Grace accompanied her father and hus-

band to the village church. Villeneuve

saw the boy who had guided him there the first time, standing at the portal. He

She will be too proud to play on the

organ any more, said the boy to himself, now that she has married a great man

and a foreigner; but Grace ascended the steps as usual, and drew the red curtains

closely round her. - What the feelings of

authem, with the burden for ever and ever, was sung by the choir. Villeneuve

recognized the same clear, addring ac-

cents which first fell so thrillingly ou

his ear .- He remembered his dream. It

no longer longer filled with supersti-tious horror. It was caused by the work-

ings of his dark and troubled mind. Now

SUNDAY TRAVELLING .- Justices Wood

ward, Lowery and Knox, have recently

lecided against the counter opinions of

bief Justice Black and Justice Lewis

that travelling on Sunday in an omnibus is unlawful. The decision, however,

maintains that travelling in a private con-

"If an invalid, or a person immured within the close walls of a city, requires

ride into the country as a means of re-

duperation, which is the true idea of rest.

there is nothing in the act of '94 to for

bid the employment of a driver, horses

and carriage, on Sunday, to accomplish

. Equally lawful is the employment

and the lost, to pay the tribute of a tear,

and had this defendant shown that he

was employed for these purposes, and

that he was merely engaged in accomp-

lishing them, he ought not to have been convicted. But such was not the case.

He was not engaged in executing a spec-

ial undertaking for either of these inno-

cent purposes, but in performing a con-

tract by the month, for the driving of a

public conveyance. The labor for which

he contracted was to be exactly the same

on Sunday as on other days of the week,

Some would, no doubt, avail themselves

to church, not only on Sunday, but on

other days of the week; but he was, not-

withstanding, a common carrier, pursuing

his ordinary occupation, which was a

wordly employment as truly as merchan-

LAKE SUPERIOR MAIL - Last Wednes-

lay morning the semi-monthly mail, con-

sisting of six large, well filled, closely

packed heavy bags, left the post office of

distance of about 60 miles down the bay,

in sleighs. From Menomonee a widely

tant and isolated places to which they

are directed, and where their sale arrival

pathless and uninhabited woods, over un-

trodden and chilling snows, with no shel-

are horne on the backs of frontier men

Those hardy and rugged mail carriers

wander on, without meeting any strang-

For nearly two hundred miles, through

is anxiously looked for.

dise is.'

veyance on the Sabbath is not unlawful.

In their opinion, the Justices say:

VOLUME 29---NUMBER 6.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1854.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PROPERTY END OF GOVERNMENT"

WHOLE NUMBER, 1518

is a subject well

N. 112 (COURS

## "Poet's Corner,"

A Child's Prayer. BY ALICE CARRY.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes When the winds are low; brighter than the spring time blushes, Reddening out of snow, Were the voice and cheek so fair, Of the little girl at prayer.

Like a white lamb, of the meadow Climbing through the light; Like a pricetess in the shadow Of the temple bright, Seemed she, saying, "Holy one!" Thine, and not my will be done!"

> Woods in Winter. MI HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,

And through the hawthorn blows the gale With solemn feet I tread the hill, That overlooks the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away.
Through the long reach of desert woods, The embracing sunbeams chastely play,

And gladden these deep solitudes. Where, twisted round the barren oak.

The summer vine in beauty clung.

And summer winds the stillness broke, The crystal icicle is hung. Where, from their frozen urus mute springs Pour out the river's gradual tide,

Shrilly the skater's iron rings, And voices fill the woodland side. Alas! how changed from the fair scene, When birds sang out their mellow lay.

And winds were soft, and woods were green

And the song ceased not with the day. But still wild music is abroad, Pale, desert woods! within your crowd, And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,

Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud, Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear Has grown familiar with your song; I hear it in the opening year,— I listen, and it cheers me long.

