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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."

The Lily.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flow'ry vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

'Cease, restless gale!' it seems to say,
'Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honors of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying.'

'To-morrow shall the traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming:
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin.'

The Mistletoe.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
And listen to stories old!

And we try to look grave, (as maids should be,)
When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree,
O, the Laurel, the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels, and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
While many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of Holly for Christmas time.
O, the Holly, the bright green Holly,
It tells (like a tongue,) that the times are jolly.

Sometimes—in our grave house,
Observe, this happeneth not;
But at times, the evergreen laurel boughs,
And the Holly are all forgot!
And then!—what then? why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the Mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done—under the Mistletoe.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

About a hundred years ago, there lived in the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, England, a man of gigantic stature and great strength, who followed the trade of a butcher. This person, who was called Wat Robinson, was noted for his quarrelsome, ruffianly disposition, which won for him the name of Bully Robinson, the big butcher of Kendal. Foremost in all scenes of riot and dissipation, he was universally feared and hated.

This man was very fond of practical jokes, but his jokes were like himself, and originated in the cruelty and malice of his mind.—The pain he inflicted upon others afforded him the greatest pleasure. The grating tones of his coarse brutal laugh inflicted a deeper wound than the most bitter of his biting jests.

It is impossible for a benevolent minded person to give any countenance to this species of amusement, for, though the joke may be harmless in itself, a kindly person will derive no entertainment from anything that calls forth angry feelings in another.

There was a very lonely, cross country road in the vicinity of Kendal, which formed a short cut to the beautiful lake of Windermere. The path was rocky and narrow, and seldom frequented by any but pedestrian and equestrian travellers. For some months previous to the period of which I am now writing, this road had got the character of being haunted. A hideous apparition in the form of a hairy monster, with horns and hoofs, obstructed the passage of travellers through the lane, chasing them back with dreadful bellowings and other diabolical noises.

Many persons had been frightened into fits by the spectre; and one feeble old man had lost his reason, by unexpectedly encountering the demon in one of the most lonely turnings on the rocky road.

This frightful phantom had been seen by so many respectable persons in the town and its vicinity, whose veracity, from the well known integrity of their characters, the most sceptical could scarcely doubt, that the public mind became greatly agitated, by the nightly recurrence of such startling facts.—People were no longer laughed at for their credulity, in believing that which so many respectable witnesses declared to be true.

The Windermere ghost became the general theme of conversation; and the road was abandoned by all who were acquainted with the tale, and could reach the lake by a more public thoroughfare.

One night a large party had assembled in a small public house in the suburbs of Kendal, to drink their ale, and discuss the news of the day. These were farmers and sheep-graziers from the moors and fells, who had disposed of the fatlings of their flocks at the market, and were returning home in a body to their lonely homes among the hills. The centre of this group, and a man of no small importance was the big butcher of Kendal.—He had been a large purchaser; and the jolly yeomen had flung back a few shillings from the money they had received, to furnish a general treat—big Wat himself being placed in the chair as the big man of the company.

This was an honor the burly butcher never failed to abuse. As the fumes of the ale began to ascend into his head, he grew loud and quarrelsome, engrossing all the conversation to himself, whilst his blustering manner and ill-natured jokes so disgusted his companions, that one by one they silently rose to depart, dreading, by word or action to rouse into active operation the mischievous disposition of the man.

The guests at the "Holly-Tree" had all dropped away, until the butcher and one young man, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, alone occupied the chimney corner. This person, who was vastly superior in his appearance to the men who lately filled the table, was dressed in the grey home-spun cloth of the country, and looked like a wealthy yeoman of the middle class. To Robinson he was a stranger, and that worthy continued to eye him with a sinister glance of curiosity and inquiry.

The landlord entered to throw on a fresh billet of wood, for it was winter, and the night was very cold.

'Is the moon up, Lowther?' said the yeoman, rising to his feet, and buttoning his great coat up to his chin. 'It is time I was on the road.'

'Yes, Mr. Lethwaite she has been up some time, but, sir, if I were in your place, I wo'd never travel that road at midnight.'

'Why what the deuce is the matter with the road? Are you troubled with robbers in these parts?'

'No, sir, the road is haunted.'

'Haunted!' exclaimed the yeoman bursting into a merry laugh.

'Yes sir; haunted, and by the devil, sir! I saw him with my own eyes, and you know, sir, the old saying, seeing is believing.'

'Humph! and what was the devil like?'

'Like sir! why, nothing human. He was as hairy as a Buffalo, with huge white horns, a long whisking tail, and cloven feet.'

