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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."

Bachelor's Fare.

Horace Smith contributed this poem to the New Monthly Magazine many years ago.

Funny and free are a bachelor's revelries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.

Free from anxiety, care and satiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the bachelor's fare.

A wife like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead.

Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.

Through such folly, days, once sweet holidays,
Soon are embittered by wrangling and strife,
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life.

Children are riotous, maid servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his bachelor's fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper and spurning your rule;
Girls through foolishness passion or malishness,
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.

Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate
All that your busy-pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun or frivolity
Equals in quality bachelor's fare!

To the Dandelion.

Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck and full of pride uphold,
High hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not this rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The *offered* wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophy and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden cuirass'd bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green dry yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a white lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem
When thou for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

AN IMPOSTER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

FROM THE FRENCH. BY DONALD MAC LEOD.

M. Duborg was one of the richest merchants in Paris, and father of the two prettiest girls in the quarter. Helen, the blonde, was long-lashed, languishing, possessed of the superbest blue eyes, and twenty years of age. Zoe, not so tall as her sister was the most delicious brunette in the world, as full of fun as sixteen years could make her, yet full also of warmth and gentleness. M. Duborg was a widower, and both his daughters were spoiled. Cousin Anatole Barthez added to a generous and lofty character, the less enduring but not disagreeable qualities of a tall figure, two clear brown eyes, a dark silken moustache, delightful manners, and twenty-three years. Such was the Duborg family.

M. Duborg had been three or four times on the verge of ruin; the many successive revolutions which France had seen, shook public credit, and often threw our friend into embarrassment. He was saved from destruction only by the intervention of his friend Maubray, a wealthy planter of Cayenne, and by his aid ultimately triumphed over his difficulties, and was now, as we have said, one of the richest men in Paris.

When Maubray was about to return to Cayenne, Duborg overwhelmed him with protestations of gratitude, and the Southerner, to satisfy his friend's sense of obligation, made to him the following not unusual proposition:

'Your Helen,' said Maubray, 'is fourteen years old, and my son Edmond is eighteen; a pleasing unexaggerated disparity. Now, if you will give Helen's hand to my boy, it will draw the bands of our friendship closer, and it will fully cancel any debt that may now exist between us. What say you?'

'That I am delighted with your proposition, and that I pledge myself to fulfill my part of it. Helen Duborg shall have no other husband than Edmond Maubray.'

So M. Maubray went to Cayenne, where the red pepper is fondly supposed to come from, and went back to his affairs, and five years rolled away, bringing about the period referred to in the beginning of this narrative, Helen being twenty, Zoe sixteen, and Anatole Barthez twenty-three years of age. The number of years of M. Duborg has not been recorded by the historian, possibly because he fancied it unimportant to this relation.—We will go on, if you please, with our history.

One morning, after breakfast, as all the family still sate at table, a letter was handed to M. Duborg, and which he immediately proceeded to read aloud. This reading aloud produced the following consequences. Helen kept her eyes fixed upon her plate, Zoe drummed upon the table with impatient fingers. Anatole gnawed his moustache and looked savage. But M. Duborg rubbed his hands and said, 'This is a happy day for me my dear. I shall now pay off my heavy debt of gratitude. Maubray's son will find a double treasure in you, Helen for you are rich in beauty, rich in virtues, and rich in fortune. But, I say, you don't look exactly so happy as I expected.'

'You need not be astonished at that, papa,' said Zoe; 'that letter announces the arrival of a lover whom we have never seen, and whose face and disposition are equally unknown to us.'

'He is the son of him to whom you owe your present brilliant position, and to whom your father is indebted for the preservation of his honor.'

'You are right, dear father,' said Helen, 'and I should be both happy and proud to pay your debt of gratitude. Pardon me now, and you shall have no cause to reproach me in future.'

Anatole shook, and the blood mounted up to his forehead, but an imploring look from Helen kept him silent.

'Well my child,' continued the father, Edmond may be here at any moment, for the vessel which brought this letter preceded his only twenty-four hours. But how will he come? My old friend writes that he is very eccentric, and may possibly take a fancy to appear as some one else. Never mind, come in what character he may, he shall be welcome.'