## Miscelloneous Selections.

From the Model American Courier. For "Ever and Ever:" or the Village Anthem.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. What is that bell ringing for ? asked Villeneuve of the waiter who was leaving

· For Church, was the reply. For church. Oh! is it Sunday? I had forgotten it. I did not think there was a

church in this little village.' "Yes indeed!' answered the boy, his village pride taking the alarm, and a very handsome one too. Just look out at the window sir. Do you see that tall, white steeple, behind those big trees there !-That is the church, and I know there is not a better preacher in the whole world than Parson Blandford. He was never pastered for a word yet, and his voice makes one feel so warm and tender about

the heart, it does one good to hear him.' Villeneuve cast a languid glauce thro the window, from the sofa on which he was reclining, thinking that Parson Blandford was very probably some old hum-drum, puritanical preacher, whose nasaltwang was considered melodious by the vulgar ears which were accustomed to listen to him. Dull as his present position was, he was resolved to keep it, rather than inflict upon himself such an intelerable bore. The boy, who had mounted his hobby, continued, regardless of the unpropitious countenance of his

'Then there is Miss Grace Blandford his daughter, plays so beautifully on the organ! You never heard such music in your life. When she sits behind the red curtains, and you can't see enything but the edge of her white skirt below. I can't help thinking there's an angel hid there: and when she comes down and takes her father's arm to walk out of church, she looks like an angel, sure enough."

Allowing for all the hyperbole of ignother things which were agreeable in themselves—music and a young maiden. He arose from palpitated when he saw a white robed.

There was a sherce of moments, during the church ing which Mr. Blandford looked upward, be watched impatiently for the foldings and the eyes of Grace followed her fathers are a with kindling ray.

But your daughter, continued Ville the sofa, threw aside his dressing gown, called for his coat and hat, and commanded the delighted boy to direct him to the church the nearest way. His guide, proud of ushering in such a handsome and aristocratic looking stranger, conducted him to one of the most conspicuous seats in the broad aisle, in full view of the pulpit and orchestra, and Villeneuve's, first glance was towards the curtains, which were drawn so close, not eren a glimpse of white was granted to the beholder. Very likely this angel of the village boy was a great red-faced. hard-handed country girl who had been taught imperfectly to thrum the keys of an instrument, and consequently fransformed by rustic simplicity into a being of superior order: No matter, any kind of excitement was better than the ennui from which he had been aroused. A low, sweet, trembling prelude stole on the ear. 'Surely,' thought he, 'no vulgar fingers press those keys, that is the key note of true harmony. He listened, the sound swelled, deepened, and rolled through the arch of the building, and sank again. with such a melting cadence that the tears involuntarily sprang into his eyes. Ashamed of his emotions he leaned his head upon his hand, and yielded unseen to an influence, which, coming over him so unexpectedly, had all the force of enchastment. The notes died away, then

uttered a deep solemn voice.

all the earth keep silence before Him, understand an invalid. Perhaps you've lies deep solemn voice. She leaned on her father's arm into a gentle slumber, and when the doc. | ren within the benefits of the post office Douglas and the President consider each understand an invalid. Perhaps you've lies and one the solemn voice. | system and over these stardy and self other rivals for the succession and that Villeneuve raised his head and gazed genial than the bustle of a public dwel
with a speaker. He was a man rather than the speaker of the sp

unmarred the noblest attributes of manhood. His brow was unwrickled; his piercing eye undimmed; and his tall figure majestic and unboyed. The sun inof and followed him to the door where ure majestic and unbowed. The sun in-clined from the zenith, but the light, the warmth, the spendor remained in all their power, and the hearts of the hear-ers radiated that light warmth, till an intense glow pervaded the whole assem-bly, and the opening words of the preach-Grace yet stood with downcast eyes.

every appearance of art was kept in the back ground, he was willing to sit and lis-

ten, as he was to a fine actor, when redi-

ting the impassioned language of the

stage: 'This man is a fine actor,' was

his first thought, 'he knows his part well.