'Oh, ho! the old story. I never saw the devil, and have no great wish to make his acquaintance to-night; but it is not an idle woman's tale that will prevent me from taking the nearest road home. Pray order your man to saddle my horse quickly, for I have overstayed my time already.'

The landlord hastened to give the necessary orders, and Robinson, who had been listening to the yeoman, with a half-sneer, now turning hastily round, addressed him abruptly, and without ceremony,—

'You wish us to think you a very brave man, Mr. Lethwaite, if that is your name.'

'That is to me a matter of perfect indifference,' returned Lethwaite, haughtily, and surveying the burly butcher with a stern glance; 'the man who has faith in himself cares little for the opinion of others.'

'No offence,' said Robinson, who did not like the fiery glance of his companion's eye; 'but if you are determined upon returning to Windermere, by the cross road, it is the duty of a friend to warn of your danger.'

'Danger! what, the idle tales I have just heard; none but a coward would turn from his path for a gossip's fable.'

'Men as brave as you can be, have sallied forth at nightfall, to bid defiance, as they said, to all the powers of darkness, and have returned to their hearth at midnight, pale as the sheeted dead. There is not a man in Kendal,' cried the excited butcher, striking his huge fist on the oak table, until the glass upon it shattered and rang again, 'that dare travel that road to-night.'

'I am sorry to think that the descendants of the bold Kendal archers can have degenerated into such a flock of geese,' said the yeoman. 'I have lived too long among the hills to be frightened by shadows. My horse is at the door; good night, sir.'

'You are stark, staring mad,' cried the butcher, placing his huge person in the doorway, 'to attempt that road to night—you will return to the 'Holly-Tree' before morning, half dead with fright.'

The young man smiled incredulously.

'Sir, you disbelieve me?'

'I think you very credulous.'

'Fellow, do you take me for a coward?' replied the butcher, the red blood rushing into his face. 'You had better mind what you say. With one blow I could annihilate a puny chap like you.'

'Real courage cannot be tested by mere animal strength,' said Lethwaite calmly—'David was a dwarf to Goliah, but mental courage and the fear of God conquered his gigantic foe. I do not wish to quarrel with you, sir. You believe in ghosts; I do not. Good night.'

'Ah!' quoth the butcher, shaking his huge fist after him, 'the Windemere ghost shall punish you well for your disbelief.'

Lethwaite's foot was in the stirrup, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him: 'I am not afraid of ghosts, Lowther, but I have some money about me: the Windemere demon may be a poor devil whom the love of plunder may tempt to do a deed of violence. It will be as well to examine the loading of my pistols.'

He returned with the landlord to the house, and both were not a little pleased to find the butcher gone. Lethwaite continued chatting some time with the landlord.

'I do not like this ghost story of yours,' he said. 'If such a spectre has really been seen, depend upon it that it is some deep contrivance to hide a worse danger. I wish, for the good of the community, that I may be lucky enough to fall in with the ghost.'

'Ah! Mr. Lethwaite, sir, you are only tempting Providence when you talk in that careless way. The ghost is a real ghost; for though it has frightened many, and myself among the rest, I never heard of any person being robbed. Old Dodson, the lame beggar, lost his senses; but then he was a half witted creature, and a man's reason is not his money. Did I not see the horrid thing myself, I, who, God forgive me! had made game of it, and those who believed in it?—how I escaped from it I never could tell. I ran so fast that I never felt the ground under my feet, while it pursued me with the most frightful yells. I kept my bed for a week after, and have taken good care never to tread that road by night again.'

'It is strange!' said Lethwaite, musing; 'some truth must be mingled with this fantastic error! What time of night does this spectre generally appear?'

'It has been seen at all hours from twilight until the gray dawn of day. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when it appeared to me. It is near eleven now, sir.—You will just reach that black crooked turning in the road, which winds round the foot of the hill, by midnight. That lonely spot is the demon's favourite haunt.'

'I know the place,' said Lethwaite. 'Yes, 'tis a frightful gloomy spot, with steep banks, and high rocks on either side. Dark almost at noon-day, but doubly dark at noon of night.'

Then whistling an old border song to keep up his courage, the yeoman dashed the spurs into his fine horse, and rode off at a quick pace; and in a few minutes was out of sight. The landlord listened for a few minutes to the clicking of his horse's hoofs, against the frozen ground, and thinking him a confounded fool, closed the door, and went to bed.