M. Duborg rose to leave the table, when a servant announced M. Duplan.

'I do not know any one of that name,' said the merchant, 'but ask him to come in.'

The servant introduced a young man of twenty-five, whose mournful and somewhat embarrassed face did not conceal handsome features and distinguished address. After the first ordinary remarks, the stranger explained the object of his visit at first with great circumlocution and avoidance of the point.

'I am,' said he, 'a friend of the Maubray family.'

M. Duborg glanced at his family as much as to say, 'Ah! this is the form which his eccentricity takes.'

'Edmond Maubray and I sailed in the same ship from Cayenne. I must tell you that for some time past, my unfortunate friend has hated and despised the world; he persuaded himself that the human heart, always open to evil passion, had no room for noble or generous sentiments. All affection appeared to him untrustworthy, every good action the result of calculation. This melancholy humor soon degenerated into a disease, and finished by isolating him from all who loved him. My society was the only one, that he would endure; but even I was obliged to banish from my conversation every affectionate expression which friends customarily make use of. The voyage appeared to make him worse; he shunned the society, and even the looks of the other passengers, and he has passed whole days without addressing a word even to me of the project of family alliance formed by his father and you, sir; he told me that he could insure happiness to your daughter, and then he pressed my hand and locked himself into his state-room. The next morning he was found dead in his bed.'

The stranger ceased speaking, and then looked for some signs of sorrow or sympathy upon the faces around him, but in vain.

'Not badly imagined; my son-in-law wo'd make a clever comedian,' thought M. Duborg.

Anatole and Helen looked at each other as though they wished the story had been true.

But Zoe looked at Anatole and the stranger, and said to herself, 'If Helen and my cousin were not so much in love, I should think that she could be very happy with this handsome fellow.'

And the stranger thought, 'Here is a deep sorrow now, which I fancy won't plough deep furrows in those foreheads, nor desolate those young hearts much.' Meantime, as the scene began to grow awkward, the stranger arose.

'What are you doing?' asked M. Dubourg. 'You are not going away, I presume. You are the friend of him who would have been my son-in-law; you cannot therefore refuse the hospitality which I offer you. No obligation if you please, Mr.——, I forget the name already. Mr.——?'

'Duplan.'

'Duplan. Yes, that is the name. Well then, it is settled that you are to remain our guest, Mr. Duplan.'

The stranger remarked the odd emphasis which M. Dubourg gave to his name, and the rather mocking smile which his lips wore, but he only said in reply

'I am very grateful for your offer, sir; but I will not be indiscreet enough to accept it.'

M. Duborg rang the bell, and ordered a servant to go to the hotel for the stranger's luggage.

'But, my dear sir'——

'But *my* dear sir, I declare to you that you shall not leave my house. It would look well for M.—— Duplan to be living anywhere else, would it not? You will reside here, sir, and you will be treated precisely as though you were Edmond Maubray in person.'

The stranger's resistance was useless, M. Dubourg constantly repeating and emphasizing 'Monsieur Duplan' showed him into the room destined for Edmond Maubray.

So the day went on, and Duplan found himself taken care of with the most affectionate assiduity. And yet he was not easy.—Duborg's ironical smile, and his way of saying 'M. Duplan,' began to make him nervous; he could not comprehend the whisperings of Helen and Zoe, nor the ferocious and inquisitive looks of Anatole, but what most annoyed him was, that not only no one seemed to pity poor Edmond's fate, but that they dropped no such expressions of sorrow as common politeness would require. Finally one night, when alone with M. Dubourg, the old gentleman said to him, half mockingly, half royally:

'My dear M. Duplan are you satisfied yet with the result of your observation?'

'*Observations*, sir?'

'You know better than I do.'

'I assure you sir that your words are riddles to me.'

