which Faith to her sorrowing votaries has given;
And the eye can look far through the vale of the future,
To bliss without end in the mansions of Heaven.

Harford, Pa. J. F.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Slaves of Fashion.

There is much truth in the annexed article from the *New York Times*, but Fashion is too powerful and too despotic nowa-days, to be in any degree shaken by such assaults:

We are slaves in the matter of dress. Where is the man who is independent enough to dress to suit himself?—to dress just as well, and no better, just as warmly and no more so, in just such style and fit, as his own sound, unbiased judgment dictates? We wear finer cloth than is serviceable, of colors that do not suit us, and of shapes that call out maledictions, because others do. We wear stiff, wood-like hats, that one uneducated to their use would deem only fit for instruments of torture, because everybody else does. Some bold hatter, by way of experiment, issues a new and comfortable style of head-gear, and by good fortune it is acceptable. The public adopt it greedily. All consent that it it is becoming, pleasant, and appropriate. But at the expiration of six months it has gone out of vogue, and where is the man of standing who dare be seen with it on? Once in a long while there turns up a garment that just suits us. It answers a purpose that we feel a garment should answer. We adopt it, and are loud in its commendations. But with the circle of the year our favorite garment rolls out of date. We struggle a six month against the fates, but at last our wife's importunities, our daughter's imporations, and our own sense of propriety, lead us to lay it aside, though only half worn out. And when it has been thrown off for a season, how shockingly bad it seems even in our eyes! how outre! how ridiculous! We cannot look at our old friend without laughing, and in our soberest moments we smile if we think of the figure we should cut if we had it on.

Shall we speak of the ladies? how their vestments are beautiful to-day and outrageous to-morrow? how shawls and cloaks that were their pride last season will be scorned next, though not a thread has started nor a seam opened?—how bonnets may be cast away because capcrowns are replaced by flat-crowns?—costly furs have lost their value, because shop-keepers say a different color or a different grain is now worn?

Men are blessed in that their fashions change less frequently than those of the ladies. But when they do change, they do it as some men die—'die all.' It is no use to try to retain a favorite. A hat two years of age is as old as if it were made in the year '76. A coat that has outlived a fashionable era, will not grow more antiquated if it is kept forever.

We can see the costliness of our slavery every time we chance to be caught out in a shower without an umbrella. A lady thus surprised, comes home a perfect wreck. Scarcely an article that meets the eye, of all her external accoutrements, but is utterly ruined. And a gentleman in such a predicament, is not fit to associate with gentlemen until he has replaced his spoiled 'surroundings,' at a cost of cash enough to carry a good old Yankee clergyman through three months of the year. In our enslaved condition nothing is more ridiculous than to hear our merchants talk about an article's durability. Just as if durability were of any consequence to an article which in two years, whether sound or tattered, worn or unworn, is worth only a pair of five shilling vases to the crockery pedlar. Hatters talk of durability!—as if the buyer would dare to wear one after the four or six months' use—the time allotted before a new shape must be given to the blocks—has ruffled its nap or dimmed its original lustre. We should like to see the young man of standing in this city who would pull out a silver watch, though it be an unerring time-piece, and an heir-loom in the family, without an effort to conceal the comparatively mean metal in which it is encased. Very few gentlemen in the city are rich enough to afford to be so eccentric, and those in the country who would venture it are getting older and scarcer every year. In this matter we are certainly slaves. A few adventurous spirits turn fugitives and work out of this bondage—into another, to wit, the bondage of a reputation for eccentricity—a horror of barber's tools, and a commitment to wear nothing that other people wear.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S "FRIEND."

A Tale of the Road.

The worthy Toby Simpton was the most upright of Quakers. Some years retired from business, he inhabited a pretty villa in the suburbs of London, which surpassed all similar villas in the world by the additional grace it derived from the presence of his only child, a lovely girl of about seventeen, as good as she was fair. To the dazzling lustre of English beauty, of which she was the perfect type, her persuasion and habits added a subdued gravity and winning gentleness of manner, which rendered Mary an object of the most unqualified admiration to all the young men of her acquaintance: those in her neighborhood vied with each other for her regard. Their efforts were vain, Mary was no coquette, and far from enjoying the effects of her charms, she was quite annoyed by it, even feeling quite displeased with the conduct of her pertinacious admirers, except in the single instance of a certain Mr. Edward Weresford, a young artist who was admitted by her father to his entire confidence and familiarity had arisen from a very simple circumstance; a sudden stroke had carried off the beautiful wife of the Quaker, and he, anxious to preserve a momento of one so dear, had summoned the skill of the painter to gaze on the lifeless features and transfer them to his canvass animated by the bloom and radiance that had fled forever. The success of Edward in this delicate task, and his unaffected sympathy with the deep grief of the husband and child, had won the warm esteem of both at once.