It is astonishing, however, that he is wil-

ling to remain in such a limited sphere-

with such an eye and voice-such flow-

ing language and graceful elocution; he

might make his fortune in any city. It is

incomprehensible that he is content to

linger in obscurity. Thus Villeneuve

speculated till his whole attention be-

came absorbed in the sermon, which, as

a literary production, was exactly suited

to his fastidiously refined taste. The lan-

guage was simple, the sentiments sub-lime. The speaker did not bring himself

down to the capacities of his auditors, he

lifted them to his; he devated them, he spiritualised them. He was deeply read

in the mysteries of the human heart, and

he knew that however ignorant it might

be of the truths of science, and the laws of metaphysics it contained many a di-

vine spark which only required an eliciting touch to kindle. He looked down in-

to the eyes upturned to him in breatliless

his own soul. His manner was in gener-

al calm and affectionate, yet there were

moments when he swept the chords of human passion with a master's hand, and

the hectic flush of his cheek told of the

fire burning within.

He is a scholar, a metaphysician, a

hilosopher, and a gentleman, said Vil-

lenueve to himself, at the close of his dis-

course. . If he is an actor, he is the best

one I ever saw. He is probably an en-

thusiast, who, it he had lived in ancient

as if in response to his heart's desire.-

This time there was an accompaniment

of a new female voice. The congrega-

gan. It was a kind of doxology, the cho-

the organist no longer trembled. It

swept over the keys as if the enthusiasm

ing strains rolled and reverberated till

of harmony. But high, and clear, and

sweet, above those waves of harmony

and the mingling voices of the choir, rose

pressed by the novelty of his sensations.

Where was he? In a simple village

quented the magnificent cathedral of No

tre Dame, been familiar there with the

finest choir in the universe. Why did

of fanaticism, seemed for a moment an

When the benediction was given, and

figure glide through the opening and im-

she was seen at the entrance of the church

evidently awaiting the approach of her father, who, surrounded by his people,

make his egress. As she stood against

a column which supported the cutrance,

Villeneuve had a most favorable opportu-

nity of scamping her figure, which he did

with a practised and scrutinizing glance.

He was accustomed to Parisian and

English beauty, and comparing Grace

beauties of the old world, the certainly

lost in the comparison. She was very

simply dressed, her eyes were down-cast.

and her features were in domnlete repose.

Still there was a quiet grace about her

that pleased him-a blending cit perfect

simplicity and perfect refinement that

Mr. Blandford paused as he came down

the sisle. He had noticed the young and

interesting-looking stranger, who listened

with such derout attention to all the ex-

village such things are rapidly communi-

cated, that there was a traveller at the

ion, a foreigner and an invalid-two

claims to sympathy and kindness. The

pallid complexion of the young man was

a sufficient indication of the latter, and

was extraordinary.

pæon echoed on his ear.

drawing her hand through his arm. This simple introduction well befitted the place where it was made, and was acer seemed realized. Villeneuve was an of the head and a lifting of the eyes, and infidel; he looked upon the rights of they walked in silence from the portals of ested in the young stranger; and exper-Christianity as theatrical machinery, necthe church. What a change had the essary, perhaps, towards carrying on the great drama of life, and when the springs were well adjusted and oiled, and the pulleys worked without confusion, and mere uplifting of those veiled lids made in her countenance! Two lines of a noble bard flashed across his memory.

The light of love, the purity of grace, The mind, the music breathing from her face. Then another line instantaneously suc-

And oh! that eye is in itself a soul."

There was one thing which disappointed him. He did not notice a single blush flitting over her fair cheek. He feared slie was deficient in sensibility. It was so natural to blush at a stranger's greeting. He did not understand the nature of her feelings. He could not know that one so recently engaged in sublime worship of the Creator must be lifted above fear or confusion in the presence of the creature. Villeneuve had seen much, of the world, and understood the art of adaptedness, in the best sense of the word. He could conform to the circumstance in which he might be placed with grace and ease, and though he was too sincere to express sentiments he did not feel, he felt justified in concealing those he did feel, when he knew their avowal would cause pain or displeasure. It was a very singular way for him to pass the Sabbath .--The guest of village pastor, breathing an atmosphere redolent of the sweets of piety, spirituality and holy love. The interest, and he read in them the same yearnings after immortality, the same reverence for the Infinite Majesty of the Universe, which moved and solemnized language of levity and flattery, so current in society, would be considered profanation here; and conviction deeply mortifying to his vanity forced itself upon him, that all those accomplishments for which he had been so much admired, would gain him no favor with the minister and Blandford had chosen.

