"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"POET'S CORNER."

CONTENT. BY ALICE CARET.

- My house is low and small, But behind a row of trees, I catch the golden fall Of the sunset in the seas;
- And a stone wall hanging white With the roses of the May, Were less pleasant to passight Than the fading of to-day.
- From a brook a heifer drinks In a field of pasture ground With wild violets and pinks
- For a border all around. My boose is small and low.
- But the willow of the door Doth a cool deep shadow throw
- And in long and rainy nights

 When the limbs of leaves are bare,
 I can see the window lights

 Of the homesteads otherwhere.
- My house is small and low, But with pictures such as these Of the sunset and the row Of illuminated trees.
- And the heifer as she drinks From the field of meadow ground
- Let me never foolish pray For a vision wider spread, But contented only say, Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

With the violets and pinks

For a border all around.

From Household Words.

NOW. ARISE! for the day is passing While you lie dreaming on; Your brothers are cased in armor And forth to the fight are gone; Your place in the ranks awaits you; Each man has a part to play; The past and the future are nothing

In the face of the stern to-day.

- Arise from the dreams of the future Of gaining a hard fought field;
 Of storming the airy fortress;
 Of making the giant yield;
 Your future has deeds of glory. Of honor (God grant it may!) Or needed as now-to-day.
- Arise! if the past detain you, Her sunshine and storms forget; No chains so unworthy to hold you As those of a vain regret; Sad or bright she is lifeless ever Cast her phantom arms away. Nor look back save to learn the lesson
- Arise! for the hour is passing; Is your enemy marching to battle Rise! rise! for the foe is here! Stay not to brighten your weapons, And from dreams of a coming battle. You will waken and find it past.

SELECT TALE.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

RON "HOUSEHOLD WORDS,"-EDITED BY CHARLE "My boy, my poor blind boy!"

This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped and trembled for many weary months, but tened to the expressions of ineffable love, and never yet had be admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and smken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice | loneliness, in secret tears, with christian pamaintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement so long as ful spirit had she sown; and in death she

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning he had totally lost he sat beside her, holding her hand in his fanhis sight. A dim remembrance of his widwed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender delicate, with dark pensive eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, cuthusiastic, and requiting his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and whenever his education did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the sea-coast in one of the prettiest parts of England.

independently of the natural kindness which wery rarely fails to be shown towards The shadows of the grave were stealing fast any person who is blind, there was that about oth the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their ntellectual resources, and powers of converstion, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving no common stamp; her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly hadowed by, the superior feminine attrioutes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental en-

dowments whatsoever! When they walked out together his mothr took his arm; he was proud of that, he. liked to fancy he was some support to her, dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale and a smile lighted up her face. son on whom she leaned confidingly, as if As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's Child of so many hopes and prayers all and form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and should never replie again."

The hall to-night! I had quite forgoted increasing weariness. The walks were at knew source and tears no more.

In the hall to night! I mad quite long on end; and before long she was too feeble Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's ten it; I with mamma would not insist up. and reasing were recorded to compling to carried to feel to aumnor partor, where she had, done to summer partor, where she had, the residence of Mary's father, Colone and the casement, and the warm annahing that a second the warm annahing that a second to the protocoment of the second to the protocoment of the proto

come or brought such solace to the sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nicteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her.

Mrs. Owen had danced May upon her knee, and Edward used to make baskets and weave garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve and she, a little airy of six years old perthere-abouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary or scemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would often leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own

imagination enabled him to invent. As she grew up, there was no change in and interest, she appeared to look upon her the frank and ethifding nature of their interself as the person obliged, appealed to his course. Mary still made him the recipient judgment, and deterred to his opinion, with of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, out any consciousness of the fatigue she unjust as she had done of her little griefs and derwent, or the service she was rendering.

Jugment, and deterred to me opinion, when just as she had done of her little griefs and derwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the librafavorite passages of poetry, or stationed her-self near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of cvery party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several self neglected. And now she daily visited the invalid; her

buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it im-

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had alway cherished of one day seeing her his "No, mother, no! exclaimed, the blind

"Dearest mother in this you are not true to yourself! What, would you wish to see her in all her spring-time of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I!—to see my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the own noble thoughts and beautiful language guide, and leader, and support of one who would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pitied, our bright Mary pitled-as a Blind Man's wife, "But Edward-if she loves you, as I am

sure she does—" "Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love nortals, as a sisier loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but beyond thiswere you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered yes,—would I accept on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, have not studied you in vain, your life has been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother;

et us trust him for the future !" Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravey forth, striving to cheer the mother's fuling spirit, when all to him was dark dark, dark! She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arm about his neck, and lisstrength to utter, to sustain her soul. tience and endeavor with an exalted and faith-

her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she reaped her high reward would recover.