'Well, well, none is so deaf as he who will not hear. You are not yet satisfied, apparently; although, if I were a lover, I might fancy that you were taking too much time. Come, M. Duplan, let us end this mystery comedy; it only takes a moment to see that a woman is pretty, but a whole lifetime to reveal the wealth of her heart.'

'But my dear sir, I am absolutely ignorant of what you are talking about.'

'Ah this is a little too much. I won't indeed get angry; friendship and gratitude will prevent that. So do as you will, M. Duplan; you play cleverly, play as long as you like; only I tell you that your acting is superfluous; I was forewarned, and I know all about it.' Then fearing lest he should be carried into anger, M. Dubourg hurried away.

Duplan stood still in the middle of the room and rubbed his forehead for an idea, which however did not come.

'He has been forewarned—he knows all about it; what the deuce does he know? what has he been forewarned about?'

M. Duplan thought about it all night; and not having slept well he descended early into the garden to continue his meditations.—There Anatole saw him and made haste to follow him.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'I dislike ambiguity and diplomacy; I love straight lines.'

'Well, sir, I am happy to say, that in this we perfectly agree.'

'I will, therefore, if you allow me, frankly explain my conduct.'

'But, sir, as far as your conduct concerns me, it needs no explanation.'

'Pardon. You must have remarked a certain reserve on my part, unnatural to our age and to our position in this house.'

'I have remarked that you said but little to me.'

'Yet, I am not, neither can I be, your enemy; that my relationship to M. Dubourg prohibits; yet, I am still less your friend.'

'My dear sir, you may be just what you please, for all me.'

'Unfortunately no. I should be happy to tell you that I detest you, but gratitude forbids; or, I should be happy to acquire your friendship, only another feeling is in the way of that.'

While Duplan was wondering whether Anatole were crazy or no, the latter said,

'You seem amazed. You don't appear to understand me. I will therefore tell you, Monsieur, I love her.'

'You love her? Love whom?'

'Sir, such a question from you! But yes, I do love her, with a love that began in our childhood. Her father does not know it; and I know his indebtedness, and must be silent. This great love, then, shall be sacrificed. I will quit Paris; I will leave my family. But though I yield up one who is dearer to me than life, I will never resign the sacred right to watch over her. You owe her at least as much happiness as I would have given her, and if you fail in this duty, you shall answer to me!'

'Once more, will you allow me—'

'I have said all I have to say; any thing more would be superfluous.'

'But I have the right to demand an explanation.'

'Because you have not declared yourself. My good sir, I know all.' And Anatole bowed and walked abruptly off.

'There's another one,' said Duplan. 'What the deuce is it that they know so well?' So meditating, he walked on. At the end of the path he met Helen; she was walking slowly, and had her eyes bent upon the ground. She looked very sad, and when she saw Duplan, trembled and seemed about to turn away, but on second thought she returned his salutation and allowed him to join her in her walk towards the house, which they reached in unbroken silence. Then she turned and said without hesitation, although with a trembling voice—

'I am too frank, sir, to let you fancy in me sentiments which I do not possess; but with the same sincerity I assure you that I have firmly resolved to make all these sacrifices; to do my duty, and never to give you cause to repent that you trusted me with your honor. You need not, then, put us to any further proof.'

'Proof, Mademoiselle, I declare to you—'

'Nay, sir, if you still persist, I see that I appealed in vain to your generosity. But, sir, I know all!' And Helen passed rapidly into the house.

'She knows all too!' said the stupefied Duplan. 'This is certainly the most astonishing family that I have ever known. The father knows all; the nephew knows all; the daughter knows all; and, by Jove, I will know all myself, or I will know the reason why.'

He entered the house, opened the parlor door, and found the whole family united.—Fearing to commit an indiscretion, he remained a moment undecided, for he had caught sight of M. Dubourg pressing his daughter in his arms; of Zoe trying to dry her sister's tears; and of Anatole looking in the last stage of despair. Therefore, he went back into the garden, where in a few minutes he was joined by Zoe.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'you must have remarked that Helen was in tears.'

'It is true, Mademoiselle.'

'You saw my father much moved, and my cousin in despair.'

'I think I did, Mademoiselle, remark something like it.'