It was beside her mother's death-bed that Edward first saw the lovely girl so touchingly gentle in the sincere sorrow of her early orphanage, and there it was that there sprung up in their breasts a deep and earnest love, born of the tears of one and the soothing attention of the other. The year which had passed since then had drawn still closer the tie formed under such auspices, and the young man had at length laid before the father his wishes and hopes. The excellent Toby saw no reason to oppose the mutual inclination of the young people. Mary had a respectable fortune, and Edward, without being very rich, earned by his profession enough to afford him an honorable independence. His father Mr. Weresford, an old city merchant, had retired from trade with a fortune tenfold increased. It was a rare example of rapid success in his speculations—so rapid, indeed that few had been able to trace the exact progress of the accumulation. Weresford who was of a harsh and capricious temper, now resided alone in one of the outskirts of the city, and taking little interest in his son's proceedings, he left him at perfect liberty. He was one of those easy egotists, who trouble no one in order to avoid troubling themselves—a class who are usually very complaisant so long as you require nothing of them. Edward was therefore free to pay his addresses to the pretty Quakeress, quite sure that his father would never think of opposing his marriage. The young couple were going on properously in their love, and honest Toby looked on with smiling pleasure. Nothing was to be done but to fix the day for the wedding, which he had deferred until he should receive some rents arising to him from certain farms, as he intended to devote the money to the extra expenditure of the ceremony. The time having arrived, he went out to a country house of his, at some miles from London, where he was in the habit of settling with his tenants, and, as he had promised not to remain more than one day from home, he used all possible diligence in his arrangements. However, he was detained something longer than he had reckoned on, and it was late on the second evening that he prepared to set out on his return. The night fell dark, and as the road was a lonely one, it was not without uneasiness that he perceived at some distance a horseman drawn up, as if waiting for him, full in his path. He stopped uncertain whether to turn back or proceed. The stranger meanwhile, advanced towards him, and the Quaker could no longer hope to escape; so he put a good face on the matter, and resumed his easy trot. As he approached the man, he perceived that he was masked—an ill omen, which was soon realized, for the unknown coming close up to Toby, took out a pistol which he pointed deliberately at him, and roughly demanded his purse. The Quaker did not want courage, but calm by nature, and still more so by religion, unable, without arms, to resist an armed man he had no resource; he quietly took out a purse containing twelve guineas and handed it to the robber, who counted the pieces, while the victim, glad to have escaped so easily, passed him at a quickened pace. But the bandit seeing the little resistance made to him, and kindled by the hope of a second booty, soon overtook the worthy friend, a second time barred the way, and repeating the manœuvre with the pistol, like one well used to such proceedings, he cried—

'Your watch!'

The Quaker though possibly surprised at the new demand, did not betray the least sign of emotion. He very coolly drew a handsome gold watch from his pocket, looked at the hour, and placed it in the outstretched hand of the robber, merely saying—

'Now pray allow me to return home; my daughter will be uneasy at my absence.'

'An instant,' replied the masked rider, emboldened by his meekness, 'swear to me that you have no other sum.'

'Friend, I do not swear,' said the Quaker.

'Ah, indeed! well, then, affirm that you have no more money about you, and on the honor of an honest robber, incapable of using violence to a man who yields with so good a grace, I will permit you to go your way.'

Toby considered a moment, and then shook his head.

'Whoever thou art,' said he gravely, thou hast divined that I am a Quaker, and I may not betray the truth, though it should cost my life. Therefore I must own to thee that I have here under the the flap of my saddle a sum of two hundred pounds sterling.'

'Two hundred pounds!' cried the robber, his eyes sparkling through the mask.

'But if thou art good, if thou art humane,' resumed the poor Quaker, 'thou wilt leave me this money; my daughter is going to be married, and this sum is wanting for her settlement; I have not had so much together for a long time.—The dear child loves her betrothed and it would be very cruel to retard their union; thou hast a heart, perhaps thou hast loved—surely thou wilt not commit this wicked action!'