astonished you do not seek a wider sphere countenance touched his heart. Some other commanded him to depart. He was of usefulness. It is impossible that the times when he met hereve, it had an earn- agituted; the veins of his temples started people here should appreciate your tal- est, reproachful, pitying expression, that out like cords, and his eyes, flashed with one estimate the sacrifices you make thrilled to his soul. One evening he came imprisoned fires.—Villeneuve without days, would have worn the blazing crown to enlighten and exalt them.' of martyrdom. I should like to see his Mr. Blandford smiled as be

Mr. Blandford smiled as he answered. You think my sphere too small while I The low notes of the organ again rose, tremble at the weight of responsibility I which you kindly ascribe to me, I find here an ample field for their exercise .tion rose as the words of the anthem be- There are hundreds of minds around me that mingle their aspirations with mine, rus terminating with the solemn expres- and even assist me in the heavenward sion, for ever and ever. The hand of journey. In a larger, more brilliant circle, I might perhaps gain a more sounding name and exercise a wider influence. but of an exalted spirit were communicated that influence would not be half, as deep to every pulse and sinew. The undulat- and heartfelt. I was born and bred in a city, and know the advantages such a life the whole house was filled with the waves can offer; but I would not exchange the tranquillity of this rural residence, the scremity of this pastoral life, the paternal influence I wield over this secluded vilthat single female voice, uttering the bur- lage, and the love and reverence of its den of the anthem, for ever and ever. upright and pure-minded inhabitants, for and cheek as colorless as marble: Villeneuve closed his eyes. He was op- the splendid sinecure of the Archbishops

of our motherland. Villeneuve was astonished to see a church, listening to the minstrelsy of man so nobly endowed, entirely destitute a simple village maiden, and he had free of the principle of ambition. He wanted to ask him how he had thus trampled under his feet the honor and splendid ritual of the national religion, distinction of the world. You consider and heard its sublime chantings from the ambition a vice, then? said he.

'You are mistaken,' replied Mr. Blandthose few monotonous words so thrill ford, if you believe me destitute of amthrough every nerve of his being? That. bition. I am one of the most ambitious eternity which he believed was the dream men in the world. But I aspire after honors that can resist the mutations of awful reality, as the last notes of the time, and partake of the imperishability of their Great Bestower.'

There was a slience of moments, dur-ing which Mr. Blandford looked upward,

mediately disappear. The next minute situation for which nature and education have so evidently unfitted her? Let Grace answer for herself.' said

Mr. Blanford, mildly; 'I have consulted Villeneuve was delighted to see a

bright blush suffuse the modest cheek of Grace-but it was the blush of feeling, not of shame.

I love the country rather than the town, said she, for I prefer nature to ion, and scal their final separation.
art, meditation to action, and the works 'Mr. Blandford,' cried he, passionate-Blandford to the high-born and high-bred of God to the works of man; and in the constant companionship of my father I your daughter-I have never sought her find more than contentment-I find happiness, joy."

Villeneuve sighed -- he felt the isolafamily, a traveller in a strange land in pursuit of health; which had been vainly fice a daughter's peace. sacrificed in the too eager pursuit of the warmed the heart of her father. That to be a witness to it.'

dream. He thought he was in the horror of thick darkness. It seemed that he was in the midst of infinite, and yet chained swelled again in solemn accompanient the air or high breeding which distin- to one dark spot, an immovable speck in

"","说话"

ance of this unexpected invitation. He then parted from thee for ever? ex- mourquily. Oh, my God! forgive the der nursing, said he, looking meaningly grasped the proffered hand of the minis- claimed he, endeavoring to stretch out his fully, the blindness the madness of which at Grace, he may yet possibly be saved. ter with more warmth than he was aware arms toward the luminous point. For I have been guilty. ever and ever, responded the same heavenly accents, mournfully echoing till they