They had been silent for some minutes and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while

> young face looked in. "Hush!" said Edward, recognizing the step, "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!" The color and smiles alike passed from Mary's face, when she glided into the room.

is very, very ill!"
"Mazy! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream; but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles, Edward I cannot see you now." Night, and the sun so brightly shining !-

upon her. many faces gathered round the couch: but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious little charm of a of nothing, save the painful labored respirature to me." tion, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified ed the blessing of sight, were it only for an

her to witness Another interval when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. in my infancy, floats before me when I think Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneel- of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly

striving with a sweet deception to convince children both. Kiss me Mary, my blessing,

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1854.

family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as favorite reader, and claimed to be his si-lent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, pro-She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and rendering it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursu-

ing her self imposed task, and Edward, fearing she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gaily:

"Let me alone, Edward L It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all

literary studies." "Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this cannot always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have trespassed on your father's hospitality, indul-

grow quite clever now we have begun our

gence, and forbearance too long." ened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!" 7
"Not yet? The day would still come,

dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manful thus to shrink from what must and ought to be. I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onest, what will be the result? have arranged every thing: Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as a companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and Mary, as you have described her to me, as you must teach me still, and tell me in your could not make one step in her defence; to care for. And then our walks oh Edfrom the cliffs sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated sea, and upon the boats with their glistening this for your miserable son! How strange sails and you set the view before me in all those last words! I thought of them to-day, its harmony and loveliness, brought it home while I made her wreath of roses, and when to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before." "Ah, Mary, said Edward mounfully,

'near you, I am no longer blind!" The book she had been reading fell unneeded on the ground, she trembled, her colon his arm; indescribable tenderness, revercace and compassion were busy within her

"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your-sis-

"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title say it again, Mary say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to re-

cying she slept and anxiously listening to her breathing, which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard to be, and how you were determined to be amid the flowers at the window, and a bright come a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minetrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the duke, Edward 1 Yes, I remember it all very "Oh Edward, Edward, she is not asleep she well, foolish children that we were! But I, at least, know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

do your aspirations tend?" "To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved. Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible-to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me-to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness. am loved for myself alone, not for for any little charm of face which people may attrib-

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart, to see you cry. For her sake be calm—for my sake, too!" Mary tiful, as the index of your soul! I have picknelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified and the blessing of sight were it only for any instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think and many pitying eyes used latterly to folling by Edward's side. They were associal light which I fancy to be your attribute, and low the figure of the widow in the black ted with the previous current of her thoughts, a radiance hovers round your golden treases the constant. such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you connot see

But kind as all the family were, still all the Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughing ces has been heard within their dwelling, not ly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is even her motherly love for those dear faces Edward! He has heard us talking about whose sparkling eyes could meet and return this ball, and must have ordered them on her gaze, has ever been known to defraud purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and their father of a thought, or a smile or the

> where she stood. to go !"

"Look at the lovely roses," said the eldest sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proser of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

r "If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such a mockery to you poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply she hurried to her room, and did and she was often known to sit out several the finest passages, and explain the difficult sembled for dinner; while Edward, scated of the color, who would be sad if the thought him than a dozen readings by myself I shall like in the sisters, who were in great denot show herself again until the family aslight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his

Early after dinner, the large old-fashione drawing-room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs Parker and "Leave us, Edward!" and the color deep- her three daughters could find themselves at head and long neck when he desired to stretch the ball. Edward was the only occupant of and take the kink out of himself. On either the room; sexted at the piano, on which his side were other birds, in coops, ranged along, fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, Alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart,—how long this evening will be, without her voice, without her footstep! And yet this is what awaits a trombone, that went bellowing along the me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next arches, and out through the roof, and rumweek I leave the roof under which she dwells; bling abroad on the air like the growl of the I shall not hear her singing as she runs down thunder, or the roaring of a lion of the desstairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike carnestness, to teach her to himself and hen, who replied with a horse sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all ing cage. "Who the deuce are you," I am! Mother, mother, well might your her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wish ed to keep you company, for a little while before we set out. You must be so sad -Your playing told me you were sad Ed-She was standing by him in all the pride

of her youth and loveliness: her white dress shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible harmony about her, was clearly perceptible hai by his sensitive helmet, and made a to the blind man; he reverently touched the "shy" at him with his deadly spurs. Shangflowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

flowery wreath.

Will you think of me, dedrest, to night?
You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side rear, all the time crying murder in his harshpraises of your beauty, give a passing thought est and roughest notes. Here again was a to Edward who lent his little help to its

"Edward, how can you speak so mocking- had pluck as well big words and tall crowing. ly? You know that in saying this you render me miserable," "Miserable! With roses blooming on

He spoke in a manner that was unusual and he knew not where to turn. On all sides to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the was he beset with danger and death, and piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was without knowing that therein was his safety, doing, disengaged the garland from her hair. he yielded in utter despair to his fate. With this bright life of mine, as you think it, has tied down in the centre of the cage, and no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, stretched his neck out along the straw, as if unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember, my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?" There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty, self-denying spirit wrestles with himself: when gently he weath is laid upon his knee, her arm is was in the sky, but seeing nothing of danger, passed around his neck, her head with staglo-ry of golden locks is bowed upon his breast. his position, and the extent of his injuries—

me for this-I have been so unhappy, I have

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still. "Mary!" he cries wildly, "nementer

"Not blind near me—not blind for me-Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me, from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owo nothing to her pitying tired to their various chambers, he heard the love. all faded in the unequalled happiness love, all faded in the unequalled happiness lady delivering avery animated lecture to her of that show, nor ever returned to cloud the land and master apon something he had done

they were loud in their expressions of delight; lightest portion of her accustomed care.

"Mary does not like her flowers?" said she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction so carefully preserved, have long withered but the truth and love which accompanied "No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the the gift, are fresh and bright as then: renderball that I do not like, nor your thinking ing her, as her proud husband says almost about decking us out for it. As if I cared equal even while on earth, to those Angels among whom, in Heaven he shall see hersee her, at last, no longer blind!

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

A SHANGHAT IN THOUBLE Everybody has his trials, and so has a Shanghai. There are human ills and Shanghai ills. Man is born to trouble and so are the Shanghais. Human strength will not always guard against misfortune, nor will the tall proportions of a Shanghai shield him always from harm. We saw this illustrated at the Poultry Show, the fowl Convention. at Van Vechten Hall, yesterday, in the case of a long-necked, bandy-legged, big-bodied, red-combed rooster of the Shanghai family. He was a tall bird, even of his giant species, and nobody knew the fact better than himself. He was a proud bird, vain of his white plumage, of the feathers on his hig legs, of his great red comb, proud of his rough roaring voice. His coop, in which he and his wife, who was quite as vain as her lord, dwelt, was barred in front with round rods.

like a lion's eage, and was covered with slats. side were other birds, in coops, ranged along, separated from the tall Shanghai only by a very thin deal partition, while above were others still on a line with the top of his cage. The Shanghai, we said, was a proud bird, and in the fullness of his vanity he opened his great beak and crowed with the voice of

repeat poetry, or to give expression to her "Cut, cut, cada-a-" of approbation. "Cock music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the a doodle do-o-o" came in a clarion voice, melody of her laugh, will soon become rare clear and musical as a bell, from an adjoin-Shanghai, as he stuck his head out between self wearily before me, blind and desolate as the bars of his cage, around the partition, and eved with extreme contempt his puny neighbor. Shanghai never committed a greater error in his life. That neighbor was an Irish gamecock, as full of pluck and fight as was ever a son of the "Green Isle," with spursilike a harpoon; and when he took Shanghai by his great red comb, and made a pass at him with his armed heels it was only the bars that saved him from wounds and death. do infinite injustice to his emotions, He one of the most striking physiognomies I but above all, on oppossume, and never entracted with affright and pain, and with a liave ever looked upon. He is of Tartar ori-To say that Shanghai was astonished wo'd bound he reached the opposite side of his gin, and a Mussulman by birth, and is owner cage, and stuck his head through the bars of large estates in Bessurabia, but has been there in a vain effort to escape, as if sure that in political exile ever since he attained the hang about towns and stations for the sake falling in a cloud-like drapery around her his enemy was at his tail. Here was angraceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her other mistake, for his great comb and stretched-out neck came directly in front of the cage of an English pheasant gamecock, quite

as courageous as his Irish neighbor, and full as ready for a fight. He seized the Shanghai screamed with amazement and terror. He rushed to the rear of his cage, and thrusting his head between the slats, jumped and heaved against them, as if positive that he had now two enemics instead of one in his the bars of a Mexican game chicken, who Before Shanghai was aware of his dauger the Mexican bird seized him by the head, and struck at him with his keen spurs, with the your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; force of a catapult. Shanghai was now in when life smiles so brightly on you, and guare extremity. He absolutely bellowed with dian angels seem to hover round your path!" and he knew not where to turn. On all sides was he beset with danger and death, and without knowing that therein was his safety, he yielded in utter despair to his fate. Wilth a cry like the scream of a locomotive he settled down in the centre of the cage, and stretched his neck out along the straw, as if saying—"I am a bird of peace; I detest war and fighting; I am an oppressed and persecuted Shanghai, and if my destruction is determined upon, I will die here an unresisting victim to the cruekties of ray kind." To his surprise he found himself unassailed. He raised his head gestly from the straw, turned upon, I will die here an unresisting victim to the cruekties of ray kind." To his surprise he found himself unassailed. He raised his head gestly from the straw, turned upon, I will die here an unresisting victim to the cruekties of ray kind." To his surprise he found himself unassailed. He raised his head gestly from the straw, turned at low moaning sound, as if he thought a hawk was in the sky, but seeing nothing of danger, at last got on his feet, and took a survey of his position, and the extent of this injuries.

True, a drop of blood or two trickled from the straw of the dependence, under the languarion war, of independence, under the languarion "These poor flowers have no bloom, and a cry like the acroam of a locomotive he set-Oh Edward, take the wreath, and with it True, a drop of blood or two trickled from take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that his wounded comb, but he seemed consoled you are not angry, that you do not despise for that by the great fact that he had been so long wished to speak to you."

Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me be to trust his comb in reach of his neignuous youd my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than land contents himself with talking in a low voice and confidential way with his wife.

Shanghais, whether they wear more scared than burt. He keeps his head

feathers or not, should remember that a thundering voice and loud crowing is no equivaleat for courage, and if they trespass upon the privacy of their neighbors they will be very likely to get their combs cut. Albany

WASHINGTON'S WIFE. A guest at Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room next to that occupied by the President and his lady. Late in the evening, when the people had re-

From Household Words. One Spot of Green. BY BARRY CORNWALL, When the winter wind bloweth loud And the earth is in a shroud, Bitter rain and blinding snow, Dimming every dream below, Cheerily! cheerily! There is e'er a spot of green, Whence the Heavens may be scan

When our purse is shrinking fast, And our friend is lost, (the last!) And the world doth pour its pain Sharper than the frozen rain; Cheerily! cheerily! There is still a spot of green, Whence the Heavens may be seen Let us never greet despair, While the little spot is there: For winter brighteneth into May, And sullen night to sunny day:

So, cheerly, cheerly!

Let us seek the spot of green,

Hopeful, patient and screne,

Whence the Heavens may be seen.

ISKENDER BEY. THE DASHING SABREUR.

The following sketch of the character, and prowess of an officer in the Turkish service, whose personal valor and chivalrous deeds on the field of battle, rival those of Murat, and remind us of the pages of romance, is

It is to be regretted that, at the moment when his services are most needed, Iskender Bey, one of the best officers in the Turkish army—who commanded the outposts should be confined to his bed by sickness at Widdin. In the action at Citale he was riding furiously through the street of the village heading a charge of his troops, when the horse of a Cossack, who was advancing to meet him, was struck by a shot and fell im-mediately before him. Iskender Bey's continued its course, and leaped over the prostrate bodies of the Russian and his horse, but when in the act of doing so the latter attempted to rise, and Iskender Bey was thrown violently, and he and his steed rolled over on the ground in the mud. He had no sooner regained his feet than he found himself in the grasp of a Russian soldier who called on him these latter are below Europeans. The Aus to ask for quarter, to which he roplied by a tralian never learns any of the arts of indus blow with his sabre, which prostrated his as-sailant in the mud. He was enabled to re-tire in safety by the advance of a body of the bashi buzaks, but found that his ribs had been dislocated, and that he had sustained internal injury. He remained at his post for a few days, but at last was compelled to give way wages—only their board and clothing, with

the care of the surgeon. Both in appearance and antecedents he is decidedly the most remarkable man in the Turk. ish army. He is about the middle height, for short periods for the pleasure of riding but rather muscular and symmetrical; his hair and beard are coal black, but, if possible, ing long. Various attempts have been made not near so black as his eyes, which flash like fire under dark overhanging brows; a long and slightly curved nose, a small mouth and thin lips, high forehead, and a complexion bronzed by sun and wind, combine to make roots! kangaroos when they can get them gin, and a Mussulman by birth, and is owner its hunting ground, and a trespesser is inva-of large estates in Bessarabia, but has been riably punished with death if caught. They age of manhood Personal taste and family of offial, etc., and occasionally do little jobs traditions made him a soldier of fortune, and, as might be expected, there have been few Like the Maories, their numbers are rapidly wars in any part of the world for the last twenty years in which he has not taken a case, surprising or unaccountable. There is

war in Spain, and the Don Pedro war in Pornot, and never can be in the slightest degree tugal in both of which he was famed for his formidable, as a nation, to the settlers collecdashing courage as a cavalry leader. Such tively; because they have not the least cavas his character for determination, that while pacity; or even an idea, of combination and in Spain he was appointed to the command of because they never possess the means of prospect of all the mauvais sujets of the army, cutthroats and brigands of every clime under heaven, who were found intolerable in the company of more decent men. This legion soon acquired thichabit of killing their officers and at last no one could be got to command them except Iskender Bey, then Count Illinsky. He no sooner found himself in his new be formed, if they had a cause which enlist. each day to hear of his death; but his troops

the Hungarion war of independence, under his old companion at arms, General Bem.
The treachery and misfortunes of 1849. sept him into Turkey with a crowd of others. He onickly obtained employment, and bore a prominent part in the campaigns in Bosnia and Montenegro; in the former he commanded a body of the Turkish army which defeat ed a wastly superior force of the insurgents, and captured a large number of their guns This service was most important, as it inflict-

ed a blow on the Bosnians from which they naver recovered. The government evinced never recovered. The government evinced its gratitude by raising him to the rank of Pasha, but Austria and Russia jointly protested against his elevation and he relieved the Sultan from hisembarrassment by voluntarily reliavoiding his new dignity. He now hears the grade of Colonel of Cavaley, and has had the command of the courposts of Kalafat—though nominally second to Murur Pasha, the son of Reschid Pasha, who though quite a boy, and without experience, as a brigadier of cavalry, but has the good sense never to attempt to perform the duties attached to his rank.

viewed them with considerable apprehension. When the videtics saw two or three of them approaching they were in the habit of rushing to lakender Bey, and reporting the circumstance as one of great import. He dissipated their illusions by a very simple process, Whenever he received news of the appearance of three or four of them, he mounted his borse rode out and in sight of his men flung himself into the midst of them sword in hand. They seldom waited his onset and when they did, had sound reason to regret it hut a few displays of this sort were sufficient to convince the soldiers that a courageous man with a good sabre, had nothing to fear from the Cossacks.

THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA A writer in Fraser's Magazine, who had

been 'prospecting' among the natives of New South Wales, gives some customs account of their habits and customs. After referring to their dexterity in throwing spears, he des-cribes their agility in climbing trees, which they perform in the following novel manner: "The native strikes on the trunk of the tree with his tomahawk, just two strokes, one obliquely downwards, the other horizontal, so as to cut out a little wedge of the bark, and leave a step just large enough to admit the great toe. On this he stands, and reaching one remnu us or the pages of romance, is up five feet cuts another step. It is wonder ful to see how quickly he will in this way literally walls in the way literally walk up the trunk of a high tree, without even touching the branches. Tree-climbing is an essential accomplishment to an Australian native, as much of their sub-

After this, the writer describes a camp of

in every gum tree forest."

natives he subsequently saw in the Government domain at Sydhey. We give it in his own words: "They are inferior in stature and muscular development to the Maories, and their black skins and wooly heads mark them as of the 'negro' family; but I was agreeably surprised at the neatness of their figures, and their graceful, active motions.—
They are particularly good horsemen, and exceedingly fond of being about horses. But in all moral and intellectual qualities, they are further below the Polynesian races, than as he was no longer able to mount his horse, an occasional present of money to buy tobacand came to Widdin and put himself under co and spirits. Even the native police who are stationed on the border to keep down the depredations of the wild blacks get on. ly nominal pay, They are delighted to serve ing long. Various attempts have been made to attach and fix them, but all have failed. Like the gipsies, they are untameable. They travel about the country, sleeping always in the open air, and living on yams and other one other difference which is worth remark-He served with distinction in the Carlist ing, namely that the Australian blacks are

post than he took the initiative by killing of general sympathy.

three men on the spot who showed signs of "It is remarkable that neither in New Zealnsubordination. Every body was expecting and, nor Australia, does the simple contrivance of bows and arrows appear to have been

out exception, well armed with fowling pieces

A Goose that was a Goose The following is from one of Willis letters

The following is from one of Willis' letters from Idlewild; —But I had a laugh at a goods, yesterday, —with a lesson in it too; Consing home, towards evening, with a wagon load of children, the air over our head was darkened by the wings of a yeary big bird—my neighbor's fattest waddler, who, chased by a dog, had concluded to up feathers. Ay over the barn and take religio in the ever-rollable and long tried bosom of the river. —But, it was the day after the first sharp first.