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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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Tales and Sketches.

Written for the Baltimore Weekly Sun.

HYDROPHOBIA.

BY MISS VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow the silken waves down,
Of thy slender foot and bright,
Of thy silver mitered breast,
Shining out from all the rest,
Of thy body purely.

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light;
Leap! thy slender foot and bright,
Caught in fringes,
Leap! these tasselled ears of thine
Slicker strongly, fair and fine,
Down their golden inches.

Mrs. BROWNE.

It will be strange," said Emily Abbott, on the afternoon of her sixteenth birthday, "if Walter brings me no gift to-day." Papa has surprised me with this beautiful rose-wood furniture for my sleeping room, and mama too purchased those elegant roses from Valentia's—all my friends have remembered me, as these books and dresses and bouquets will testify—all but Walter; and I'd rather have even so little a souvenir from him than all these heaps of nice things, except the gifts of my parents.

At this moment, a servant brought in a small package which had been left at the door for Miss Emily.

"This must be from Walter," said Emily, examined the young lady, as she hastily untied the envelope.

"Ah! how magnificent!" she cried, as her gaze fell upon a Geneva watch of the most exquisite workmanship, and with a chain of pearls strung with gold attached. The expression of her glowing countenance changed, as she read the note which accompanied this costly present. "It is not Walter's present," she sighed.

And two-thirds her pleasure in its beauty was gone, for it came from a designing old bachelor who lived across the street—and who fell in love with every youthful form and smiling face—who quite persecuted this really lovely young girl—and whom the pet did dislike exceedingly.

Laying the tiny watch disdainfully upon the table, she strode to the window and looked out thoughtfully on the palace of the presumptuous old bachelor with its marble steps and plate glass windows—her brilliant hazel eyes followed the gay tide of people sweeping by in sleighs to the swift tune of tinkling bells. Yet she scarcely saw them, so preoccupied was her mind with wondering why her cousin Walter, of all others, should not even send her a note of congratulation upon this eventful day; of which they were both speaking the preceding evening, when he had said, with an earnest look which made her flush with confident delight, "You will no longer be a child, but a woman, Emily."

As she remained by the window, for the twentieth time since morning, the servant who waited upon the door bell appeared with in the apartment with the same brief—for Miss Emily. "He held something in his arms wrapped up in a silk handkerchief." The young girl approached with great curiosity to ascertain the contents of the bundle, which announced itself without ceremony, by an impatient sharp little bark, to be a lap dog.

"Oh! my darling creature, you dear little fellow!" exclaimed the young lady, as she took off his wrappings and stood him down upon the carpet.

It was one of the rarest and most diminutive of his race. All lovers of his kind would affirm that he was a "perfect beauty." He wore a gold collar heavy and as rich as a lady's bracelet, upon which was inscribed

FLUSH.

The Faithful Dog of Emily.

A billet was attached to his ribbon in Walter's beloved hand-writing praying his cousin to accept his humble gift, which he hoped would be to her so constant a companion and so faithful a friend that she would perceive in it something of the tastes and desires of the giver. The note further stated that "Flush" had been named after Miss Barrett's immortalized pet; that he was just from Paris; and that there was not another so fine a lap dog in the whole city.

"I am ready to believe that," said his mistress, as she stooped to raise him to her arms.

His brown silken ears, his gentle eyes, his tiny proportions were to her subjects of wonder and delight. The warm caresses she bestowed upon him may have borrowed some tenderness from thoughts of the giver of the pretty creature. He seemed to confer more pleasure than all the beautiful presents which lay upon the table. In playfulness she detached the elegant chain from the old bachelor's watch and fastening it to "Flush's" neck, led him captive into the presence of her mother, by whom he was very much admired and who said, "I am the happiest of girls!" repeated Emily, softly to herself, as wearied with waiting ten times around the parlors with Flush in her arms, she deposited him upon the sofa and turned to the large mirror to put in place her down-falling curls.

If youth, health, love, wealth and beauty could make the child of sixteen so happy, it was no wonder. No face ever reflected in that gilded mirror so singularly beautiful as this—fair alike from its freshness, innocence, glowing complexion and perfect features. The "kisses of heaven" had never visited it so roughly. The fondness of parental affection had surrounded the only daughter with such excess of tender indulgence that had not the sweetness of her mind and temper been almost ineffable they would have made of her a capricious mistress, instead of the dutiful child she was. "The happiest of girls!"

As she repeated this, looking at the same time an elbow curl back from her rosate cheek, her glance fell upon the reflection of her pet upon the sofa. She turned quickly around and gazed at the dog's inhuman eyes—fixed and threatening, glaring upon her with so strange an expression that she shuddered and felt a cold thrill striking to her heart. They seemed to express the very intensity of malice and to say that she should never be happy again. She retreated two or three steps nearer to the door unconsciously, impelled by a wish to escape from the terrifying influence of those eyes; and yet not thinking of a certain danger which she might be incurring, and grieved that her new favorite should display so early a disposition she held out her hand, saying coaxingly, "Flush!"

Immediately the dog sprang towards her with almost the bound of a cat, and with so fierce a yelp that she, too, sprang and placed

the hall door between herself and her furious little enemy.

"I declare I will never love you, you cross little rascal!" said Emily, tears of vexation on her cheeks as she recovered from her fright, and gently upstaring the dog peeped in and saw Flush lying at his ease on the rug, his old godfathered expression returned, and seemed disposed to sport with the chain that was dangling around his feet in glittering links of pearls and gold.

His sudden fit of ferocity made her very cautious in her advances; so that it was some minutes before she gained confidence to approach the rug and kneel down upon it and pat his silken head, and remove him in her musical tones to his naughtiness.