'My daughter,' said Mr. Blandford died away, and the vision fled. He was not superstitious, but did not like the impression of his dream. He rose feverish and uprefreshed and felt himself unable knowledged by her with a gentle bonding to continue his journey. Mr. Blandford came to see him. He was deeply interienced the pleasure which every sensitive and intelligent intellectual being feels in meeting with kindred sensibility and intellect. The intimacy thus commenced, continued to increase, and week after lingered near the minister and his daugh-

deepening intimacy, that the real senti- you wed an Infidel v. ments of Villeneuve should remain concealed, for hypocrisy formed no part of his character. Mr. Blandford, relying on the reverence and affection Villeneuve ford, with a repealing motion towards to her beloved parsonage, evidently felt for him, believed it would Villeneuve. The God she invokes will The Sunday before their departure, be an easy task to interest him in tho truths of religion. And it was an easy then, most unhappy yet beloved young task to interest him, particularly when man—you have closen your destiny and the father's arguments were backed by the daughter's persuasive eloquence; but it was a most difficult one to convince .-The prejudices of education, the power of habit, the influence of a worldly life, presented an apparently impenetrable shield to the arrows of Divine truth.

'I respect, I revere the truths of your religion'-Villeneuve would say at the close of their long and interesting conversations-'I would willingly endure thepangs of death—yea, the agonies of martyrdom, for the possession of a faith like yours. But it is a gift denied to me. I the hand of Grace, which hung powercannot force my belief, nor give a cold as- less over her father's shoulder, threw her sent with my lips to what my reason and

pressing his surprise at the location Mr. that she no longer appeared to rejoice in of nature and of love ! Blandford had chosen.

I would not insult you by flattery, manners which would have acquired his separated his daughter from the embrace every thought flowed in a new channel; and Villeneuguve ingeniously, but I am resentment, had not the sadness of her of her lover and holding him back with the to the parsonage at a later hour than us. for a moment, in his unrelaxing grasp. ual. He was agitated and pale.

said he; I must leave you immediately his handkerchief to his face. have assumed. If I have the talents I did not know that all my happiness was centred in the intercourse I have been shricked Grace, springing to his side; he holding with your family, till this summons came.

Grace, unable to conceal her emotions, eyes followed her with an expression and he fell back insensible. which made her father tremble. He an ticipated the scene which followed.

'Mr. Blandford,' continued Villeneuve Hove your daughter. I cannot live with

'I should have foreseen this,' at length he said. It would have spared us al

much misery. Misery! replied Villeneuve. is a star

tling tone. 'Yes,' replied Mr. Blandford, I have been greatly to blame-I have suffered my feelings to triumph over my judgment. Villeneuve, I have never met a young led me to love you. I still love you; but I pity you still more. I can never trust my daughter's happiness in your hands.—There is a gulf between you—a wall of separation—high as the heavens and deeper than the foundations of the darth."

ly, 'I can take my rejection only from love unsanctioned by your approbation —I have scorned the guise of a hypocrite, and I have a right to claim this from you vour nower-but tremble lest you sacri-

Mr. Blandford recovered his self-comto link him to another. Affluent and un- burst their bounds. He summoned Grace controlled, yet sated and desponding, he into his presence. I yield to your imenvied the uncorrupted taste of the min- petuous desire, said he. but I would to ercises. He had heard, for in a country ister's daughter. He would have barter- Heaven you had spared me such a scene ed all his wealth for the enthusiasm that as this. Painful as it is, I must remain

He took his daughter's hand as she enwatched her countenance while the first the awful moment a torrent of joy gushed er or receiving any aid; but with an entitle Tribune says that the intelligent vows of love to which she ever listened into her soul. It was a foretaste of etar- ergy and regularity astonishing to all who and peace loving Democrats here conwere breathed into her ear with an elo- nal wedlock, and death seemed indeed quence and fervor which seemed irresist. swallowed up in victory. Mr. Blandford self-reliance of these rangers of the wint- rable but quipable in the course he has ed with the melodious vibration of the instrument, and for a few moments there was a most profound silence.