'And were you not profoundly touched by it?'

'So much so, that, as you must have observed, I retired immediately.'

'That is, you were afraid of yielding to an emotion of pity. Ah! sir, you are cruel.'

'What on earth could I do with pity?'

'You are, then, a pitiless creditor.'

'A creditor?'

'Listen, sir. I have heard my father say, that on the day of payment, one value might be substituted for another.'

'Your father was right; but permit me to say that I cannot guess all these riddles.'

'I will explain, sir. Do you prefer my sister very much to me?'

'Mademoiselle!'

'I don't want a compliment, but your frank opinion.'

'My opinion is such, that flattery and frankness must employ the same language.'

'Is that true?' said Zoe, blushing.

'To convince you, just listen to my many reasons.'

'Ah! that is unnecessary; as it is, the affair can be brought to close more quickly and easily.'

'The affair! what affair?'

'Perhaps, I ought to tell you that another great difference between Helen and myself is, that my heart is quite free.'

'Oh!'

'Yes, quite free. While poor Helen's—well, you then have no objections—'

'To what, Mademoiselle?'

Zoe pouted. 'To what, sir am I so unintelligible? You have an order on my fortune which my sister cannot pay without sacrificing her happiness. I ask you if you like me, Ken me yes, and I offer to pay in Helen's place.'

'The more I listen, the more I don't understand.'

'Ah! this is too strong. What is the use of so much dissimulation? I tell you, sir, that I know all.'

'Ah! you know all too! Well, Mademoiselle, I will not quit you; I will follow your steps; I will fire you with questions until you explain this mystery; for I too am determined to know all.'

It was now Zoe's turn to look amazed.

'Why, M. Maubray, what are we to think of you?'

'Maubray! You think, then, every body thinks, that I am Maubray?'

'Yes, sir, and that you are playing a part here very amusing, no doubt, to you, but very mournful for us. A letter from your father forewarned us of your play; but it seems to me, that had the end come sooner, it would have been in better taste.'

The explanation now marched rapidly—Zoe took Duplan by the hand and hurried him into the drawing-room. There he had to recommence, and in order to satisfy M. Dubourg, he showed him the certificate of Maubray's death, signed by the captain of the vessel which had brought them from Cayenne.

The worthy merchant shed a tear or two for the loss of his friend's son; but was glad, after all, to insure the happiness of his child.

Helen and Anatole felt more happiness than propriety by any means permitted them to show. As to Duplan, his face lengthened as those of the others grew short

'Their happiness appears to make you sad, Monsieur,' said Zoe.

'No, Mademoiselle; but there is something in my heart that I now fear to tell you. I am not sad because Helen is happy, but because you are no longer obliged to pay her debts.'

Zoe dropped her great black eyes for one moment, and then lifting them up, said—

'Stay a little longer, and if papa should like you when he knows you better, perhaps I will pay.'

M. Bodisco's Wife.

We take the following from the Boston Transcript:

"He had always mingled pleasantly with society at Washington, but the tie which connected him most dearly to America, originated in a singular instance of "love at first sight." He was one day walking with a friend out towards Georgetown Heights, when he passed a boarding school for young ladies, and was attracted by a fair girl of sixteen, who stood swinging her bag and talking with animation to some of her companions. "Who is that beautiful girl? Who is she?" eagerly asked he; but his friend could not inform him. The door opened and in she went to her books and slate, all unconscious of the daguerreotype that glimpse had made on the heart of the grave Russian Minister. The next day and the day following saw him taking the same walk, which unbaided to a very slow step as he approached the building, and looked earnestly at every door and window. May day was at hand, and was to be celebrated as usual, in the school, by the usual festivities, and the choice of a Queen from among their number; and this year the floral royalty happened to fall on Miss Harriet Williams, the very girl who had so suddenly enthroned herself in the admiration of the foreigner.