'What is your daughter's marriage, or her love to me? Less words, and more speed in your actions! I must have this also, friend.'

Toby with a sigh, took out a heavy little bag and handed it reluctantly to the mask; then he was about to ride on.

'Stay, friend Quaker!' said the other laying his hand on the bridle. 'As soon as you reach town, you will lay your complaint before a magistrate: that is all fair, and I have no right to object to it, but I must endeavor to take the start of you, for this night at least. My mare is weak, and besides she is tired; your horse appears vigorous, for this bag did not seem to incommode him in the least; alight my excellent friend, and give me thy steed—thou may'st have mine if thou likest!'

It was rather too late now to begin to resist though these repeated exactions were of a nature to stir the bile in any one but a Job. The good Toby descended, and took with an air of resignation, the wretched hack that was given him in exchange, contenting himself by soliloquising under his breath, 'If I had been wise as I am now, I would have fled at the first approach of the knave; and certes it is not with such a courser as this that he would have overtaken me.' The masked horseman, meantime thanking him ironically for his complaisance, clapped spurs to his horse and disappeared. Before arriving in London the despoiled traveller had abundant leisure to reflect on his mishap, and on the grief of the poor young people whose happiness had been so ruthlessly adjourned. As for the money, it was irrevocably lost to him; he had no means of recovering it, nor tracing the audacious robber. Struck by a sudden idea however, he stopped his regrets.

'Yes!' cried he, 'this means may succeed; if the fellow inhabits London I will yet perhaps discover him. Heaven, no doubt has permitted him to be thus imprudent!'

A little consoled by I know not what hope, Toby returned home, apparently undisturbed, and said nothing of his adventure. He did not go the magistrates as he had at first intended, but embraced his daughter, and went to sleep trusting in Providence. But, knowing well that Heaven aids those most who try to aid themselves, he resolved next day to begin his researches. He had the mare brought out of the stable where she had passed the night, and leading her into the street, threw the bridle on her neck, in the hope that, as she was fasting, she might instinctively make her way to her master's house, while he followed to detect the criminal. But he had relied too far on the poor animal's sagacity; she wandered to and fro without end or aim, now to the right, now to the left, sometimes coming to a full stop, and then retracing her steps, till Toby began to despair.

'The robber,' thought he, 'has never lived in London. What folly of me, instead of giving notice to proper authorities in time, to think of trusting the random vagaries of this sorry beast!'

He was roused from his reverie by the cries of some children who had been almost trampled on by his mare; till then so quiet, she had suddenly started off at full gallop. The cry of "stop her, stop her!" was raised in the street.

'No, no! don't stop her, for mercy's sake or I will be ruined!' cried the Quaker to the utter amazement of the by-standers, who fancied he must be mad; and following anxiously the animal's track he saw her turn quickly into the half open gate of a fine house in the suburbs whither her wanderings had led her.

'It must be here, thank Heaven!' murmured the pious friend.

He hastened on, and in passing the house he saw through the yard gate a groom patting the poor beast as he led her to the stable. He asked the first comer who owned that house.

'Why,' said he, 'you must be a stranger here, not to know that this is the residence of the rich merchant, Weresford.'

The Quaker stood petrified.

'Weresford,' repeated his informant, supposing himself not to be understood; 'you must have heard of him; he that made such a wonderfully rapid fortune.'

'Thanks, friend, thanks,' answered Toby. He felt stunned.

'Weresford, the father of Edward, a man of such standing, to be a robber!'

He fancied himself the sport of a delusion and was about to return home.—However he remembered several instances of people of high consideration connected with bands of malefactors; and then this rapid fortune of uncertain origin; and then the mare which seemed to recognise the place—welcomed, too, by the servant. Toby resolved at all risks to fathom the mystery. He walked boldly to the door and asked to see Mr. Weresford; the porter answered that he was not up yet; now it was near noon, so here was another token of a busy night. The Quaker insisted on being admitted, as he had particular business, and soon found himself in the owner's bedroom. Weresford who had but just awakened, rubbed his eyes, and asked in an ill-humored tone, 'Who are you, sir, and what do you want with me?' The sound of his voice struck on his visitor's remembrance, and added the last proof to his suspicions; he drew forward a chair and quietly installed himself near the bed with his hat on.

'Why do you remain covered?' said the merchant.

'I am a Quaker,' replied the other calmly, 'and thou knowest that such is our fashion.'

At the word *quaker*, Weresford sat up and studied the visitor's face; he recognised him doubtless, for he turned pale.