The Lord is in his hely the melodious vibration of the part of the printing of the printing of the printing of the printing of the course helps in the helps in the course helps in the course helps in the course helps in the h

Grace started as if wakening from a dream. Her father's words recalled her three weeks Villeneuve, though still weak to herself-one brief moment of ecstacy had been her's—to be followed she knew by hours of darkness and sorrow. The warm glow faded from her cheek, and

neck she went unrestrained. 'She loves me, exclaimed Villeneuve : you yourself witness her emotions-you will not suffer a cruel funaticism to des-

throwing her arms around her father's

troy us both ? 'Grace,' said Mr. Blaudford, in a firm voice look up. Let not the feelings of a week passed away, and Villeneuve still moment, but the principles of life decide. Will you hazard, for the enjoyment of a ter. His health was invigorated, his spirits excited by the novel yet powerful influences that surrounded him. It was
impossible, in the course of this rapidly
deepening intimacy, that the real sentiyou wed an Infidel?'

win you hazard, for the enjoyment of a
climate negresoived to ry the genta at
the enjoyment of a
climate negresoived to ry the genta at
the real sential few fleeting years; the unutterable interof France. It was no light sucrifice for
the sole treasury of his affections, and
dopm himself to a solit ary home; but he
did it without murmuring, since he hoped

Grace lifted her head and clasping her the blessing of heaven would hallow the hands together, looked fervently upward. nupitals. Villeneuve promised to return 'Thou art answered,' cried Mr. Bland-the ensuing year, and restore Grace again give her strength to resist temptation. Go we have chosen ours. You live for time. IVe, for eternity. As I said before, there required his respectful salutation with a is a deep gulf between us. Seek not to warm grasp of the hand. He led me to drag her down into the abyss into which the gate of heaven, thought he shall you would madly plunge. My soul hath not go unrewarded. wrestled with yours, and you have rested though I fought with weapons drawn from heaven's own armory. Farewell, our prayers and our tears will follow you.'

He extended his hand to grasp Villeneuve's for the last time, but Villeneuve, with every passion excited beyond control, rejected the motion; and snatching impetuously towards him.

conscience belie.

Mr. Blandford ceased not his efforts, will never resign her; I swear it by the notwithstanding the unexpected resistance he encountered, but Grace gradually the religion that would crush the dearest retired from the conflict, and Villenging and believes first towards him.

She loves me; exclaimed he, and I will never resign her; I swear it by the religion that would crush the dearest retired from the conflict, and Villenging retired from the conflict, and Villeneuve and boliest feelings of the human heart ! his daughter. Ho could not forbear ex- found to his sorrow and mortification. Perish the faith that exults in the sacrifice.

then reeling backward sunk back upon a I have received letters of importance, sofa. He turned deadly pale, and held peated again and again for ever and ever and in the third place he understands the "Oh, father! you have killed him!"

faints, he bleeds he dies!" Even while Grace was speaking, the white handkerchief was crimsoned with rose and left the apartment. Villeneuvo's blood, the eyes of the young man closed.