Just before May day, the principal was surprised to receive a note from the Russian Envoy at Washington, expressing great interest in education, and begging permission to be present at the festival of May day, which it would give him particular pleasure, as a stranger to the customs of the country, to witness. Consent of course was graciously granted, and the occasion was as charming as youth and flowers always make it. At the end of the term, Miss Harriet announced that she would not attend school any more. "What! not graduate? Oh, why not? Are you going away?" But he shook her head, laughed, and kept her own counsel, and in a few weeks was the wife of the Russian minister. She has accompanied her husband once or twice to Russia, where she was very much admired, and known as the "American Rose." Her face had regularity of feature, but was particularly distiguished for exquisite coloring. Nothing could surpass the chestnut brown of her hair nor the hue of the lily and the rose so delicacy blended in her complexion. Perhaps hr figure had too much *en bon point* for srfect symmetry, but she moved with grace and dignity. Although there was a great disparity of years and a great difference in appearance and character, between herself and husband, it seems to have been a very happy union."

Taken at his Word.

Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was told to believe, by domestic gossip, that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a yung man of pleasing manners, and 'a top wild his court,' was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions. Entering his laughter's room suddenly one day, the protector caught White on his knees, kissing the idy's hand. 'What is the meaning of this?' he demanded.—'May it please your highness,' replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the lady's maids who happened to be in the room, 'I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman, ad cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.' 'How now, hussy!' said Cromwell to the young woman; 'why do you refuse the honr Mr White would do you? He is my friad and I expect you should treat him as such.' 'If Mr. White intends me that hono,' answered the woman with a low courtesy, 'I shall not be against him.' 'Say'st thou o, my lass?' said Cromwell; 'call Goodwin, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room.' Goodwin the chaplain arrived; White had gone too far to recede, and he was married on the spot to the young woman.—*Guizot's History of Oliver Cromwell.*

HAVE WE ANY BONNIE AMONG US?—The rule now is to place little wisp of pasteboard and ribbon so far on the back of the head that the wearer can see my part of it. The paper is secured to Philoprogenitiveness by wafer, and the lass look down on the crown where the bonet ought to be.

We understand that the mayor of a town in the West of England has sent round a circular on his own responsibility to all the bakers of the place, recommending them during the high price of flour to leave out the yeast as he has reason to believe that it is the yeast which make the bread rise.—*Punch.*

Peculiarities of Irish Character.

HOW NED MAHER CUT HIS OWN HEAD OFF.

From "Barrington's Sketches."

Among my memorandums of singular incidents, I find one which even now affords me as much amusement as such a circumstance can possibly admit of; and as it is, at the same time, highly characteristic of the people among whom it occurred, in that view I relate it. A man *decapitating himself by mistake*, is indeed a blunder of true Hibernian character. In the year 1800, a laborer, dwelling near the town of Athy, County Kildare, where some of my family then resided, was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow, each in the usual Irish way having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that, when his *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail* (there are many wiseacres, besides the salmon of that way of thinking). On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

'Oh Ned—Ned dear!' said one of the mowers, 'look at that big fellow there, isn't it a pity we havn't no spear.

'May be,' said Ned, we could be after picking the lad with the scythe handle.'

'True for you,' said Denuis, 'spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it, at any rate.'

'Ay, that will I,' replied the other, 'I'll jist give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how.'

The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the blade of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

'Now hit ilie lad smart! There, also, you first; now you have the boy! now Ned—success!'

Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling.—But whether 'The boy' was picked or not never appeared, for poor Ned bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebræ in the most convenient position for unfinishing his shoulders, and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade who could not conceive how it could *drop off* so suddenly.—But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by *one of his own ears*, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade. The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the milldam, near Mr. Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.

'Who the devil does this head belong to?' exclaimed the miller.

'Whoever owned it,' said the man, 'had three ears, at any rate.'

A search now being made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis, in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood; was found recumbent by its side. Dennis when brought to himself (which process was effected by whiskey) recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined. Many accidents had happened before from that cause, and the Priest very judiciously told his flock, after the *De Profundis*, that Ned's misfortune was a just punishment for his negligence, whereby he had hurt a child a day or two before.

From that time none of the country people would on any occasion, go to the spot where the catastrophe happened, as they say the doctor stole the head to *anatomize* it, which fact was confirmed by a man without any head being frequently seen by the *women* and *children* who were occasionally led to pass the moat of Ascole, three miles from Athy, in the night-time, and they really believe the apparition to be no other than the ghost of poor Ned Mather, looking every-where for his head that the doctor had made way with.

This leads me to a digression far more important. The superstition of the lower order of Irish, when death occurs in any peculiar manner, is superlative. In fact the only three kinds of death they consider as natural are, dying quietly in their own cabins, being hanged about the assize time, or starving when the potato crop is deficient. All these they regard as matters of course; but any other species of dissolution is contemplated with much horror; though, to be sure, they make no very strong objection to being shot at by a regular army. They say their fathers and forefathers before them, were allways used to *that same*; and all they expect in such a case is, that there should be some sort of a reason for it, which they themselves frequently furnish. But those man slaughters which occur through the activity of the revenue officers in prevention of distillation, they never can reconcile themselves to; and never forgive. They cannot understand the reason of this at all, and treasure up a savage spirit of revenge to the last day of their lives. An ignorant poor cottager says, naturally enough, to his landlord, 'Ough! then isn't it mighty odd, please your honnor, that we are not hindered from eating oats, whenever we can get any? but if we attempt to *drink* them, by J——s we are kilt and battered, and shot, and burned out like a parcel of dogs by the excisemen, that's twice greater rogues than we are, plase your honor.'

In truth it is to be lamented that this distinction between solids and fluids should not be better reconciled to the common sense of the peasantry, or be somehow regulated so as to prevent perpetual resort to that erroneous system of mountain warfare and revenue bloodshed, which ever has kept, and ever will keep, whole districts of Ireland in a state of excitement and distruction. I know that I speak the sentiments of some of his majesty's most enlightened ministers on this subject.

We once heard a Vermonter express his opinion of a person in the following style of classics: 'I could take,' said he, 'the little end of nothing, whittle it to a point, push the pith out of a horse hair, put in forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd rattle!'

A Sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change; whereupon the tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied, 'Not a darned cent.'

Capture of the Moro Castle.

It is laughable sometimes to hear four public speakers in the frenzy of fillibuster eloquence, talk of sending "a frigate to Havana to batter down and seize the Moro Castle." These enthusiasts seem totally ignorant of the character of that fortress and of the other defences of the harbor of Havana. There is no doubt, as has been asserted by a recent visitor, that the harbor is one of the best in the world, being deep enough for vessels of the largest class, and sufficiently capacious to accommodate a thousand ships. The entrance is by a channel three-quarters of a mile long, but so narrow that only a single vessel can enter at once, and fortified through the whole distance with platforms, works and artillery. The mouth of this channel is secured by two strong castles. That on the eastern side—called the Moro Castle—is built in the form of a triangle, fortified with bastions, and mounted with forty pieces of cannon, almost level with the water. On the opposite side of the channel is another strong fort, called the Punta, connected with the town to the north. The city is situated on the western side of the harbor, and is surrounded by ramparts, bastions and ditches. Besides these fortifications, it is surmounted with works, all of them furnished with artillery, even to profusion. A square citadel—El Fuerte—stands at the north-east corner of the town. This work, also, has heavy cannon, and here the treasures of the government are deposited. It was at the foot of the hill upon which this fort stands that poor Chittenden and his party were shot and mutilated.

The Cabanas is a fortress situate on the south of the Moro, and directly opposite the city. It is, perhaps, the largest, as it certainly is one of the strongest fortifications in the world. It was rebuilt, enlarged and strengthened after its restoration by the British, at an expense so enormous, that when the cost of its construction was made known to the King of Spain, he honestly asked whether the walls were made of silver.

This fort commands the whole harbor and city, and is hardly a musket-shot distance from the Moro, with which it is connected by a subterranean passage. Yet, notwithstanding the number and strength of these defences, the city of Havana has been besieged and taken; though not by "a single frigate," or any other mode of storming Gibraltar with a pocket pistol.

In 1762, during the war with Spain, the English under Lord Albermarle, laid siege to Havana, and took it after a desperate assault. On the 6th of June of that year, the British squadron, counting 250 vessels, of all sizes, appeared off the coast. The Spaniards had mounted their fortresses with heavy guns, and made all necessary warlike preparations. They had in the forts and city, of regular troops and militia, 27,615 men under arms. The priests and women were sent out of the city, and vast preparations were made to stand a siege by laying in ample supplies of provisions. They sunk three ships in the harbor's mouth to prevent the entrance of the British fleet, and their fortresses were defended with great courage and valor.

The British land forces numbered 14,041 men at arms; their losses were very considerable, both by the climate, and the desperate defence of the enemy. The Cabanas soon fell into the hands of the English, who approached from the land side, having landed the troops to the east of Havana. But it was after 44 days of unwearied exertion, with a loss to the Spaniards of upwards of a thousand men, that the Moro was taken. With the Moro, 303 pieces of cannon, 11 mortars, and a large supply of small arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the English.—Still, however, the Spaniards bravely defended the city; but the English, who could now turn their own cannon against them, demolished all their fortifications, and after some slight delay in negotiation, the city of Havana was finally taken possession of.

It was just two months and eight days from the arrival of the expedition to the day the British took possession of the city. With the capital there was given up the whole territory annexed to it, extending 180 miles westward; so that this conquest was the most decisive of all that had taken place throughout the course of the war. It had besides all the effect of a naval victory.—Nine ships of the line fell into the hands of the conquerors; three had been sunk in the harbor; and two, far advanced on the stocks, had been destroyed. The loss to the Spaniards in ships of war, merchant ships, money, tobacco, and other articles of value, was estimated at £3,000,000 sterling. On the return of peace, in 1763, Havana was restored to the Spaniards. The keys of the city were formally delivered up to the Conde de Riela, on whom the government had been conferred on the 7th of July of that year, and the English garrison was embarked for Europe.—*Mobile Register.*

Mr. Clay's Memory.

Mrs. Mowatt, in her Autobiography, gives an account of an interview with Henry Clay in which he confesses he had no memory of poetry, and told an anecdote of attempting to recite the well known lines, beginning—"Lives there a man with soul so dead?"—the first of which he repeated with growing vehemence three times, and would even then have been obliged to stop had not a friendly voice from the audiitory whispered to him the second. Mrs. M. thinks the occasion of this anecdote was the delivery of a Fourth of July Oration. We have heard or read of a different version. The scene was a Court room in Virginia, where the great orator was arguing a cause. In an apostrophe to the "Old Dominion," his native state, he commenced the quotation—broke down—and shaded his eyes with his hands to think.—The audience thought he was overcome by emotion, and so they burst into fearful applause; when in fact, as he afterwards said, "*He was trying to find out what to say next.*" The unpremeditated effect was wondrous!

The Petersburg Express states that a stupid looking negro was driving a mule in a cart on Saturday, near the Richmond Depot, at Petersburg, (Va.) just as a freight train was backing in, when in attempting to cross the track, the leading car struck the cart, mule and all, against an old garden fence, thereby reducing the whole into a heterogeneous mass in the enclosure. Strange to say, the boy and the mule escaped unhurt, the boy springing to his feet, rolling up the white of his eyes and asking with fright on his countenance, "who that dead dis here?"

A late waggish printer, while on his death bed, was requested "to be composed." "Distributed, you mean, was the faint reply.

Sale of Students.

We cannot resist the temptation to give our readers the following incident.

Some of the students of the State University, were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it, was a mystery. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store the proprietors asked him, how that sick student, Mr. Carter, came on? Smelling a rat the Doctor answered in a very evasive manner, and soon drew out of the Apothecary that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter—that they said he was quite low and was kept alive by stimulant—that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This Carter was a fictitious character and the Dr. had the secret.

However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd and satisfied himself that Carter's nurses were all present. The devotions were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform—as President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student, Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which time, he was only kept alive by *stimulants*, he had breathed his last! He had no doubt, this announcement would fall sadly on the ears of those who had so faithfully attended to his wants, but he hoped, that they would bear it with resignation, he hoped that they would reflect upon the oft-repeated words, '*memento mori*,' that he would now no longer detain them, but would leave them to their own reflections!

The result of this announcement was startling. None of the Professors and but few of the students had ever heard of Carter. 'Who is he?' was whispered—none knew, but the kind friends, who had attended him, and the President seemed so deeply affected they did not like to ask him.

In an hour or two the thing leaked out and Carter's kind friends were very much annoyed by inquiries into the nature of his disease, the kind of stimulous employed, as to 'whether he died in his right mind or not'—if so, did he leave any word for his mother, and when did they intend to bury him. They consider themselves *decidedly sold*.—*Brookville American.*

Earthquake Under the Tropics

The impression which the first earthquake makes upon us, even if it is unaccompanied by subterranean noise, is an inexpressibly powerful and quite peculiar one. What moves us so powerfully is, the disappointment of our inherent faith in the repose and immutability of the firm solid earth. A moment destroys the illusions of a life. We are undeceived as to the repose of the earth, and feel transported within the sphere of destroying unknown powers. We scarcely trust the ground on which we stand; the strangeness of the occurrence produces the same anxious uneasiness in animals. Pigs and dogs especially are overpowered by it; and the crocodiles of the Orinoco, generally as dumb as our little lizards, leave the agitated bed of the river, and rush howling into the forests. To man, an earthquake appears as something omnipresent, unbounded. We can escape an active eruption, or from a lava stream flowing towards our dwelling; but during an earthquake wherever one flies seems the heart of destruction.—*Lives of the Brothers Humboldt.*

BAYARD TAYLOR ON NUTMEGS.—On our return to the ship we visited a nutmeg plantation. The trees which are from twenty to thirty feet in height, are placed in rows, at intervals of about twenty feet. The leaf is dark green and glossy, resembling that of the laurel, and the fruit at a little distance, might be taken for a small russet-colored apple. When ripe the thick husk splits in the centre, showing a scarlet net work of mace, enveloping an inner nut, black as ebony, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce. The clove tree, not now in its bearing season, has some resemblance to the nutmeg, but the leaf is smaller and the foliage more loose and spreading. As we drove through the orchard the warm air of noon was heavy with spice. The rich odors exhaled from the trees penetrated the frame with a sensation of languid and voluptuous repose. Perfume became an appetite, and the senses were drugged with an overpowering feeling of luxury. Had I continued to indulge in it, I should ere long have realized the Syberite's complaint of his crumpled rose-leaf.

PRAYER.—One of the prettiest prayers we ever heard of was that of a little girl, not quite three years old:

"O, Lord, bless my dear papa, and my sweet mama, and our man John, and our horse Billy, and Katie's bright star Venus, and all the beautiful flowers. Amen."

This is better than the prayer of the man we read about:

"O, Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John, and his wife, us four, and no more. Amen."

TO RAISE EARLY POTATOES.—To obtain a crop of potatoes one month earlier than in any other way, pursue the following course. Cover up the seed in stable manure. As soon as the germs appear, plant them, and the crop will ripen one month earlier than in the ordinary way. Several years' experience proves the fact. Success depends entirely upon planting as soon as the germs appear. So says a correspondent, and it may answer where these germs are not planted out too early in the season.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.—Sir Astley Cooper on visiting the French capital, was waited on by the surgeon *en chef* of the empire, how many times he had performed some wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times.

'Ah, but Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many time did you save his life? continued the curious Frenchman, after he looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face.

Still the Englishman, struck by reason, of thirteen. 'How many did you save then of a hundred and sixty?'

'Ah, Monsieur I blow dem all, but dat operation was very brilliante.'

It is hard for a man who has seen England and France both in motion to forget the story.

A gentleman who was conversing with Senator Douglas told him that the attorney of the New England clergy was very much like asking after the welfare of all living with him, but for the fun of the thing.