'Well, sir,' said he, 'what is—if—if you please—the—the nature of—of your business?'

'Pardon me for being in such haste,' answered Toby, 'but between friends there need be no ceremony, and I come simply to ask back the watch thou didst borrow from me yesterday.'

'The—the watch?'

'I prize it highly, it belonged to my poor wife, and I cannot do without it.—Besides my brother-in-law the alderman would be very much displeased were I to give away the memento of his sister.' The name of "Alderman" seemed to move the merchant; without waiting for a reply Toby went on: 'Thou wilt oblige me also by returning the twelve guineas which I lent thee at the same time. However, if thou hast need of them, I will leave them with thee for a time, if thou wilt give me a receipt.' The phlegmatic manner of the Quaker so disconcerted Weresford that he dare not deny the possession of the articles but not wishing to acknowledge them either, he hesitated to commit himself, while Toby added: 'I have also come to inform thee of the approaching marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved a sum of two hundred pounds for the occasion, but by an unlucky accident I lost it on my way to London yesterday evening; so I am forced to request thee to make some settlement on thy son; which otherwise I would not have expected.'

'My son!'

'Yes; dost thee not know that he is in love with my Mary, and that he is to marry her?'

'Edward!' cried the merchant starting up.

'Edward Weresford,' said the Quaker, gently helping himself to a pinch of snuff. 'Let us see; do something for him; he is a worthy lad. I do not wish,' pursued he in a marked manner, 'that he should know of what transpired last night, but in case thou dost not think well of giving him so much as I had promised I fear I shall be obliged to tell him how it went.'

Weresford hurried to a press that was in the room, took out a triple locked casket which he opened, and presented to Toby in succession his purse, his watch, and his money bag.

'Is that all you want?' asked the merchant abruptly.

'Not all; I require still something more from thy friendship.'

'Speak!'

'Disinherit thy son.'

'How?'

'Disinherit him, I say; I will not have it said that my Mary speculated on thy wealth,' and so saying the Quaker left the room.

'No,' murmured he, 'the child is not responsible for the sins of the parent, Mary shall marry the son of this man, but possess his ill-gotten riches—never! never!' He went down to the court-yard. 'My dear friend,' said he to Weresford, who stood at the window in his dressing gown, 'I have brought back thy mare, let me have my horse.' Some minutes after Toby, well mounted with his money bag before him, and other valuables in his pocket, bade farewell to his new friend, and returned home in a sober trot. 'I have just been paying my wedding visit to your father, said he to Edward, whom he found before him; we shall agree very well.'

Two hours after, Weresford came to to Toby's house and took him out one side. 'Worthy Quaker,' said he, 'my best and most amiable friend, your kindness has touched me to the very bottom of my soul. You could have dishonored me, dishonered my son, degraded me forever in his eyes by exposing my crimes, and made him unhappy by refusing your daughter's hand but you have preferred mercy to justice, and have acted like a man of true piety and feeling. Believe me, your conduct has not been lost upon me. I will no longer have to blush before you; take these papers and open them when I am gone. Adieu my true friend; you will see me no more.' And he went away.

After his departure the Quaker inspected the papers; there were, first, orders for considerable sums on different bankers in the city. Then a list, containing a great number of names, and opposite to each, figures for a greater or less amount of money. With it there was a note in the following words:

'An unforseeen commercial crisis first drove me, in my despair, to unlawful means of procuring funds, to answer my calls; success, and the unsuspected security of my position, tempted me to continue the criminal practice. The names above are those of persons who have been robbed of the sums also specified; draw the money as if for my use, and do you privately make restitution to the injured parties, with interest from the date of their losses. What remains is honestly my own; I am going to live abroad, and your daughter will one day be able without shame to accept the inheritance.'

The next day Weresford had quitted London, and every one said he had gone to France to spend his great wealth.

At the wedding of Edward and Mary, the Quaker assembled a large party of joyous friends, among whom were a number of people ready to praise to the skies the honorable conduct of the London highwayman, who, through the medium of the excellent Mr. Simpton had suddenly restored their long-lamented cash capital and interest.

Official.