Lethwaite sped merrily along. The moon shone bright and high above him in the cloudless sky, and the sharp, cold, wintry wind whistled in his hair, and chilled his manly cheek. An hour's riding brought him to the brow of the steep crooked hill, which had been pointed out to him as the favourite haunt of the ghost.

At the foot of this hill the road took an abrupt turn, and the high rocks projecting on either side hid the open space, and presented to the traveller the appearance of a huge cavern, until he reached the bottom of the glen, when the delusion vanished. Stunted holly trees had sprung up among the crevices of the rocks, and their close dark foliage cast a sepulchral gloom into the deep hollow below.

'It is an ugly spot,' thought Lethwaite, as he checked his horse to tread at footfall the steep descent. 'Murder may have been committed here in the olden time, but pooh, pooh, there are no such things as ghosts; but if ever there was a spot more capable of inspiring such a dread than another, it is surely this.

The side of the road to his left was in deep shadow. The very spirit of darkness seemed to brood over the gloomy recess, while the moon gilded with a wan and spectral light the opposite wall of rock. Lethwaite, in spite of his boasted courage, felt a sudden chill creep through him as he approached the awful spot.

'God of heaven!' he murmured in a low tone below his breath, 'what can that be?' as a horrid shape slowly and distinctly rose before him, and became stationary in the centre of his path.

It was not the form of a man, and certainly it was not a beast, but appeared a shocking compound of both. Imagine a creature upwards of six feet high, covered with shaggy black hair, the head that of a bull with huge, white, widely-extended horns. The sinewy bare arms of a man extended above this ghastly head, grasping a burning brand which emitted a thin cloud of pale blue smoke.—The lower part of the body was so enveloped in shade, that it only presented a dark undefined shapeless mass.

Lethwaite, who never expected to behold a real edition of the Windemere ghost, felt his hair stiffening, and his teeth slightly chatter as he suddenly reined in his horse, and forced himself to look steadily upon the ghastly phantom. The horse possessing less self-reliance than his master, plunged and snorted, as with a hideous yell the apparition advanced, brandishing his fiery weapon in a threatening manner.

'Steady, boy—steady,' cried his master, in a soothing tone, shamed out of his own fears by the terror of his steed. 'If this be the devil, stand still, and let thy master face him like a man.'

Reassured by the well-known voice, and the caress of the well-known hand, the noble animal did as he was commanded; but he shook and shivered in every limb.

Lethwaite had by this time drawn a pistol from his belt; and riding towards the spectre, he cried out in a stern voice, 'Miserable impostor! throw off your disguise, or you are a dead man; for, by the God that made me, I will see if your body be proof against a leaden ball!'

A wild, unearthly yell was the only answer he got to his threat; and the demon was now within ten paces of his horse. The sharp report of Lethwaite's pistol woke up all the lonely echoes of the place, and the huge hairy monster fell heavily to the earth with a smothered curse; and the yeoman, yielding for a moment to uncontrollable fear, turned the head of his terrified steed, and never slackened his speed till he reached the door of the public house.

After a few minutes of breathless suspense, his loud hurried knock was answered by the landlord, who, thrusting his head out of the garret window, demanded, in no very gentle tone, the cause of such an unreasonable attack upon his door.

'It is I, Lowther—it is Richard Lethwaite, get up and let me in directly.'

'Ah! ha! I thought how it would end,' said the landlord, as he descended to unbar the door; and he called up the groom to relieve his guest of his tired horse.

The ghost has driven you back faster than you went. This is to disbelieve the word of honest folks. Why, man, what have you seen?—you look like one just risen from the dead.'

'I fear I have sent one to dwell with the dead a little before his time,' said Lethwaite, drinking off the glass of brandy proffered to him by his host at a draught. 'I have shot the ghost—whether man or devil, it was not proof against powder and ball. I am more distressed at this event than if I had encountered all the hosts of hell, with Satan himself to back them. Call up your people; for I can no longer go alone to that infernal spot—and let us examine and identify the corpse.'

It was daylight before Lowther could persuade any of his servants or neighbors to accompany him and Mr. Lethwaite to the lane. They believed that the latter had seen the ghost; but as to killing it, that was a sort of waking night-mare—something too incredible even for the supernatural wonders of a dream.

Many were the questions put to Lethwaite by the little band of men; but he walked on silently and thoughtfully, without speaking a word to any.

'Why did you not call up the big butcher, Lowther?' said one of the party. 'In any case of danger that man is a host in himself.'

'I have great doubts as to his courage,' said Lowther, drily. 'He is a great bully, and these wordy men are all froth; they make a great noise, but are very slow in action. If Mr. Lethwaite has killed the ghost, big Wat would be of small service to us, as the danger is already past.'