Just Heaven! spare me this curse! cried Mr. Blandford. Great God! I

have killed them both ! They did indeed look like two murderout her-I cannot depart without an as | ed victims, for the blood which oozed surance of her love and your approbal from the young man's lips not only dyed his own handkerchief and neckcloth, but Mr. Blandford was too much agitated reddened the white dress of Grace and to reply—the blood rushed to his temples stiffened on her fair locks, as her head then retreating as suddenly, left his brow drooped unconsciously on his breast. All was horror and confusion in the household. The physician was immediately summoned, who declared that a bloodvessel was ruptured and that the life of the young man was in most imminent danger.—Grace was borne to her own apartment and consigned to the care of some-kind neighbors, but Mr. Blandford remained the whole night by Villeneuve's side holding his hand in his, with his man who won upon my affections as you eyes fixed on his pallid countenance, tremhave done. The ingeniousness, ardor bling lest every breath should be his last. and generosity of your character, impel About daybreak he opened his eyes, and seeing who was watching so tenderly over him, pressed his hand and attempted to speak, but the doctor commanded perfect silence, assuring him that the slightest Some would, no doubt, avail themselves exertion would be at the liazard of his of the omnibus to ride for health and life. For two or three days he hovered strength, to visit the cometry, and to go on the brink of the grave, during which He paused, and bowed his face upon lime Mr. Blandford scarcely left his side, his hands. The possibility that his daugh- and Gruce lingered near the threshold of neuve, can she find contentment in a ter's happiness might be no longer in hor the door, rale and sleepless, the image of own keeping, completely overpowed him. despair. One night, when he seemed to Villeneuve listened in astonishment and be in deep sleep. Mr. Blandford knelt by dismay. He, in all the pride of affluence his couch, and in a low voice breathed and rank (for noble blood ran in lineal out his soul in prayer. His vigil had pressing on each other to catch a kindly her happiness as well as my own, in the streams through his veins;) to be rejecting, always found it difficult to choice I have made.' mere religious scruples. It was incredi- strength of his emotions. He prayed in ble-one moment his eye flashed haught- agony for the life of the young man; for ily on the bending figure before him ; the his soul's life. He pleaded, he supplicanext it wavered, in the apprehension that ted, till, language failing, sighs and tears Grace might yield to her father's decis- alone bore witness to the strivings of his spirit - Yet not my will, oh God I ejaculated he again, 'but Thine be done.' Amen ! uttered a faint voice. The minister started as if he had heard a voice from the dead. It was Villeneuve

who spoke, and whose eyes fixed upon him, had a most intense and thrilling extion of his own destiny. The last of his You may distroy my happiness-it is in pression. Your prayer is heard, comfinued he. 'I feel that God is merciful.-A ray of Divine light illumes my parting hour. Let me see Grace before I die, that pleasures of this world, without one hope mand, as the passions of the young man our souls may mingle once on earth, in earnest of their union hereafter.

The minister led his daughter to the couch of Villeneuve. He joined her hand in his - My daughter, cried he, rejoice I asked him for life. God giveth unto him long life; yes life for evermore. Grace bowed ber head on that nale

peared like a star in the heaven, yet every and the people.

The was a man rath ling?

The peared like a star in the heaven, yet every and the people.

The was a man rath ling?

The was a man rath ling?

The was a man rath ling?

The peared like a star in the heaven, yet every and the people.

The was a man rath ling?

The peared like a star in the heaven, yet every and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people and the people.

The peared like a star in the heaven and the people.

The peared like a star in the people and th

## Turkish Cavalry. The following remarks from a German The predictions of the excellent phy-sician we indeed fulfilled, for in less than

work, on Cavalry, will give some idea.
of the efficiency of that arm of the Turk sh service. h service. During the Mameluke massacie in and languid, was able to take his seat Grand Cario, in 1811, Schahim Bey, leaded with his horse over a six foot walkand down a precipice of thirty feet; the horse was killed but the rider escaped unhavinged. The greatest leap ever made in France, was that of the Captain of Napoin the family. Mr. Blandford saw with joy that the faith which he had embraced in what he believed his dying hour was not abandoned with returning health. He had always relied on the rectitude of his principles, and now when religion sancti-tified and strongthened them, he felt it his duty to sanction his union with his daughter. The business which had sum-moned him so upexpectedly to his native France, was that of the Captain of Napoleon's Mameloke Guard, over a twenty feet wide ditch. In Athens 7000 soldiers, under Lord Cochrane, lay encamped in a line of squaro redoubts, covered by ditches, seven feet wide, and four feet deep. A thousand Turkish Dellis, who formed the attacking party, at one bound cleared this obstacle, and despite of the bayonets of the assailed in ten minutes, hewed down three hundred Tacticos and Philhellenists. country, still remained unsettled, and as. the physician recommended a warmer climate, he resolved to try the genial air