The following is a literal copy of a 'beggar's petition,' which has recently been circulated by a youth with particularly red hair and sandy complexion:

This is to certify that the bearer, Antonia Patrico O'Flahertyo, is a native of Italy, and belongs to some of those unfortunate families who were thrown from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, in the eruption of 1807; and in descending the sides of the rugged mountain, with masses of stone, lava, &c., was cruelly separated from his fond parents, tender sisters, and loving brothers. Thus he was thrown upon the world at an early age, an orphan, without friends; but by the aid of philanthropic Italians, he was enabled to procure a license and a stock of penny papers, which he for months continued to sell at the various railroad stations in and around Naples; by untiring industry and strict economy, he was enabled to reach this country, through which he now wanders in the hope of meeting his long separated family, who, as the wind was blowing from the east at the time of the eruption, he does not doubt exist somewhere among us.

I commend this young cinder to the tender mercies of the benevolent, knowing, as I do, that he is honest, and that his story (which he cannot speak in English) is a true one.

(Signed) HUMDRUM HOPKINS,
Captain of the ship Titus A. Peep.
JULIUS CÆSAR, Jr.,
Charge d'Affairs at Naples.

Negro Eloquence.

Some time since the celebrated Brother Sunrise visited this city and delivered a lecture before the 'colored population,' on the wickedness of the present generation. At the conclusion of this very learned discourse, the stationary minister of the Union Church, who was also announced to speak on the same subject, mounted the pulpit, took his text, and commenced as fallows:

'Bredren and sistas, in consekens ob de fust brudder, I ain't got time to go ober de whole field, so I'll jist *cross some ob de lots!*'

The inspired 'brudder' then went into an exposition of the vices and vanities, rogueries and rascalities of the unregenerate world, and proceeded to describe the 'orful feelins ob sinners at de great judgment day,' concluding with the following powerful comparison, which went home to the understanding of most of those present:

'Ah! my belubed bredren, when de Constable ob dis world cleps his hand on your shoulder, and says—*you're my prisoner!*—you know how *skeered* you feel! You tremble all ober from your head to your heel! But when de Almighty Constable, *de Debil*, at de great day ob judgment, claps *his* hand on your shoulder, and says—*'you're my prisoner!'*—HOW'LL YOU FEEL DEN, OLD SINNER!—HOW'LL YOU FEEL DEN!'

The tragic air with which this eloquent appeal was delivered added not a little to its effect. This is what we call powerful preaching.—*Reading Journal.*

A QUICK RAPARTEE.—The following anecdote of Governor Morris is related by a correspondent of the New York Times:

He had high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran, a dinner was given by some of Governor Morris' friends, when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party.—Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

'My reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence.'

Bishop Moore replied:

'Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous: you have left to me by far the greater portion of your estate:'

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

'My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon.'

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES AND THE BIBLE.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, speaking of Layard's new work, entitled, 'Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon,' just published by Putnam, says: "Mr. Layard's volume abounds with corroborations of the historical portions of the Old Testament.—Mound after mound, palace after palace, and even tombs and hidden vaults, testify to the minute truthfulness of that inspired volume. Hosts of witnesses are disentombed from the hoary and almost forgotten past, and by the grandeur and majesty of their testimony, expose the shallowness and ignorance of scoffers of the present. It would be an interesting task to gather into one volume all these corroborations."

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A full grown Buckeye, in rather an oblivious and balmy state, stumbled into a stage coach one bright morning, beside a traveller who was in pursuit of knowledge, certainly at that time under difficulties. After the ribbons had been picked up, and the 'hosses' received notice to start, the traveller remarked to the new comer that Ohio was a fine country.

'To—hic—aint nothin' else!' hiccoughed the Buckeye.

'What is the staple production, sir?'

'Co—or—on!'

'You must raise a large quantity.' What is done with it, sir?'

'Wher—hic—why, a great deal is used up for whe—hic—key, and some they use in making bread!'

The Maiden's Choice.

A young maid sat by her cottage tree,
A beautiful maid, at the dawn of day;
Her sewing fell idle on her knee—
For her heart and her thoughts were far away;
When a sober old wooer came up the dell,
A wooer whose hopes one would think were few;
But a maiden's heart is a puzzle to tell—
And though old his face, yet his coat was new.
Oh, a young maiden's heart is a puzzle to tell—
And though old his face, yet his coat was new.

The wooer he gave her a wistful look—
And wistful, too, were the words he said,
While merry she sang, like a summer brook,
And played with her needle, and knotted the thread.
He spoke of the ring and the wedding chime,
He pressed her hand and bended his knee;
And he begged and implored her to FIX THE TIME!
No—go and ask my mother, said she.
Oh, fix it yourself, my darling, said he—
No—go and ask my mother, said she.