'*Killed the ghost!*' said the first speaker, with a sneer: 'who ever heard of mortal man killing a ghost?—it is not in flesh and blood to do that.'

'But suppose the ghost was a man,' said Lethwaite—'suppose that it was the big butcher of Kendal himself.'

'Now, God forbid!' said several voices at once: 'the man is a devil, but not bad enough to turn ghost.'

'We shall know,' said Lethwaite; 'at the bottom of this hill the riddle will be solved.'

They had now reached the brow of the steep hill. The sun was just rising above the distant mountains; and his first beams glanced upon the tree tops, without penetrating the gloomy recess which still lay buried in dense shadow.

Slowly, and with evident signs of fear, the little party wound down the hill. One man tried to hum a tune, another to whistle; while a third talked very loudly about his own courage—in reality, possessing very little,—but all endeavored to dissipate the fear to which they involuntarily became the prey, as they approached the dreaded spot.

Lethwaite who had lingered behind now walked briskly forward and headed the party. A dark, indistinct mass lay huddled up in the narrow road. All drew back; Lethwaite stepped up to it, and remained stationary, beckoning with his hand for the others to advance. They did so; but what was the surprise and astonishment of all, to find in the supposed spectre, the dead and bleeding form of Wat Robinson, wrapped up in the hide of a bull; his naked arms bare, and a club smeared with phosphorus still grasped in his stiffened hand.

'He deserved his death,' said Lowther, looking down upon his ghastly corpse. 'It was a cruel thing of him to adopt this hideous disguise, in order to frighten his friends and neighbors.'

'It was just like the man,' said another: 'he was so full of spite and malice, he could not bear to see others happy.'

'He has paid a heavy price for his folly,' said Lethwaite. 'His melancholy fate should be a solemn warning to all who engage in such wicked jokes. Come, my friends, let us carry him hence; I am sorry that he got his death by my hand.'

From the Waverley Magazine.

MY "AUNT POLLY."

BY JENNY MARSH.

My Aunt Polly! my dear Aunt Polly! what a good old lady she was! She was an old maid, to be sure—and you of my readers who have never been blessed with a relative of that kind, cannot appreciate true worth.—Aunt Polly was a jewel in my casket of aunts, uncles, and cousins—a shining light to my pathway, and a terror to my misdoings. She was prim, thin, and tall, as old maid's generally are. Some say that she was a beauty in her younger days, and that many a lad had sought her hand. Well, I don't know, but she might have been, for those faded blue eyes might have been once lustrous, and that sharp-peaked nose had more of the Grecian curve, and that shrill clarion voice more of a melodious swell. If this was really the case, she had ample reason for admonishing my pretty sister against pride and vain glory.

My Aunt Polly was an industrious lady. I don't mean a gossip,—oh, no! She used to rise bright and early in the morning, set things to rights, give orders to Biddy the maid—and then, if it was summer she enclosed her head in a prodigious sun-bonnet, took the basket in her hand, and went out to gather herbs. And her herb closet! it would have done your eyes good to see it. There was boneset, and sweet fern, sage, and tansey, smart-weed, and catnip, &c., all arranged in alphabetical order. And when any of us little ones had an attack of measles, whooping-cough or any of the ills that flesh is heir to, with what a stately step would Aunt Polly proceed to that closet, and bring back the remedy needed.

But I am going to tell you a little incident in the life of my Aunt, in which my brothers, sisters, and myself were engaged. It was a sad thing to her, and a still sadder one to us, who took a most active part in the ceremonies.

Aunt Polly is dead now; she died many years ago "at an advanced age," as the obituary said. If she was alive to-day, and was to read my story, I know that she would not laugh—no, not she—but would draw her face down longer than ever, and say,—"I should think the remembrance of that night would make you more humble."

The little ones all wished that Aunt Polly would get married—that she would take her old red chest out of our play-room, and leave its the herb closet for a doll's house. We debated upon the probability of such an occurrence, and the grand results that would follow, for some time, until our patience grew weary, and we determined to "bring matters around" ourselves.

We met, one summer's day, behind the currant bushes, to consider the proposition of "marrying Aunt Polly." I will not give a full account of the convention, but a short sketch must suffice. Jacob, my oldest brother, said that if any of us would propose a good match for our venerable relative, he would "bring it to pass." Dead silence reigned for a few moments, until Shadrach shouted,—"I know! I know!" and affirmed his intelligence by a joyful clapping of his hands.