At Kalescha, the front of the Russian army was protected from approach, not only by trees and bushes, but also by a deep rayine, to cross which the European cavalry soldiers were obliged to dismount, and lead their horses. In the face mount, and lead their horses. In the face of a five of thirty cannon and eight thousand undiscipling and muskets, three thousand undisciplined Turkish lancers dashed at full gallop through these apparently insurmountable impediments, scized the artillery, which they drew into two squares, and in a short time backed to pieces with their scimetars four thousand men. We may add to this statement, that the Turkish cavalry horses are trained to instantaneous obedience to the pider's will to run at full

ence to the sider's will; to run at full gallop, to come to a dead halt; the moment they feel the check of the bridle; to wheel closely round her.—What the feelings of the musician were, within that sacred sanctuary, as she pressed the keys, probably for the last time, could only be judged from a trembling touch; but at the close of the services, when the same sublime, authem, with the burden for feyer and unequalled even by the wild Pawnees of our prairies. The Russians bave, justly, a holy horror of these dare-devil riders. who handle the scimetar and pistol with as much dexterity as the bit.

SENATOR CLAYTON'S SPEECH. The accounts from Washington leave no sort of doubt that Mr. Clayton atterly overwhel-Are we indeed united? said he, while med Gen. Cass in the late discussion of his soul hung on the echoes of that sweet the Clayton Bulwer treaty. We knew strain, and shall we be united for ever? beforehand that he would do so for in For ever and ever, returned the voice the first places he is a greater man than of the worshipper; and the whole choir Gen. Cass; in the second place, he is a joining in, in a full burst of harmony resubject of the treaty in question a great. deal letter than Gen. Cass. His replies to Cass and Douglas, last winter, upon the treaty, were among the most brilliant triumphs in Congressional debate that we ever lead, and we are not at all surprised that the sting of defeat has bitterly rankled in the breast of the Michigan Senator ever since. That Senator was preparing lumself during the whole. Congressional mecess for a rejoinder, but the only result is that he is unquestionably overthrown in the last encounter even more terribly than he was in the first .- Louisville Journal.

Murray's "Handbook of South Itay' is just published, and contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher and the of the means to go to the church of one's choice, or to visit the grave of the leved spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on the mole a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out, Now all of you who sincerely repent of your sins hold up your hands. Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched out both his hands. ! Holy Archangel Michael, exclaimed Rocco, thou who with thine adamantine sword standest at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically.' In an instant every hand lropped, and Rocco, of course, poured forth a fresh torrent of elequent invective ngainst their sins and their deceit.

PRESIDENT WALKER .- According to

the New Orleans Picayune, Walker, the President of Lower California, is only 28 years of age, a native of Tennessee, born in Nashville, where his father still lives, secretary of an insurance company there. He studied medicine in Paris, law. in New Orleans, and in the winters of his village for their Northern destination 1848-9, became directly connected. These bags are carried to Menomonee, a with the press of New Orleans, as one of the proprietors and editors of the Cres-cent; The enterprise did not prove different mode of transportation must be profitable. The paper was sold to other employed in order to get them to the dis- parties in the fall of that year, and Mr. Wulker soon after followed the tide of emigration to San Francisco. He resumed his profession there, still continuing his pursuits as a journalist. In one of the disputes which grew out of the nevapaper articles, he became involved. ter, night or day, to protect them from in a duel with one of his cotemporaries, storms, winds or frosts, these mail bags in which he was wounded. His last act was to conquer Lower Califorand Indians to the scattering post offices nia with forty-eight mon, armed with re-of the yet hinly settled regions around volvers, desperation and cheese knives. of the yet thinly settled regions around the southern shores of Lake Superior. Late reports say, that the President and party have been tul off. We doubt it are sometimes obliged to camp out for A man of Walker's shrewdness and courdays in the open air, with nothing but a sge is not as essily cut off as some peofree for a covering and a luge snow back ple imagine — Duchmas for a bed by night. Day after day they

-The Washington Correspondent of are not acquainted with the strongth and ceive the President to be not only censu-