Scarce into the house had the wooer gone,
When a young man leaned o'er a neighboring stile,
And sad was the look that youth put on,
And playful gay was the maiden's smile;
Pray, who is this earl that comes here to woo?
And why at your side does he talk so free?
Must I ask your mother, dear Mary, too?
No, Harry, she whispered—you must ask me!
I'd better go in, your mother to see.
No, Harry, no—no, you must kneel and ask me.

There was wailing one morn, at the village church,
Wailing, and weeping, and words of woe—
For the wealthy old wooer was left in the lurch,
The maid had gone off with a younger beau.
Warmly the sun on the hedgerow glowed,
warmly it showed on the old farm gate;
And wild was the laughter upon the road
As Harry rode off with his wedded mate!
Ha! ha! he cried—Ho! ho! laugh'd he—
They may wait a long while ere the bride they see.

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the early genius of that great man whose loss a mighty nation mourns:

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck ('groundhog') whose hole and habitation were near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case. 'Well, my boys,' said the old gentleman, 'I will be the judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck,) and you shall be the counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty.'

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage it had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. 'Now, Daniel, it is your turn; I'll hear what you have to say.'

'Twas the first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he had made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him, or anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to life as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty and could spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table.—God furnished their own food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion? yea, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right, a right from God, to life, to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him as their own was to them, and the just judgment they might expect if in selfish cruelty or cold heartlessness they took the life they could not restore again, the life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks; every feeling of the father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and forgetting the judge in the man, and father he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case,) and turning to his elder son, dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed, 'ZEKE, ZEKE, YOU LET THAT WOODCHUCK GO!'—*Boston Trav.*

Good Taste.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly Review:

You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopwomen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly; or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, or at least made by a French millener, but which as often are brought from the nearest town and made up by her own mind. Not that her own costume is rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either enlivens you with a spirited contrast or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cords. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is quite as important as the dress; all her inner borders and headings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashion or her material. The second consists simply in knowing the three unities of her dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points—and no woman dresses well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by costume will not be disappointed by the wearer. She may not be handsome or accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible—a complete lady.

Constitutional Talent.

There is nothing that floats a man sooner into the tide of reputation, or oftener passes current for genies, than what might be called 'constitutional talent.'—A man without this, whatever may be his worth or real powers, will no more get on in the world than a leaden Mercury will fly in the air; as any pretender with it, and with no more quality beside to recommend him, will be sure either to blunder upon success, or will set failure at defiance. By constitutional talent I mean, in general, the warmth and vigor given to a man's ideas and pursuits by his bodily stamina, by mere physical organization.

A weak mind in a sound body is better, or at least more profitable, than a sound mind in a weak and crazy conformation. How many instances might I quote! Let a man have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, the thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and without an atom of the *mens divinior*, he shall strut and swagger, and vapor, and jostle his way through life, and have the upper hand of those who are his betters in everything but health and strength. His jests will be echoed with loud laughter, because his own lungs begin to crow like chanticleer, before he has uttered them, while a little hectic, nervous humorist shall stammer out an admirable conceit that is damned in the doubtful delivery.—*vez faucibus hæsit.*

The first shall tell a story as long as his arm without interruption, while the latter stops short in his attempts from mere weakness of the chest; the one shall be empty and noisy, and successful in argument, putting forth the most commonplace things with a confident brow and a throng of words that come with more than impudent sauciness from him, while the latter shrinks from an observation, 'too deep for his hearers,' into the delicacy and unnoticed retirement of his own mind.—*Hazlitt.*

PRIM PEOPLE.—There are a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety whose every word is practice and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though well versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct.—There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gayety of social intercourse; the frankness that speaks ease and animation; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

A STRANGE AFFAIR.—Some time ago, we noticed that a woman, named Mary Delaney, had been convicted in Pittsburg of manslaughter. She was charged with murder in the first degree, but after a session of the jury six or eight days in length, the above verdict was rendered. It now turns out that the unhappy defendant is not the guilty person. It was stated by her counsel, on a motion to set aside the verdict, that "a person had just made a confession to the effect that he was the guilty party, and that his conscience would not allow of Mary Delaney suffering in his stead." This confession had been made in the presence of several individuals.

☞ An author unknown achieves the following remark: The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family is sufficient to keep it clear of fools for several generations.

☞ He who loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping.