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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."

From Dickens' Household Words.

Home-Sickness.

Where I am, the halls are gilded,
Stored with pictures bright and rare;
Strains of deep melodious music
Float upon the perfumed air;—
Nothing stirs the dreary silence
Save the melancholy sea,
Near the poor and humble cottage,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the sun is shining,
And the purple windows glow,
Till their rich armorial shadows
Stain the marble floor below:—
Faded Autumn leaves are trembling,
On the withered jasmine tree,
Creeping round the little casement,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am the days are passing,
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
Song and joy and starry pleasures
Crown the happy, smiling hours:—
Slowly, heavily and sadly,
Time and weary wings must flee,
Marked by pain and toil and sorrow,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the great and noble,
Tell me of renown and fame,
And the red wine sparkles highest,
To do honor to my name:—
Far away a place is vacant,
By an humble hearth for me,
Dying embers dimly show it
Where I fain would be!

Where I am are glorious dreaming,
Science, genius, art, divine,
And the great minds whom all honor
Interchange their thoughts with mine:—
A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, wearying for me,
Far away where tears are falling,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am all think me happy,
For so well I play my part,
None can guess who smile around me,
How far distant is my heart:
Far away in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
Where the treasures of my life are,
Where I fain would be!

Tales and Sketches.

REVOLUTIONARY ADVENTURE.

The leading events of the war of Independence are familiar to every American; but many incidents, full of interest and adventure, yet remain to be disclosed. There are those yet living who remember the following story.

The American authorities found much difficulty in disposing of their prisoners. They had no posts regularly fitted for the purpose; and they could suggest no better means for securing them, than to place them under a guard in a thickly settled part of the country, where the inhabitants were most decidedly hostile to the English. The town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, was one of those selected for this purpose. The prisoners were confined in barracks, enclosed with a stockade and vigilantly guarded. But in spite of all precautions, they often disappeared in an unaccountable manner and nothing was heard of them till they had resumed their place in the British army. Many and various were the conjectures as to the means of their escape; the officers inquired and investigated in vain; the country was explored to no purpose; the soldiers shook their heads, and told of fortune-tellers, pedlers, and such characters who had been seen at intervals; and sundry of the more credulous could think of nothing but supernatural agency; but whether man or spirit was the conspirator, the mystery was unbroken.

When this became known to Washington, he sent General Hazen to take this responsible charge. This energetic officer, after exhausting all resources, resorted to stratagem. He was convinced that, as the nearest British post was more than a hundred miles distant, the prisoners must be aided by Americans, but where the suspicion should fall, he could not even conjecture, the reproach of Toryism being almost unknown in that region.—Having been trained to meet exigencies of this kind, in a distinguished career as colonel in the British army, his plan was formed at once, and he communicated it to an officer of his own, upon whose talent he relied for its successful execution. This was Captain Lee, whose courage and ability fully justified the selection.

The secret plan concerted between them was this. It was to be given out that Lee was absent on furlough or command. He, meantime, was to assume the dress of a British prisoner, and, having provided himself with information and a story of his capture, was to be thrown into the barracks, where he might gain the confidence of the soldiers, and join them in a plan of escape. How well Captain Lee sustained his part may be inferred from the fact that when he had disappeared and placed himself among the prisoners, his own officers and soldiers saw him every day without the least suspicion. The person to whom I am indebted for most of these particulars was the Intendent of the prisoners, and familiar with Lee; but though compelled to see him often in the discharge of his duty, he never penetrated the disguise. Well it was for Lee that his disguise was so complete. Had his associates suspected his purpose to betray them, his history would have been embraced in the proverb, "dead men tell no tales."

For many days he remained in this situation, making no discoveries whatever. He thought he perceived, at different times, signs of intelligence between the prisoners, and an old woman, who was allowed to bring fruit for sale within the enclosure. She was known to be deaf and half-witted, and was therefore no object of suspicion. It was known that her son had been disgraced and punished in the American army, but she had never betrayed any malice on that account, and no one dreamed that she could have had the power to do injury if she possessed the will.—Lee watched her closely, but saw nothing to confirm his suspicions. Her dwelling was about a mile distant, in a wild retreat, where she shared her miserable quarters with a dog and cat, the former of which mounted guard over her mansion, while the latter encouraged superstitious fears which were equally effectual in keeping visiters away.

One dark, stormy night in autumn, he was lying awake at midnight, meditating on the enterprize he had undertaken, which though in the beginning it had recommended itself to his romantic disposition, had now lost all its charms. It was one of those tempests, which in our climate so often hang upon the path of the departing year. His companions slept soundly, but the wind, which shook the building to its foundation and threw heavy splashes of rain against the window, conspired with the state of his mind, to keep him wakeful. All at once the door was gently opened, and a figure moved silently into the room. It was too dark to observe its motions narrowly, but he could see that it stooped towards one of the sleepers, who immediately rose; next it approached him and touched him on the shoulder. Lee immediately started up; the figure then allowed a slight gleam from a dark lantern to pass over his face, and as he did so, whispered impatiently, "not the man—but come!" It then occurred to Lee that this was the opportunity he desired. The unknown whispered to him to keep his place till another man was called; but just at that moment, some noise disturbed him, and, making a sign to Lee to follow, he moved silently out of the room.

They found the door of the house unbarred, and a small part of the fence removed, where they passed out without molestation; the sentry had retired to a shelter where he thought he could guard his post without suffering from the rain; but Lee saw that his conductors put themselves in preparation to silence him if he should happen to address them. Just without the fence appeared a stooping figure, wrapped in a red cloak, and supporting itself with a large stick, which Lee at once perceived could be no other than the old fruit woman. But the most profound silence was observed; a man came out from a thicket at a little distance, and joined them, the whole party moved on under the guidance of the old woman. At first they frequently stopped to listen, but having heard the sentinel's cry, "all's well," they seemed reassured, and moved with more confidence than before.

They soon came near to her cottage, under an overhanging bank, where a bright light was shining out from a little window upon the wet and drooping boughs that hung near it. The dog received them graciously, and they entered. A table was spread, with some coarse provisions upon it, and a large jug, which one of the soldiers was about to seize, when the man who conducted them withheld him. "No," said he, "we must first proceed to business." He then went to a small closet, from which he returned with what seemed to have been, originally, a Bible, though now it was worn to a mahogany color and spherical form. While they were doing this, Lee had time to examine his companions; one of whom was a large, quiet looking soldier; the other, a short, stout man, with much the aspect of a villain. They examined him in turn, and as Lee had been obliged formerly to punish the shorter soldier severely, he felt some misgivings when the fellow's eye rested upon him. Their conductor was a middle-aged, harsh-looking man, whom Lee had never seen before.

As no time was to be lost, their guide explained to them in a few words, that before he should undertake his dangerous enterprise, he should require of them to swear upon the Scriptures, not to make the least attempt to escape, and never to reveal the circumstances or agents in the proceeding, whatever might befal them. The soldiers, however, insisted on deferring this measure, till they had formed some slight acquaintance with the contents of the jug, and expressed their sentiments on the subject rather by action than words. In this they were joined by Lee, who by this time had begun to contemplate the danger of his enterprise in a new and unpleasant point of view. If he were to be compelled to accompany his party to New-York, his disguise would at once be detected, and it was certain that he would be hanged as a spy. He had supposed, beforehand, that he should find no difficulty in escaping at any moment; but he saw that their conductor had prepared arms for them, which they were to use in taking the life of any one who should attempt to leave them—and then the oath. He might possibly have released himself from its obligations, when it became necesssary for the interests of his country; but no honorable man can well bear to be driven to an emergency, in which he must violate an oath, however reluctantly it was taken. He felt that there was no retreating, when there came a heavy shock, as if something falling against the sides of the house; their practised ear at once detected the alarm gun; and their conductor, throwing down the old Bible, which he had held all the while impatiently in his hand, directed the party to follow him in close order, and immediately quitted the house, taking with him his dark lantern.

They went on with great despatch, but not without difficulty. Sometimes their footing would give way on some sandy bank or slippery field; and when their path led through the woods, the wet boughs dashed heavily in their faces. Lee felt he might have deserted his precious companions while they were in this hurry and alarm; but he felt, that, as yet, he had made no discoveries; and however dangerous his situation was, he could not bear to confess that he had not nerve to carry it through. On he went, therefore, for two or three hours, and was beginning to sink with fatigue, when the barking of a dog brought the party to a stand. Their conductor gave a low whistle, which was answered at no great distance, and a figure came forward in the darkness, who whispered to their guide, and then led the way up to a building, which seemed by the shadowy outline, to be a large stone barn. They entered it, and were severally placed in small nooks where they could feel that the hay was all around them, except on the side of the wall. Shortly after, some provisions were brought to them with the same silence, and it was signified to them that they were to remain concealed through the whole of the coming day.

Through the crevice in the wall Lee could discover, as the day came on, that the barn was attached to a small farm-house. He was so near the house that he could overhear the conversation which was carried on about the door. The morning rose clear, and it was evident from the horsemen who occasionally gallopped up to the door, that the country was alarmed. The farmer gave short and surly replies, as if unwilling to be taken off from his labor; but the other inmates of the house were eager in their questions, and, from the answers, Lee gathered that the means by which he and his companions had escaped were as mysterious as ever.

The next night, when all was quiet, they resumed their march, and explained to Lee that, as he was not with them in their conspiracy and was accidentally associated with them in their escape, they should take the precaution to keep him before them just behind the guide. He submitted without opposition, though the arrangement considerably lessened the chances in favor of his escape. He observed from the direction of the stars that they did not move in a direct line toward the Delaware, but they changed their course so often that he could not conjecture at what point they intended to strike the river. He endeavored, when any peculiar object appeared, to fix it in his memory as well as the darkness would permit, and succeeded better than could have been expected, considering the agitated state in which he traveled.

For several nights they went on in this manner, being delivered over to different persons, from time to time; and as Lee could gather from their whispering conversation, they were regularly employed on occasions like the present, and well rewarded by the British for their services. Their employment was full of danger; and though they seemed like desperate men, he could observe that they never remitted their precautions. They were concealed by day in barns—cellars—caves made for the purpose, and similar retreats, and one day was passed in a tomb, the dimensions of which had been enlarged, and the inmates, if there had been any, banished to make room for the living. The burying grounds were a favorite retreat, and on more occasions than one they were obliged to resort to superstitious alarms to remove intruders upon their path; their success fully justified the experiment, and, unpleasantly situated as he was, in the prospect of soon being a ghost himself, he could not avoid laughing at the expedition with which old and young fled from the fancied apparitions under clouds of night, wishing to meet such enemies, like Ajax, in the face of day.

Though the distance to the Delaware was not great, they had now been twelve days on the road, and such was the vigilance and superstition prevailing throughout the country, that they almost despaired of effecting their object. The conductor grew impatient, and Lee's companions, at least one of them, became ferocious. There was, as we have said, something unpleasant to him in the glances of this fellow towards him, which became more and more fierce as they went on; but it did not appear whether it were owing to circumstances or actual suspicion. It so happened that, on the twelfth night, Lee was placed in a barn, while the rest of the party sheltered themselves in the cellar of a little stone church, where they could talk and act with more freedom, both because the solitude of the church was not often disturbed even on the Sabbath—and because the proprietors did not know that illegal hands had added a cellar to the conveniences of the building.

The party were seated here as the day broke, and the light, which struggled in 'tro' crevices opened for the purpose, showed a low room about twelve feet square, with a damp floor and large patches of white mould upon the walls. Finding, probably, that the pavement afforded no accommodations for sleeping, the worthies were seated each upon a little cask which seemed like those used for gunpowder. Here they were smoking pipes with great diligence, and, at intervals not distant, applying a huge canteen to their mouths, from which they drank with upturned faces expressive of solemn satisfaction. While they were thus engaged, the short soldier asked them in a careless way, if they knew whom they had in their party. The others started, and took their pipes from their mouths to ask him what he meant. "I mean," said he, "that we are honored with the company of Captain Lee, of the rebel army. The rascal once punished me, and I never mistook my man when I had a debt of that kind to pay. Now I shall have my revenge."

The others hastened to express their disgust at his ferocity, saying, that if, as he said, their companion was an American officer, all they had to do was to watch him closely.—They said that, as he had come among them uninvited, he must go with them to New-York, and take the consequences; but meantime, it was their interest not to seem to suspect him, otherwise he might give an alarm, whereas it was evidently his intention to go with them till they were ready to embark for New-York. The other persisted in saying that he would have his revenge with his own hand, upon which the conductor, drawing a pistol declared to him that if he saw the least attempt to injure Captain Lee, or any conduct which would lead him to suspect that his disguise was discovered, he would that moment shoot him through the head. The soldier put his hand upon his knife with an ominous scowl upon his conductor; but seeing that he had to do with some one who was likely to be as good as his word, he restrained himself, and begun to arrange some rubbish to serve him for a bed. The other soldier followed his example, and their guide withdrew, locking the door after him.

The next night they went on as usual, but the manner of their conductor showed that there was more danger than before; in fact, he explained to the party, that they were now not far from the Delaware, and hoped to reach it before midnight. They occasionally heard the report of a musket, which seemed to indicate that some movement was going on in the country. Thus warned, they quickened their steps, and it was not long before they saw a gleam of broad clear light before them, such as is reflected from calm waters even in the darkest night. They moved up to it with deep silence; there were various emotions in their breasts; Lee was hoping for an opportunity to escape from an enterprise which was growing too serious, and the principal objects of which were already answered; the others were anxious lest some accident might have happened to the boat on which they depended for crossing the stream.

When they came to the bank there were no traces of a boat on the waters. Their conductor stood still for a moment in dismay; but, recollecting himself he said it was possible it might have been secured lower down the stream, and, forgetting every thing else, he directed the larger soldier to accompany him, and, giving a pistol to the other, he whispered, "If the rebel officer attempts to betray us, shoot him; if not, you will not, for your own sake, make any noise to show where we are." In the same instant they departed, and Lee was left alone with the ruffian.

He had before suspected that the fellow knew him, and now doubts were changed to certainty at once. Dark as it was, it seemed as if fire flashed from his eye, now that he felt that revenge was in his power. Lee was as brave as any officer in the army, but he was unarmed, and though he was strong, his adversary was still more powerful. While he stood, uncertain what to do, the fellow seemed enjoying the prospect of revenge, as he looked upon him with a steady eye.—Though the officer stood to appearance unmoved, the sweat rolled in heavy drops from his brow. He soon took his resolution, and sprang upon his adversary with the intention of wresting the pistol from his hand; but the other was upon his guard, and aimed with such precision, that, had the pistol been charged with a bullet, that moment would have been his last. But it seemed that the conductor had trusted to the sight of his weapons to render the use of them unnecessary, and had therefore loaded them only with powder; as it was, the shock threw Lee to the ground; but fortunately, as the fellow dropped the pistol, it fell where Lee could reach it, and as his adversary stooped, and was drawing his knife from his bosom, Lee was able to give him a stunning blow. He immediately threw himself upon the assassin, and a long and bloody struggle began; they were so nearly matched in strength and advantage, that neither dared unclench his hold for the sake of grasping the knife; the blood gushed from their mouths, and the combat would have probably ended in favor of the assassin, when steps and voices were heard advancing, and they found themselves in the hands of a party of countrymen, who were armed for the occasion, and were scouring the banks of the river. They were forcibly torn apart, but so exhausted and breathless, that neither could make any explanation, and they submitted quietly to the disposal of their captors.

The party of armed countrymen, though they had succeeded in their attempt, and were sufficiently triumphant on the occasion, were sorely perplexed to determine how to dispose of their prisoners. After some discussion, one of them proposed to throw the decision upon the wisdom and judgment of the nearest magistrate. They accordingly proceeded with their prisoners to his mansion, and called on him to rise and attend to business. A window was hastily thrown up, and the justice put forth his night capped head, and, with more wrath than became his dignity, ordered them off; and, in requittal for their calling him out of bed in the cold, generously wished them in the warmest place which then occurred to his imagination.—However resistance was in vain; he was compelled to rise; and as soon as the prisoners were brought before him, he ordered them to be taken in irons to the prison at Philadelphia. Lee improved the opportunity to take the old gentleman aside, and told him who he was and why he was thus disguised; the justice only interrupted him with the occasional inquiry, "Most done?" When he had finished, the magistrate told him that his story was very well made, and told in a manner very creditable to his address, and that he should give it all the weight which it seemed to require. All Lee's remonstrances were unavailing.

As soon as they were fairly lodged in prison, Lee prevailed on the jailor to carry a note to Gen. Lincoln, informing him of his condition. The General received it as he was dressing in the morning, and immediately sent one of his aids to the jail. That officer could not believe his eyes when he saw Captain Lee. His uniform, worn out when he assumed it, was now hanging in rags about him, and he had not been shaved for a fortnight; he wished, very naturally, to improve his appearance before presenting himself before the Secretary of War; but the orders were peremptory to bring him as he was. The General loved a joke full well; his laughter was hardly exceeded by the report of his own cannon; and long and loud did he laugh that day.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN;

OR, THE DYING SWAN.

He had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amid the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician. He doubted his own genius.

Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying—'He is a clever pianist.'

Thus was it said of Gericault—'He blends his colors well;' and thus of Goethe—'He has a tolerable style, and he commits no fault in orthography.'

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarrelled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived, isolated and sad, in a small house that scarcely sufficed for his necessities.—There his only pleasure was in wandering amid the green alleys of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would suffer himself to give scope to his genius, to compose his marvellous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears, and which human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of his solitary dreaming, a letter arrived which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him. A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off upon his journey, and compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot.—One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house, and solicited shelter. He had yet several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work. The father gave the key note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genius, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts.

To observe all this was the only share that Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performances from the movement of the executants, and the fire that animated their features.

When they had finished, they shook each others' hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness, and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms. Then they appeared to consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height; their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

'My friends,' said Beethoven, 'I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music; but, as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound. Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions.'

He took the paper in his hand; his eyes grew dim; his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the music, and burst into tears. These peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise. For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head, and said—'I am Beethoven.'

And they uncovered their heads and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed, and wept over them; for they knew that they had amongst them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all—the father, the mother, the young girl, and her three brothers. All at once he rose up, and, sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of this *chef'd œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed: but during the night Beethovan was restless and fevered. He rose; he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony: the winds sighed through the branches of the trees, and moaned along the avenues and glades of the wood. He remained some hours wandering thus amid the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house he was seized with an icy chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician. Dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late. Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent towards him, and, by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated; his eyes shone; he struggled for utterance, and gasped—*'Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent, after all?'*

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed, his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.

Interesting Presentation.

We are pleased to state that our esteemed old friend, Mrs. Partington, has been presented with a new corn broom by her grocer, as a mark of esteem for the prompt manner in which she has paid up her bills. The presentation was made in the front part of the shop amid a crowd of orange baskets and sugar barrels, and the ceremonial was marked by peculiar interest, as was the skirt of Mrs. Partington's dress with an estray puff of flour. The grocer, handing the broom at arm's length over the counter, addressed her—his eyes filled with tears and his mouth filled with half an orange—as follows: 'Take the broom, mem, and with it the assurance of my distinguished consideration.' Mrs. Partington took the broom in her fingers, and with evident emotion, said, at the same time looking at Ike, who was peering wistfully into the orange basket, "I thank you for the broom, and I shall never forget the doughnut." She meant the donor, and Ike said she did say so; but the grocer, who was a grosser man, thought differently. The broom, on one side of the handle, bears on a small square piece of yellowish paper, the inscription, "Half dozen corn brooms, made and warranted by the Harvard Society, and for sale by grocers generally;" and on the other—nothing at all. The broom was a beautiful tribute of groceries to worth, and the story which afterwards 'got round,' that she had paid two York shillings for the broom, and that the presentation was all a sham, was an outrageous libel that had its origin in the meanest envy.—*Boston Post.*

Women and Tears.

These two topics are properly put in connection at the head of our paragraph (says the Boston Post,) since, as the logicians say, "the latter flows naturally from the former." As pathos and June are nearly opposite sides of the same thing, so women cry as easily as they laugh, and, we are inclined to think, enjoy the latter diversion quite as much as the former. The "luxury of wo," as some sentimentalist calls it, is to them a satisfaction even more intense than that of making a lover jealous or a rival envious. Sometimes, indeed, crying becomes an evil, (a "crying evil," of course,) like any other amusement when it is indulged in to excess. Tears, no doubt, may be "run into the ground," which is certainly "carrying the thing too far."—Yet, except for real, heartfelt grief, handsome eyes, whether black or blue, are not often spoiled by weeping. As water always finds its level, the lachrymal fountain usually regulates itself—"a wise provision of nature," as the moralists say. When a *man* cries, he is either in deep affliction or—drunk. But, fortunately, women can weep without grief or chriety. Let 'em weep. To dam a woman's eyes would be as unkind as it sounds profane. Let her cry, if she likes; she will feel the better for it, and look none the worse. Take away her "rights," if you will, but don't deprive her of this most beautiful and valuable "water privilege."

RIPTON RUMSEY.

A TALE OF THE WATERS.

Where Ripton had been in the early part of the evening, it would not have been easy either for himself or any one else to tell. It is therefore fair to infer, that, distributing his attentions, he had been as usual "about in spots." The fact is, he has a hobby, which like many hobbies, is apt to throw its rider. Although temperately disposed, such is the inquiring nature of his philosophic spirit, that, with a view perhaps, to the ultimate benefit of the human race, he is continually experimenting as to the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the human frame. It is probable therefore, that on this occasion having "imbibed to much of the enemy" neat as imported, he had walked forth to qualify it by a stroll in the rain. This however is irrelevant, where he was is the point at issue.

The rain came down heavier than ever.—A solitary watchman, more amphibious than his race in general, was seen wending his way through the puddles, thinking, if he thought at all, of the discomforts of those whom Noah left behind, and of that happy provision of nature which renders a wet back fatal to none but young goslings. Dodging between the drops was out of the question, so he strode manfully onward, until he stumbled over something which lay like a lion, or a bundle of wet clothing, in his path.

'Why, hello!—what do you call this when it's biled, and the skin's tuck off?'—said he, recovering himself, and giving the obstruction a shove with his foot. 'What's this without ing'ens?' continued he, in that metaphorical manner, peculiar to men of his profession when they ask for naked truths and uncooked facts.

It was Ripton Rumsey—in that independent condition which places men beyond the control of circumstances, enabling them to sleep quietly either on the pavement, or on the track of a well travelled railroad, and to repose in despite of rain, thunder, a gnawing conscience, or the fear of a locomotive. It was Ripton Rumsey, saved from being floated away solely by the saturated condition of both his internal and external man.

'It's a man,' remarked the investigator, holding to a tree with his right hand, as he curiously, yet cautiously pawed Ripton with his left foot. 'It's a man, who's turned in outside the door, and is taking a snooze on the cold water principle. Well, I say, neighbor, jist in a friendly way,' added he giving Ripton a prodigious kick as an evidence of his amicable feeling—'if you don't get up, you'll ketch a nagee or the collar-and-fix you. Up with you, Jacky Dadle.'

Ripton's condition, as before hinted, was beyond the ordinary impulses to human action; and he, therefore endured several severe digs with the foot aforesaid, without uttering more than a deep-toned grunt; but at last the sharp corner of the boot coming in contact with his ribs, he suddenly turned over in the graceful attitude of a frog, and struck out vigorously. Like Giovanni's faithful squire, he proved himself an adept at swimming on land. He 'handled' his arms and legs with such dexterity, that before his progress could be arrested, he was on the curbstone. The next instant heard him plunge into the swollen and roaring kennel, and with his head sticking above the water, he buffeted the waves with a heart of controversy.

'The boa.'s blowed up, and them that ain't biled are all overboard!' spluttered the swimmer, as he dashed the waters about, and seemed almost strangled with the quantities which entered the hole in his head entitled a mouth, which was sadly unacquainted with undistilled fluids—'Strike out, or you're gone chickens! them as can't swim must tread water, and them as can't tread water must go to Davy Jones! Let go my leg! Every man for himself! Phree-e! bro-o-o! Who's got some splatterdocks?'

The watch looked on in silent admiration, but finding that the aquatic gentleman did not make much headway, and that a probability existed of his going out of the world in soundings and by water, a way evidently not in conformity to his desires, the benevolent guardian of the night thought proper to interpose; and bending himself to the work, at last succeeded in re-establishing Rumsey on the curbstone.

'Ha!' said Ripton, after gasping a few minutes, and wringing the water from his face and hair—'you've saved me, and you'll be put in the newspapers for it by way of solid reward. Jist in time—I'd been down twyst and if I'd gone agin, Ripton Rumsey would a stayed there—once more and the last and the nearest gits it. Only think—my eye! how the shads and catfiss would a chawed me up! Getting drowned ain't no fun, and after you're drowned it's wus. My sufferings what I had, and my sufferings what I like to had is enough to make a feller cry, only I ain't got no hankercher, and my sleeve's so wet it won't wipe good.'

'Yes, young'un," said the Charley, 's'posing the fishes had been betting on elections, they'd have invited the other fishes to eat you for oyster suppers,—so much majority for sturgeon-nose, or a Ripton Rumsey supper for the company—why not? If we ketch the fishes we eat them; and if they ketch us, they eat us—bite all around.'

But the storm again began to howl, and as Ripton evidently did not understand the rationale of the argument, the watchman lost his poetic sympathy for the Jonah of the gutters. Even had he heard the fishes calling for 'Ripton Rumseys fried, 'Ripton Rumseys stewed, or Ripton Rumseys on a chafing dish,' he would have felt indifferent about the matter, and if asked how he would take him, would undoubtedly have said, 'Ripton Rumsey on a wheelbarrow.'

'You must go to the watch-house.'

'What fur must I? Fetch along the Humane Society's apparatus for the recovery of drowned indiwidoouals—them's what I want—I'm water logged. Bring us one of the largest kind of smallers—a tumbler full of brandy and water, without no water in it. I've no notion of being diddled out of the sweets of my interesting sitivation—I want the goodies—wrap me in a hot blanket and lay me by the fire—put hot bricks to my feet, fill me up with hot toddy, and then go away.—That's the scientific touch, and it's the only way I'm to be brung to, because when I'm drowned I'm a hard case.'

The Charley promised all, if Ripton would accompany him. The soft delusion was believed, and the 'hard case' was lodged in the receptacle for such as he, where before he discovered the deception, he fell into a profound slumber, which lasted till morning.—The examination was as follows:

'Where do you live?'

'I'm no ways peticke ar—jist where it's cheapest and most convenient. The cheapest kind of living, according to my notion, is when it's pretty good and don't cost nothing. In winter, the Alms House is not slow, and if you'll give us a call, you'll find me there when the snow's on the ground. But when natur' smiles and the grass is green, I'm out like a hoppergrass. The fact is, my constitution isn't none of the strongest; hard work hurts my system; so I go about doing little jobs for a sip or a levy, so's to get my catnip tea and bitters regular—any thing for a decent living, if it does'nt tire a feller. But hang the city—rural felicity and no Charleys is the thing, after all—pumpkins, cabbages, and apple whiskey is always good for a weakly constitution and a man of an elevated turn of mind.'

'Well, I'll send you to Moyamensing prison—quite rural.'

The sound of that awful word struck terror to the very marrow of Ripton. Like the rest of his class, while bearing his soul in his stomach, he carries his heart at the end of his nose, and to his heart rushed the blood from every part of his frame, until the beacon blazed with a lurid glare, and the bystanders apprehended nasal apoplexy. The rudder of his countenance grew to such a size that there was no mistaking the leading feature of the case. To see before him, Ripton was obliged to squint direfully, and as the beggar in Gil Blas did his carbine, he found himself under the necessity of resting his tremendous probocis on the clerk's desk, while cocking his eye at his honor.

'Miamensin!' stammered Ripton—'Ouch, ouch, now don't, that's a clover feller. Arch street was all well enough—plenty of company and conversation to improve a chap. But Miamensin—scandaylus! Why they clap you right into a bag as soon as you get inside the door, jist as if they had bought you by the bushel, and then, by way of finishing your education, they lug you along and empty you into a room where you never see nothing nor nobody. It's jist wasting a man—I'm be bagged if I go to Miamensin! I'd rather be in the Menagerry, and be stirred up with a long pole twenty times a day, so as to cause me for to growl to amuse the the company. I ain't potatoes to be put into a bag—blow the bag!'

'There's no help for it, Ripton; you are a vagrant and you must be taken care of.'

'That's what I like; but bagging a man is no sort of a way of taking care of him, unless he's a dead robin or a shot tom-tit. As for being a vagrom, it's all owing to my weakly constitution, and because I can't have my bitters and catnip tea regular. But if it's the law, here's at you. Being a judge or a mayor, or any thing of that sort's easy done without catnip tea; it don't hurt your hands, or strain your back; but jist try a spell at smashing stones, or piling logs, and you'd learn what's what without being put in a bag.

'Never mind,' said Ripton as he was conducted from the office, every thing goes round in this world. Perhaps I'll be stuck up some day on a bench to ladle out law to the loafers. Who knows? Then let me have a holt of some of the chaps that made Miamensin. I'd ladle the law out to them so hot, they'd not send their plates for more soup in a hurry. I'd have a whole bucketful of catnip tea alongside, and the way they would ketch thirty days, and thirty days a top of that, would make 'em grin like cheesy cats. First I'd bag all the Charleys, and then I'd bag all the mayors, and sew 'em up.'—*Charcoal Sketches.*

Scene in a Railroad Car.

The seats of the car were all occupied—crowded. None of our cars ever yet were full, so, of course, the house on wheels stopped for me.

Not wishing to disturb those who were in the car, I was intending to stand, but a gentleman up at the far end arose and insisted upon my taking his seat. Being very tired, I thanked him and obeyed.

Presently, a lady, much younger, much prettier, and much better dressed than myself, entered. Not less than four gentlemen arose instantly, offering her a seat. She smiled sweetly and unaffectedly, and thanking the gentleman who offered the nearest seat to her, she seated herself with a peculiar grace of manner. She had one of those faces Raphael was always painting—touchingly sweet and expressive.

A little after this young beauty had taken her seat, a poor waman, looking very thin and very pale, with that haggard and care-worn look that poverty, and sorrow, and hard labor always give, came in. She might have been one of those poor seamstresses who work like slaves and starve for their labor. She was thinly and meanly clad, and seemed weak and exhausted. She had evidently no sixpences to throw away, and came into the car not to stand, but to rest while she was helped on in her journey.

While she was meekly standing for the moment, none of the *gentlemen (?)* offering to rise, Raphael's angel, with sweet reproving eyes, looked on those who had so officiously offered *her* a seat, and seeing none of them attempt to move, and just as I myself was rising to give the poor lady my place, she arose and insisted upon the woman taking her seat.

It was all the work of but a moment; and the look of grateful surprise the old woman gave her, and the glance of sweet pity the beautiful girl bestowed on the woman as she yielded her seat, and the evident consternation of the broadcloth individuals, who were manifestly put to shame, all were to me irresistibly interesting and instructive.

One of these same broadcloth wearers, apparently overpowered with confusion, got up and left the car, and Raphael's angel took his vacant seat.

INFLUX OF EMIGRANTS.—The immigration from the old world continues with augmenting force. We learn from the books of the Commissioners of emigration, that the total number of aliens who arrived at this port from the 1st of January last to the 24th inst., was 87,022, being an increase of 18,883 over the same period last year. The immigration this month is already larger than ever before during an equal length of time, with few exceptions. A striking feature in this movement, is the great increase in the German element of emigration, and which now, as it has done, since the year 1852, exceeds any other. By many interested in the welfare of the country, this circumstance is viewed with gratification, on account of the neutralizing influence which the Germans and Irish exert upon each other. For many years the Irish immigration greatly preponderated, till in 1851, the Germans suddenly increased from 70,883 to 118,126 in 1852, placing the the Irish slightly in the back ground.