Now who do you think he selected as a companion for our dignified Aunt, and who do you think we decided should become her consort for life? You couldn't guess, so I shall have to tell you.

A little way from our house lived "Grinny Johnson," as everybody used to call him, although his proper name was Samuel. They called him Grinny because of his cheerful countenance, which was the very picture of good humor. But Grinny was not 'very bright," for he would sit all day upon the fence, and whittle and whistle, which was rather simple employment for a youth of twenty-six or seven. He had got the "mitten" from every unmarried woman in the place but Aunt Polly; and we thought, if satisfactory arrangements could be made on both sides, the old red chest would be taken from our play-room—the herb closet placed under our jurisdiction, and "Grinny Johnson" be placed under the strict discipline of Aunt Polly.

Jacob went to "Grinny" that afternoon, and told him that Aunt Polly *really* loved him—that she had ever since the time she first saw him—(which was when he was a baby)—that she was pining from the effects of concealed love; and that, for the sake of his dear Aunt, he had ventured to lay the case before him.

"Grinny" was delighted. He kissed Jacob, and said that he loved Polly Simpkins better than any other girl in Tumbletown, and that, if his mother would let him, he would marry her that minute.

"You must first tell her that you love her," said Jacob; but don't let her know I have told you this."

It was then decided that he should meet her that evening by moonlight, in the garden, and offer his heart, hand, and fortune. My sister, Prudence Betsey, was Aunt's favorite, so she was made a delegate to arrange that side of the question. She found Aunt in the kitchen, trying out fat, which she carried by painsfull into the cellar, where, by some process unknown to us, it was to be transformed into lard.

"Oh Aunty!" said Prudence, 'Grinny Johnson' says he has got something to tell you."

"Why don't he tell it then."

"I don't know," replied the delegate; "it is something secret and important, he says."

"Oh! I know well what it is," said she with an important toss of the head; "and I guess 'Grinny' can tell me whether they were tender or not. I have suspected him all the time; but if he wants to confess, I'll hear him."

Prudence was at a loss for a reply; she feared that our hopes were blasted.

"Well, Aunty," said she, smiling, he wants you to meet him in the garden, at half-past eight, this evening."

Aunt hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes, I'll go; his guilt seeks the cover of darkness."

Half-past eight found all of us youngsters anxiously waiting in the cellar way, that opened into the garden, for the "lovers" as we called them. We had every thing arranged for a retreat into the cellar in case we should be discovered as spies.

"Grinny" came first, dressed in his Sunday suit, and a bunch of hollyhocks in his button-hole. He sauntered for some time among the gooseberries and currant bushes, before Aunt Polly made her appearance; and when she did come, we were obliged to stuff our aprons in our mouths to keep from betraying ourselves.

"Grinny" hastened toward Aunt Polly, who stood dignified and prim beside a bean pole, eying him carnestly. Notwithstanding her distant bearing, he grasped her hand, and was about to press it to his lips, when she withdrew it quickly, saying—

"Make this matter short, Mr. Johnson; let there be no further delay of your confession."

He dropped upon his knees, and the decayed cucumber upon which he planted himself, must have made his position more comfortable.

"Polly," whined he, "I wanted to tell you this before, but I das'ent."

"Better late than never," said she sternly. "I have known it from the first."

"Don't cry about it any more, Polly," said he, "and we will be married to-morrow."

Oh! if you could have seen Aunt Polly then! Such a leap as she took, and such a look of defiance as she put on!

"Married to-morrow! Who talks about marrying you! *I want you to bring back my turkeys!*"

Alas! alas! Prudence Betsey could not control herself any longer, and the air resounded with her shout of laughter. "Grinny" heard us, and saw us, and so did Aunt Polly, and both, with hearts lit with revenge, hastened towards the cellar-way. We feared "Grinny's" wrath, and Aunt Polly's clutches. Pell mell, mell pell, we dodged into the cellar, each striving to secure a hiding-place.

How can I describe the scene that followed? Jacob made a leap for the hanging shelf, when, oh, ye little fishes! down came the pans of half cooled grease, giving him a shower-bath seldom enjoyed by mortals.—The milk came too, and the eggs, and the dough-nuts! Shadrach jumped into the soap barrel, and jumped out again. Prudence leaped into the apple bin, while I, confounded, stood beside Jacob, enjoying the shower of eggs, milk, grease, and dough-nuts. This was the state of affairs when the offended pair entered the cellar.

