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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."

For the Register.

To Mr. ——,

WHO ASKS A DESCRIPTION OF HIS COUSIN.

Be it for *other* pens than mine
To *write* a full description—
But I'll some wandering thoughts confine,
And give them a transcription.

This Coz of yours is passing air,
Without a contradiction;
Her bright blue eyes and sunny hair
Are more than dreams of fiction.

Of sylph like form is she possessed
And grace in every motion—
Her spirits ne'er by gloom oppressed—
Free as the nymph of ocean.

Just seventeen! romantic age—
Favored of song and story—
Sometimes adorned on history's page,
In wreaths of bloodless glory.

Methinks you're saying to yourself,
The castle that I dwell in,
Was ne'er surprised by slyest elf,
Nor won by *Hebe* nor *Helen*.

Kate.

The Russian Lochinvar.

The big-booted Czar has his eye on the east,
For treaties and truces he cares not the least.
And save his good pleasure he conscience has none,
He talks like the Vandal and acts like the Hun;
So ruthless in peace, and so ruthless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of king like the big-booted czar?

He stayed not for speech, but with sabre and gun,
He rushed into Turkey though cause there was none,
But when he got near the old Iron gate,
He found certain reasons which urged him to wait,
For down by the Danube stood Omar Pasha,
Prepared to encounter our big-booted Czar.

So he drew up his legions—serf, vassal, and thrall!
His footmen, and horsemen, and cannons and all,
Then out spoke bold Omar, his hand on his sword,
In an attitude fitting an Ottoman Lord,
"Oh come you in peace here, or come you in war,
Or to see St. Sophia, you big-booted czar!

"I've long asked your homage, my suit you denied,
And my holy religion you've scorned and decried,
So now I've come down with this army of mine,
The rights and the wrongs of the case to define,
Adh you have not a chance, for the Musselman star,
Must pale when it looks on the flag of the czar."

He flung down his challenge, the Turk took it up
(Remarking on slips, twixt the lip and the cup)
And deigned to his logic the briefest reply,
That the claim was unjust and the proof was a lie,
And he brought up some thousands of swords as a bar
To further advance by the big-booted czar.

So before Oltenitza the battle took place,
And the Russian thought proper to right about face,
For the guns of the Stamboul had a menacing boom,
And a bombshell sent flying the Dannenburg plume.
And the Cossacks all grumbled, "Twere better by far,
To eat tallow at home than dine out with the czar."

One hint would not do, nor one word in his ear,
The despot commands, and his men persevere—
So again to the breezes their standards are flung,
And Kalafat echoes the war-trumpet tongue,
And the Ottoman, charging, has scattered afar
The ill-fated troops of the big-booted czar.

There was wild disarray in the rear and the van,
The Moslem they rode, and the Cossacks they ran,
Therewas racing and chasing—twas pleasing to see,
The Russ was well beat as a Russian can be,
May this, and much worse, be all fortune of war,
That awaits tho old pirate, the big-booted czar.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A VERY IMPROBABLE STORY.

Kissing in the Dark.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.'

The 10. 15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, singularly enough two were worth description.—The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could *not see* her nose for her eyes and mouth, her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending greyish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge shaped buttons, a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with a book in one hand, and a *soupcon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit since he belonged to a corporation, that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; it was far from being one of those submasal pig-tails, on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other peoples', who have none:—in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—*a young gentleman*. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-a-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road, 'Done! Done!' Now I am sorry a man I have hither to praised, should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation, but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief, Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger, and returned it to the owner like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading, the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a "Times" and a "Punch;" the latter was full of steel-pen thrusts and wood-*cuts*. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by Punch. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochiealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included: not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of sup Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained in *tete-a-tete* with him.

Presently our Captain looked out of the window and laughed, this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

'We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel.'

'Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?' said the lady.

'Invariably.'

'What for?'

'Why! hem! it is a gentleman's joke.'

'Oh! I don't mind its being silly if it makes me laugh.' Captain Dolignan thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:—

'A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite, it was pitch dark; after the tunnel, the lady said, 'George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.'

'I did no such thing!'

'You didn't?'

'No! why?'

'Why because somehow I thought you did?'

Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. They entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn—'Ah!'

Dolignan—'What is the matter?'

Miss H.—'I am frightened.'

Dolig. (moving to her side)—'Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you.'

Miss H.—'You *are* near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignan.'

Dolig.—'You know my name!'

Miss H.—'I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.'

Dolig.—'I could be content to spend hours here, re-assuring you, sweet lady.'

Miss H.—'Nonsense!'

Dolig.—P-weep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss H.—'Ee!'

Friend.—'What is the matter?'

Miss H.—Open the door! open the door!'

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer, with all the insolence I can command at present, 'Hit boys as big as yourself,' bigger perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them *sore* against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment, and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve, which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door,—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side,—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was perhaps, fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns, of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks; he had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some of moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action, as to his own trowsers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents, but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing; "*That* is nothing,' continued the Major, 'but unfortunately he deserved to lose it.'

At this the blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his sense added, 'I mean to say he was thirty-five, you, I presume, are twenty-one!'

'Twenty-five.'

'That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?'

'If you will advise me.'

'Speak to none of this, and send White the three pounds, that he may think you have lost the bet.'

'That is hard, when I won it.'

'Do it all for that, sir.'

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon, capable of a blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance, and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball, not the first since his return *bien entendu*. He was in that state of factious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look—'It can't be!'—'Yes, it is!' Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name!) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her or speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing; but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, her ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured; 'Who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He has never kissed her, I suppose,' said Dolly. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight, trying to find out who this beauty was,—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit, and commenced a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a Railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked, endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name however was at least revealed by this untoward incident; from her name in her address, was but a short step, and the same day our crest-fallen hero lay in wait at her door and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon, she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest Parade. Dolignan did the same, he met and passed her many times on the Parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked till all the other promenaders were tired and gone,—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance.—He blushed, stammered out how shamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was* punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man, who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her the action had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, 'How stupid they are.' Embolded by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

'She did not know—!'

She must now bid him adieu as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the crescent where *everybody was to be*. They parted, and Dolignan was determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious.—With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke,—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle who liked him, and he saw at last with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice before in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in his usual way, asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter-Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that 'It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose.' My reader has divined the truth: this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her; observed a sweet consciousness which encouraged him; that consciousness decpened into confusion—she tried to laugh, she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door it was 'George' and 'Marian,' instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays)—these two were happy—they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—ducklike, and delicious; all bright, except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently, from under her eyelashes. 'Marian,' said George, 'married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—'

'Yes! yes!'

'Well, then! you remember the Box Tunnel,' (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it)—'I am ashamed to say—I had bet 3£ to 10£ with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies,' and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

'I know that, George; I overheard you;' was the demure reply.

'Oh! you overheard me? impossible.'

'And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her.'

'You made a bet, how singular! What was it?'

'Only a pair of gloves, George.'

'Yes, I know, but what about it?'

'That if you did you should be my husband, dearest.'

'O!—but say—then you should not have been so angry with me, love;—why, dearest, then who bro't that action against me?'

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

'I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me!'

'Sweet angel—why here is the Box Tunnel!'

Now reader—fie!—no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way, every time we come to a dark place—besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people—no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

A Catalogue of Marvels.

From the report of the Patent Office, the Washington Cotton Plant compiles a list of wonders:

The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs lock. Its 'unpickability,' depends upon a secondary, or false set of tumblers, which prevent the instrument used in picking, from reaching the real ones. Morever, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off until the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the report of his explosions will bring to view his experiment more witnesses than he desires.

Doors and shutters have also been patented that cannot be broken through, either with a pick or sledge hammer. The burglar's occupation's gone.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which goes by a steam engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice of the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace it will make a ton of ice.

From Dr. Gale's examiner's report we gather some idea of the value of patents.

A man, who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with $40,000. Another had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which, in fifteen months, sold for $60,000. And a third obtained a patent for a printers' ink, refused $50,000 for it, and finally sold it, for $60,000.—These are ordinary cases; while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and the India-rubber patents, are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes various new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death."—Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound-gatherer," a sort of huge ear-trumpet, to be placed in front of the locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noises ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the rattle of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a huge heap, turns them all around with their heads up, and sticks them in paper in regular rows. Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in tobacco leaves, and turning out the perfect article.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another blacks boots; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight, take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railroad chair that can be tipped back in any position without legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus, and takes their fares. When a fat gentleman gets in, it counts two, and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fish-line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat trap that throws away the rat, and then baits itself, and stands in the corner for another.

The truths of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction.

There is a machine, also, by which a man prints instead of writing his thoughts. It is played like a piano. And, speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred hands, and costing over two millions of dollars.

From Putnam's Monthly.

The Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles.

To go up into a high stone tower is not only a very fine thing in itself, but the very best mode of gaining a comprehensive view of the region round about. It is all the better if this tower stand solitary and alone like that mysterious Newport one, or else be sole survivor of some perished castle.

Now, with reference to the Enchanted Isles, we are fortunately supplied with just such a noble point of observation in a remarkable rock, from its peculiar figure called of old by the Spaniards, Rock Redondo, or Round Rock. Some two hundred and fifty feet high, rising straight from the sea ten miles from land, with the whole mountainous group to the south and east, Rock Redondo occupies, on a large scale, very much the position which the famous Campanile or detached Bell Tower of St. Mark does with respect to the tangled group of hoary edifices round it.

Ere ascending, however, to gaze abroad upon the Encantadas, this sea-tower itself claims attention. It is visible at the distance of thirty miles; and, fully participating in that enchantment which pervades the group, when first seen afar invariably is mistaken for a sail. Four leagues away, of a golden, hazy noon, it seems some Spanish Admiral's ship, stacked up with glittering canvas. Sail ho! Sail ho! Sail ho! from all three masts. But coming nigh, the enchanted frigate is transformed apace into a craggy keep.

My first visit to the spot was made in the gray of the morning. With a view of fishing, we had lowered three boats and pulling some two miles from our vessel, found ourselves just before dawn of day close under the moon-shadow of Redondo. Its aspect was heightened, and yet softened, by the strange double twilight of the hour. The great full moon burnt in the low west like a half-spent beacon, casting a soft mellow tinge upon the sea like that cast by a waning fire of embers upon a midnight hearth; while along the entire east the invisible sun sent pallid intimations of his coming. The wind was light; the waves languid; the stars twinkled with a faint effulgence: all nature seemed supine with the long night watch, and half-suspended in jaded expectation of the sun. This was the critical hour to catch Redondo in his perfect mood. The twilight was just enough to reveal every striking point, without tearing away the dim investiture of wonder.

From a broken stair-like base, washed as the steps of a water-palace, by the waves, the tower rose in entablatures of strata to a shaven summit. These uniform layers which compose the mass form its most peculiar feature. For at their lines of junction they project flatly into encircling shelves, from top to bottom, rising one above another in graduated series. And as the eaves of any old barn or abbey are alive with swallows, so were all these rocky ledges with unnumbered sea-fowl. Eaves upon eaves, and nests upon nests. Here and there were long birdlime streaks of a ghostly white staining the tower from sea to air, readily accounting for its sail-like look afar. All would have been bewitchingly quiescent were it not for the demoning din created by the birds. Not only were the eaves rustling with them, but they flew densely overhead, spreading themselves into a winged and continually shifting canopy. The tower is the resort of aquatic birds for hundred of leagues around. To the north, to the east, to the west, stretches nothing but eternal ocean; so that the man-of-war hawk coming from the coasts of North America, Polynesia, or Peru, makes his first land at Redondo. And yet though Redondo be terra-firma, no land-bird ever lighted on it. Fancy a red-robin or a canary there! What a falling into the hands of the Philistines, when the poor warbler should be surrounded by such locust-flights of strong bandit birds, with long bills cruel as daggers.

I know not where one can better study the Natural History of strange sea-fowl than at Redondo. It is the aviary of Ocean. Birds light here which never touched mast or tree, hermit-birds, which ever fly alone, cloud-birds, familiar with unpierced zones of air.

Let us first glance low down to the lowermost shelf of all, which is the widest too, and but a little space from high-water mark. What outlandish beings are these? Erect as men, but hardly as symmetrical, they stand all around the rock like sculptured caryatides, supporting the next range of eaves above. Their bodies are grotesquely misshapen; their bills short; their feet seemingly legless; while the members at their sides are neither fin, wing, nor arm. And truly neither fish, flesh, no fowl is the penguin, as an edible pertaining neither to Carnival nor Lent; without exception the most ambiguous and least lovely creature yet discovered by man. Though dabbling in all three elements, and indeed possessing some rudimental claims to all, the penguin is at home in none. On land it stumps; afloat it sculls; in the air it flops As if ashamed of her failure, Nature keeps this ungainly child hidden away at the ends of the earth, in the Straits of Magellan, and on the abased sea-story of Redondo.

But look, what are you wobegone regiments drawn up on the shelf above? what rank and file of large strange fowl? what sea Friars of Orders Gray? Pelicans. Their elongated bills, and heavy leathern pouches suspended thereto, give them the most lugubrious expression. A pensive race, they stand for hours together without motion. Their dull ashy plumage imparts an aspect as if they had been powdered over with cinders. A penitential bird indeed, fitly haunting the shores of the clinkered Encantadas, where on tormented Job himself might have well sat down and scraped himself with potsherds.

Higher up now we mark the gony, or gray albatros, anomalously so called, an unsightly unpoetic bird, unlike its storied kinsman, which is the snow-white ghost of the haunted Capes of Hope and Horn.

As we still ascend from shelf to shelf, we find the tenants of the tower serially disposed in order of their magnitude:—gannets, black and speckled haglets, jays, sea-hens, sperm-whale-birds, gulls of all varieties:—thrones, princedoms, powers, dominating one above another in senatorial array; while sprinkled over all, like an ever-repeated fly in a great piece of broidery, the stormy petrel or Mother Cary's chicken sounds his continual challenge and alarm. That this mysterious humming-bird of ocean, which had it but brilliancy of hue might from its evanescent liveliness be almost called its butterfly, yet whose chirrup under the stern is ominous to mariners as to the peasant the death-tick sounding from behind the chimney jam—should have its special haunt at the Encantadas, contributes in the seaman's mind, not a little to their dreary spell.

As day advances the discordant din augments. With cat splitting cries the wild birds celebrate their matins. Each moment, flights push from the tower, and join the aerial choir hovering overhead, while their places below are supplied by darting myriads. But down through all this discord of commotion, I hear clear, silver, bugle-like notes unbrokenly falling, like oblique lines of swift slanting rain in a cascading shower. I gaze far up and behold a snow-white angelic thing, with one long lance-like feather thrust out behind. It is the bright inspiring chanticleer of ocean, the beauteous bird, from its bestirring whistle of musical invocation, fitly styled the 'Boatswain's Mate.'

The winged life-clouding Rodondo on that well-remembered morning, I saw had its full counterpart in the finny hosts which peopled the waters at its base. Below the water-line, the rock seemed one honey-comb of grottoes, affording labyrinthine lurking places for swarms of fairy fish. All were strange; many exceedingly beautiful; and would have well graced the costliest glass globes in which gold-fish are kept for a show. Nothing was more striking than the complete novelty of many individuals of this multitude. Here hues were seen as yet unpainted, and figures which are unengraved.

To show the multitude, avidity, and nameless fearlessness and tameness of these fish, let me say, that often marking through clear spaces of water—temporarily made so by concentric dartings of the fish above the surface—certain larger and less unwary wights, which swam slow and deep; our anglers would cautiously essay to drop their lines down to these last. But in vain; there was no passing the uppermost zone. No sooner did the hook touch the sea, than a hundred infatuates contended for the honor of capture. Poor fish of Rondondo! in your victimized confidence, you are of the number of those who inconsiderately trust while they do not understand, human nature.

But the dawn is now fairly day. Band after band, the sea-fowl sail away to forage the deep for their food. The tower is left solitary, save the fish caves at its base. Its birdlime gleams in the golden rays like the whitewash of a tall light-house, or the lofty sails of a cruiser. This moment, doubtless, while we know it to be a dead desert rock, other voyagers are taking oaths it is a glad populous ship.

But ropes now, and let us ascend. Yet soft, this is not so easy.

BEECHER, CHAPIN, AND FURNESS.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. E. H. Chapin is of the city of New York; Rev. Mr. Furness is of Philadelphia. Mr. Beecher is orthodox; Mr. Chapin is a Universalist; Mr. Furness is Unitarian.—With these facts in the mind, the following anecdote will be understood. It is taken from the Journal of Commerce:

"On Sunday morning last, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave notice that a sermon would be preached that afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Furness, (Unitarian,) of Philadelphia, at the Church of Rev. Mr. Chapin (Universalist,) upon the subject of Practical Religion. He said he supposed some people would think it strange that he, an orthodox clergyman, should give such a notice; but though Mr. Furness entertained a different system of theology from him, yet he was right on the great question of human rights and human progress, and an eminently practical Christian. He added that some men live better with a bad system of theology than many man who had a good one, and that '*some men could do more with a jack-knife than other men could with a whole chest of tools.*'

OYSTER LIFE.—An imaginative naturalist has pictured the life of an oyster as one of the happiest of destinies. He has described him as carefully lodged in a dwelling of pearl, fed with the rich produce of the swelling tides, growing delicately corpulent with luxuries which he receives by the mere trouble of opening his mouth, soothed to slumber by the gentle ripple of the waves that roll above and around him, and cheered amid the intervals of his almost continuous dreams by the consideration that his death even is to be glorious as that of the white bull sacrificed to Jove, or the tender virgin who saved her country by her passage down the throat of the Minotaur. Faint ideas of discomfort are suggested by such traditions as those of the 'Oyster crossed in love;' but on the whole, the lot of the oyster is a glorious one. He swims in a sensuous paradise until the crash of the oyster-knife comes thundering in to put an end to his life; and then he lies white, succulent, and resigned, ready to be offered up an unresisting sacrifice to the gastronomic sensibilities of some refined palate.

Anecdote of Pulaski.

The following interesting statement respecting the Polish Court Pulaski, is said to have been handed down from some of the revolutionary patriots who witnessed the transaction.

Pulaski as is well known, was an adroit a swordsman as he was perfect in horsemanship, and he ever rode a powerful and fleet charger. In New Jersey, in the darkest hour of our national adversity, Pulaski was with a small body of horsemen pursued by a large body of British cavalry, the leader of which was a good horseman, and mounted nearly as well as Pulaski.—Pulaski rode in the rear of his detachment, and the British captain in advance of those he commanded.

The morning sun was shining brightly, casting oblique shadows, and as the pursued party entered a long narrow lane, Pulaski having satisfied himself of the superior speed and command of his horse over that of his pursuer, slackened his pace and kept his horse to the side of the lane farthest from the sun. The pursuing officer came up in hot haste, his sword elevated so as to make the decisive cut upon Pulaski as soon as he could reach him. Pulaski rode as though he heard not the advance upon him—yet kept his eyes fixed warily upon the ground at the side of his horse, towards the sun on his right. As soon as he saw the shadow of his pursuer's horse gain upon him, and found that the horse's head, by the shadow, had gained about half the length of his own horse's body, he gave the sudden sword cut of St. George with his powerful arm, and saw the decapitated head of the English officer follow the stroke.

His mathematical eye had measured the distance by the position of the shadow, so accurately, and his position giving a long back reach to his right arm, while the cross stroke of his pursuer must have been at a much shorter distance, to have taken effect—that the pursuing officer lost his head before he suspected that his proximity was known, or that a blow was meditated.

SPANISH DEGRADATION.—Those who have never traveled in Spain, or who are little acquainted with the manners and customs of the country, have an idea that all Spaniards are grave and formal, like the Castilian. This, however, is far from being the case. The people of each province are almost as distinct as different nations, having manners and customs, dress and dialect peculiar to themselves. This peculiarity is doubtless owing to the dissolution of the different provinces by the chain of mountains which intersects the peninsula, and cuts off intercommunication as well as to the fact that for ages these provinces formed separate and distinct kingdoms. The rude boorish Gallician, the industrious Catalan—the idle, jovial Andalusian—the sly, vindictive Valencian—the grave, dignified sons of Castille, differ from each other as much as the inhabitants of distinct nations.

In travelling over this beautiful country, upon which nature has lavished the choicest favors, and which under the rule of the Romans and Moors, was a land flowing with milk and honey, the tourist is struck with the scenes of desolation that everywhere meet the view. He roams over wild unpeopled wastes, treeless and arid, where the melancholy picture is often heightened by ruined castles and villages the signs of former prosperity passed away. The towns through which he passes, are too often the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, and an air of gloom and sadness pervades their silent streets The sea ports have lost their former commerical importance, and the silent quays, once thronged by a busy crowd, attest the decayed condition of the land. And wherefore, it may be asked, is this poverty, desolation, and wretchedness so visible in a country which possesses advantages unsurpassed by any in Christendom; where a fertile soil and every variety of climate admit of the productions of the tropical and temperate zones, where the bowels of the earth yield precious coal and quarries of innumerable varieties of marble, in fine, with a position most favorable to commerce and a line of sea-coast abounding in fine harbors? Yes, wherefore is this beautiful and once flourishing land so fallen, her people so sunk in ignorance and so far behind every other civilized nation in arts and agriculture? The answer may be found in these words—bad government.—*Travels in Spain.*

HOW CINCINNATI BECAME A CITY.—In the settlement of new countries, it often happens that the most trivial circumstance produces the most important results. According to Judge Burnet's 'Notes on the North Western Territory,' the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati should be the great commercial town of the Miami country was decided by the fact that the commandant of the military station at the North Bend became strongly attached to a 'black eyed lady,' who lived with her husband at the Bend where he was stationed; and the husband becoming somewhat alarmed at the attentions which the commandant paid to his wife, removed to Cincinnati. Finding his lady love had fled, the officer thought North Bend unfit for a commercial town, and moved with his troops to Cincinnati, and from that day the glory of North Bend departed, and that of Cincinnati arose.—Judge Burnet remarks, (page 56.) 'The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame produced a ten years' war, which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio to the place where it now is. If the captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend, the garrison would have been erected there—population, capital and business would have been centered there, and thence it would have been the Queen City of the West.—Who after this will say that woman is of no importance in the decrees of fortune.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*