If I should tell you how "Grinny" slipped up in the grease, when trying to catch Jacob to punish him—how Shadrach screamed with the pain the soap caused his bare feet—how Prudence looked when she crept out of the bin of half rotten apples—and how Aunt Polly took on about folly and extravagance, you would never try—no matter how wicked you are—to marry off an old maid like "my Aunt Polly."

Peculiarities of the Laplanders.

Mathias Alexander Castren, a Swede, has recently published a volume of travels in Lapland, in which he gives to the world the peculiarities of the 'Laps.' Among other matters, they seem to have a great love for religious exercises. Mr. Castren describes the Enare Laps as engaged for twenty-four hours together, in listening to sermons, praying, &c. He also mentions their great affection toward their wives. 'One husband assured me that during thirty years of wedlock, no worse word had passed between himself and wife than 'loddadsham,' or 'my little bird.'

A peculiarity of the female Laps is given in the following extract. It strike us that it is a funny kind of timidity, and we do not wonder that the Lapland husbands are so careful to use only the kindest language to their wives, since they are so easily, and terribly frightened, or that they pass twenty-four hours at a stretch in praying to be delivered from devils.

I had often, on my journey through Lapland been warned, to be cautious in my dealings with the Russian Lap, and especially with the female sex, on account of a strange propensity among them, to sudden fits of phrenzy, accompanied by the loss of consciousness and control over their actions. I treated these reports at first as fables of the ordinary kind applied to the people in question. I fell in, however, one day, in a village of Russian Lapmark, with some Karelians and two Russian traders. These repeated the warning above mentioned, advising me never to frighten a Lap woman, for in their opinion this was a 'res capitalis.' With reference to this caution, one of the Karelians told me the following. I was once, said he, when a boy, fishing out at sea, when I met with a boat rowed by Laplanders. Among them was a woman with a child at her breast. Upon seeing me in a dress unusual to her, she became so beside herself with fear, that she flung the child into the sea.

Another Karelian related how he was once in the society of Terski Laps:

We were talking of different matters when a sound was heard like the blow of a hammer on the outerside of the wall. On the instant all the Laps present fell flat on the floor, and after some gesticulations with hands and feet, became stiff and immovable as corpses. After a while they recovered and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. To convince me of the truth of this, and other such tales, one of the Russians proposed to show me evidence of the timidity of the Lap women. He began by putting out of the way knives, axes, and any other mischievous implements which happened to be at hand. He then came suddenly behind a woman present, and clapped his hands.—She sprung up like a fury and scratched, kicked, and pummelled the aggressor to our edification. After this exercise she sunk exhausted on a bench, and recovered with difficulty her breath and senses.

Having regained the latter, she declared herself determined not to be so frightened again. In fact a second experiment only produced a piercing shriek. While she was priding herself on this success, the other Russian flung a pocket book, so that it passed just before her eyes, and ran instantly out of the room. The lady hereupon flew at every one present in succession, flinging one to the ground, dashing another against the wall, beating them, and tearing their hair out by handfuls. I sat in a corner waiting my turn to come. I saw at last with horror her wild glance fixed on me. She was on the point of printing her nails in my face, when two stout men in a fortunate moment seized her, and she sank fainting into their arms. It was the opinion of my companions that my spectacles had especially excited her phrenzy.

AN IMPORTANT RAILROAD BILL PASSED.—The Senate of Pennsylvania, April 24th, passed the bill relative to the Sunbury and Erie and Cleveland and Ashtabula Railroads by a vote of 18 to 11. It is similar to the bill defeated on Tuesday. It provides for proper arrangements for running the cars on the Lake Shore Road, and protects the interests of Philadelphia and Erie. It requires also a subscription from the Ohio Company of $500,000 to the stock of the Sunbury and Erie Company.

Here is another of Tennyson's exquisite little lyrics. It is worthy of his pen, and only Tennyson could have written it:—

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying:
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing.
How many smiles?—a score!
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream—do thou the same;
We love forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies—
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

ARREST OF AARON BURR.

In January, 1807, the flotilla of Burr had arrived at Bayou Pierre, on the Lower Mississippi. He was there seized by order of Cowles Mead, the acting Governor of Mississippi, and conducted to the town of Washington. Burr shortly after managed to escape from custody, and a reward of two thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension.

Late at night, about the first of February, a man in the garb of a boatman, with a single companion, arrived at the door of a small log tavern, in the woods of Alabama, and inquired the way to Col. Hanspin's, who resided in that neighborhood. Col. Nicholas Perkins observed by the light of the fire, that the stranger, though coarsely dressed, possessed a countenance of unusual intelligence, and an eye of sparkling brilliancy. The tidy boof, which his vanity could not surrender with his other articles of finer clothing, attracted Perkins' attention, and led him truly to conclude that the mysterious stranger was none other than the famous Col. Burr, described in the proclamation of the Governor.

That night Perkins started for Fort Stoddart, on the Tombigbee, and communicated his suspicions to the late Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, then the Lieutenant in command.—The next day, accompanied by Perkins, and a file of mounted soldiers, Gaines started in pursuit of Burr, and arrested him on his journey. Burr attempted to intimidate Gaines; but the resolute young officer was firm, and told him he must accompany him to his quarters, where he would be treated with all the respect due the ex-Vice President of the United States.

About three weeks after, Gaines sent Burr a prisoner to Richmond, with a sufficient guard, the command of which was given to Perkins. They were all men whom Perkins had selected, and upon whom he could rely in any emergency. He took them aside and obtained the most solemn pledges that upon the whole route they would hold no intercourse with Burr, nor suffer him to escape alive. Perkins knew the fascinations of Burr, and he feared his influence upon the men, and, indeed, upon himself.

Each man carried provisions for himself, and some for the prisoner. They were all well mounted and armed. On the last of February, they set out on their long and perilous journey. To what an extremity was Burr now reduced! In the boundless wilds of Alabama, with none with whom to hold converse; surrounded by a guard to whom he dared not speak; a prisoner of the United States, for whose liberties he had fought; his fortune swept away; the magnificent scheme for the conquest of Mexico broken up; slandered and hunted down from one end of the Union to the other. These were considerations to crush an ordinary man; but his was no common mind; and the characteristic fortitude and determination which had ever marked his course, still sustained him in the darkest hour.

In their journey through Alabama, they always slept in the woods, and after a hastily prepared breakfast, it was their custom again to remount and march on in gloomy silence. Burr was a splendid rider, and in his rough garb, he bestrode his horse as elegantly, and his large dark eyes flashed as brightly, as though he were at the head of his New York regiment. He was always a hardy traveler, and though wet for hours together, with cold and drizzling rains, riding forty miles a day, and at night stretched on a pallet upon the ground, he never uttered one word of complaint.

A few miles beyond Fort Wilkinson, they were, for the first time, sheltered under a roof—a tavern kept by one Bevin. While they were seated around the fire awaiting breakfast, the inquisitive host inquired if *the traitor* Burr had been taken?" "Was he not a bad man?" "Wasn't every body afraid of him?" Perkins and his party were very much annoyed, and made no reply. Burr was sitting in the corner by the fire, with his head down; and after listening to the inquisitiveness of Bevin until he could endure it no longer, he raised himself up, and fastening his fiery eyes upon him, said:

'*I am Aaron Burr; what is it you want with me?*'

Bevin, struck with his appearance—the keenness of his look and the solemnity and dignity of his manner—stood aghast, and trembled like a leaf. He uttered not another word while the guard remained at his house.

When they reached the confines of South Carolina, Perkins watched Burr more closely than ever, for his son-in-law, Colonel, afterwards Governor Ashton, a gentleman of talents and influence, resided in this State. He was obliged, in a great measure, to avoid the towns, for fear of a rescue. Before entering the town of Chester, in that State, the party halted, and surrounding Burr, proceeded on, and passed near a tavern where many persons were standing, while music and dancing were herrd in the house. Burr conceived it a favorable opportunity for an escape, and suddenly dismounting, exclaimed:

'I am Aaron Burr, under military arrest, and claim protection from the civil authorities!'

Perkins leaped from his horse, with several of his men, and ordered him to remount.

'*I will not!*' replied Burr.

Not wishing to shoot him, Perkins threw down his pistols, and being a man of prodigious strength, and the prisoner a small man, seized him around the waist, and placed him in the saddle, as though he were a child.—Thomas Malone, one of the guard, caught the reins of the bridle, slipped them over the horse's head and led him rapidly on. The astonished citizens, when Burr dismounted, and the guard cocked their pistols, had run within the piazza to escape from danger.

Burr was still, to some extent, popular in South Carolina, and any wavering on the part of Perkins, would have lost him his prisoner. But the celerity of his movements gave the people no time to reflect, before he was far in the outskirts of the village. Here the guard halted. Burr was highly excited, he was in tears. The kind-hearted Malone also wept, at seeing the uncontrollable despondency of him who had hitherto proved almost iron-hearted. It was the first time that any one had ever seen Aaron Burr unmanned.

On Burr's arrival at Richmond, the ladies of the city vied with each other in contributing to his comfort. Some sent him fruit, some clothes, some one thing, and some another.

Burr was tried before the Supreme Court of the United States for treason, and found not guilty; though the popular voice continued to pronounce him a traitor.

A Spicy Declination.

John W. Boyd, Esq., formerly editor of the Chambersburg Whig, having been recommended for the Mayoralty in Hagerstown, publishes the following spicy declination in the last Chronicle. It is certainly to the point.

Messrs. Editors—In your last paper some kind but verdant friend was pleased to nominate me as a candidate for the office of Mayor. Without feeling at all inclined to gratitude at what might or might not have been intended as a compliment, I hesitate not to say that, in my opinion, (which in this instance is paramount to all others,) the position don't suit me.

First—With the most ample opportunity to form a correct conclusion, I am seriously inclined to the opinion, that to preside over this particular community, would be a position without profit, and what is still worse, without honor.

Second—I have neither the conscience nor the constitution requisite for the wholesale whiskey business necessary in this day to secure an election to any public office.

Third—I have not the courage to play myself under obligations to every Tom, Dick and Harry, or shake hands with every sooty blackguard, at the imminent risk of *catching* more than I bargained for.

Fourth—I have not the patience to inquire into the state of every man's health—believing that to attain a position of prominence through a knowledge of the condition of the public bowels, would be travelling to distinction through a very disagreeable channel.

Therefore, Messrs. Editors, you will perceive that, having neither the inclination, nor the conscience, nor the constitution, nor the courage, nor the patience requisite for the contest, I would not be likely to get enough votes. If I could serve my fellow-citizens in some position that might be attained honorably, I am frank to admit that, without regard to profit, it would afford me pleasure to do so. But to put myself in a position in which every wretch entitled to vote would feel himself privileged to hold me under special obligations, would be giving rather "too much pork for a shilling." I therefore most emphatically decline the intended dishonor.

An Old Settler.

"As early as we could, consistently, we left our encampment for the ford, at which we were to bid adieu to the Sweet Water, and launch into the region beyond the Rocky Mountains. Near the ford, which was two miles below our camp, we found a cluster of lodges, which belonged to one of a singular class of men, who leave the comforts of civilized life, and bury themselves in the wild, inhospitable regions of the far west. At first I mistook him for an Indian, from his dress, his long black locks, and his swarthy, weather-beaten complexion. He was a man apparently thirty-five or forty years of age, with a pleasing countenance, and mild blue eyes, whom I found to be well educated—far above the humble sphere of life to which he had consigned himself. He was surrounded by three or four squaws and a number of children, who seemed to look upon him as the grand head of the family, in the relative position of husband and father. He readily entered into conversation, and told me he had lived that life for eighteen years, without once having been to the States, depending upon chance for supplies.

'And do you never think of returning?—Do not old thoughts of home and friends intrude upon your memory, and awaken old feelings of endearment?'

'O yes,' he replied, rather sadly, 'very often. Once, about five years ago, I determined to return, and made my arrangements, but, after all, I could not make up my mind to leave; and when I think of it now, and almost determine to go once more, I look at my responsibilities, (and he glanced around at his wives and his young brood of half-breeds,) and I give it up. You see I have cares; and then I am so accustomed to the mode of life, that I am unfitted for social intercourse in refined society. True, I think, will go some time, but I may never do it.—Who would protect my children in danger, if I was absent?'

Nature clings to its offspring, irrespective of color, thought I, and bidding him farewell, I followed the train.

Don't Belong to Your Society.

In a certain country town in which religious differences were notably fostered, an orthodox minister was once presented with a raven, which had been taught to talk, or at any rate pronounced certain words with much distinctness. For some time after its reception, the worthy clergyman was ignorant of the extent of the bird's accomplishments, and especially so of the fact that some words pronounced by it were decidedly unclerical and profane. At length an old lady, a notorious disputant belonging to another society, chanced to pay a visit to the clergyman's wife. The raven perched himself up on the back of a chair, eyed her steadily for a long time, and at length cocking his head aside very gravely, and peering close in her face, shouted aloud—to the horror of both ladies and others assembled, "D—n you, you!"

The old lady rose in high dudgeon, assuring her denouncer, as she turned to depart, retorted in a loud voice, and with a very red face—"don't you d—n me, you poor, for nothing orthodox creeter, *I don't belong to your society.*"

☞ One of the Albany editors say that the only reason why his house was not blown away in the late gale, was that it had a heavy mortgage on it.

☞ That charity is bad, which takes from independence its proper pride, from humility its salutary shame.