"You will be sent back to your master, or kept upon a diet of skimmed milk if ever you behave in such a manner again. You have made me laugh and cry, and given me such a fright that I shall dream about it. You looked more like an evil spirit than like the faithful dog of Emily, as that collar so flatteringly says. Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

Flush rubbed his nose affectionately against her hand, looking up into her face with eyes as meek as though they were incapable of any more fierce light. He seemed silently begging her pardon for his fit of ill temper, and she so soon forgave him that when the teabell rang, she had decided to give him his supper then and forever out of sight. Upon a plate of rare old porcelain which had hitherto been her own peculiar property.

That evening Walter Abbott came in and found her with Flush nestled on her shoulder, playing with her shining curls and biting the fresh flowers which adorned them. Walter, although bearing the same family name, was but a very distant relative of Emily; but he had been brought up near her, and their warm friendship, which was not dissipated by the parents of either, took refuge under the title of cousin. Pleased that the beautiful girl thought so well of his gift, he was yet a little jealous of the almost exclusive attention which she bestowed upon it. She related to him what a savage disposition the tiny animal had already shown; her cousin laughed at her retreating before a puny dog, and attributed his ill humor to the fact of his being amid strangers, adding:

"But it will not be long until he is as devoted as the rest of your friends. See! how lovingly he is crouched upon your shoulder."

Her father, Dr. Abbott, who had a great aversion to the whole canine race, looked over his spectacles, with no friendly eyes for the handsome pet; he could not bear to see it in his daughter's arms, upon her neck. If she would allow it to remain where it belonged, upon the carpet, he would not care; but to see Emily caressing that senseless thing, when there were so many more reasonable creatures who prized her caresses above all else, was a constant source of vexation to him. He was as usual, and perched upon his knee, he caused her to leave poor Flush upon an ottoman—he should not prize her tenderness very highly, he said, if he was to see so much lavished upon a lap-dog. "Oh, but father, he's such a darling; just feel of his dainty ears and remark how very, very pretty he is—how delicate, how nice, and with what an intelligent look!"

"Yes! yes!" said the Doctor, impatiently. "It is just as if a beauty that ran mad in Miss Spencer's lap, and caused that poor girl a most horrible death!"

Emily shuddered. She thought of the fiery eyes that had startled her a few hours previously and the same cold thrill struck back to her heart. She knew that her father had good reason to dislike dogs since his attendance upon the death-bed of a young lady who had suffered all the inconceivable horrors of Hydrophobia. The stern man who could attend to all the often terrible duties of his profession without a quiver of his will, controlled nerves, had come from that scene of distress and madness, with an invincible aversion to the race of animals who so frequently inflict upon man the pangs of the fearful malady. She was almost tempted to renounce her dog; but another glance at him as he lay like a ball of glossy silken floss at her feet, overcame the resolution and made her more in love with him than ever.

From that time forward Flush was Emily's constant companion. He slept upon her bed at night and laid at her feet or in her lap by day. Yet she never forgot that strange and sudden outbreak that had startled her soul for one brief moment, upon meeting those lurid eyes the first day of his coming. When she had said to herself so confidently—now am I the happiest of girls! that malignant gaze had said, almost as plainly—"you shall never be happy again." He had no more such outbreaks of spite; it was principally in her dreams that the memory of that little scene recurred—visions made hateful by the glare of fiery eyes—bills came to be common visitors of her sleep. This may have been mere fancy, or the result of eating delicate supper too late in the evening, or the want of taking sufficient exercise.

If the latter reason, then Emily may have expected soon to be rid of her troublesome nightmares when summer came, and her family removed from the close city to their beautiful home in the country. Here she almost ran wild with the freedom of her playful life. Her gambols exceeded in merriment those of the indolent and aristocratic lap dog. He followed her from room to room, to the garden, to the grove, the grape arbor, the river, the lawn, but it was with rather a listless and disinterested air. Some times he threw aside his pet dignity and enjoyed it as highly as his mistress, when she wreathed him round and round with violets, and almost buried him in huge roses.

Walter was studying law in town, but the distance was only a few miles, and he spent his Sabbaths and holidays with his uncle, so that the summer was one of gayety and youthful enjoyment to the lovely Emily.

CHAPTER II.

It was a sultry day in August. So very warm and oppressive was the weather that Emily had hard work to amuse herself. Music, books, and drawing, were all as tasks; she lounged upon the sofa in the coolest part of the house; but even lounging was heavy business. Finally she resorted to her favorite seat under an elm, which spread its green arms far and wide, wooing whatever breeze crossed the lawn. Here, with a dreamy sort of a volume which could be read without much of an effort, she was wearing away the golden, but burning afternoon, when her attention was suddenly attracted by the distressed cry of her pet, who had bounded away from her a few moments before towards the road which skirted the lawn. Looking

up she beheld poor Flush in the power of a large dog, who was tearing him to pieces unmercifully. Emily echoed his cry of distress as she flew to the rescue of her tiny friend. Before she reached the spot the larger brute had trotted off, leaving his victim bleeding and torn upon the ground.

He turned his eyes imploringly upon his mistress, who with tears and lamentations bore him into the house and had his wounds carefully dressed. For many days he lay upon his little bed unable to frolic with his dear owner, who cherished him with tender care. At length he grew quite well again, and was able to run without limping, a gay attendant of the charming girl who was made only to be petted, and to have beautiful pets. The mischievous dog who attacked him was supposed to be a certain surly dog of a neighboring farmer, who made it his special business to fall upon and injure every member of his race whom he chanced to encounter, unless they were his superiors in strength and ferocity.

After an interval of a few weeks, Flush began to droop; he lost his appetite, grew thin, his silken coat lost some of its glossiness—he was evidently ill. In vain Emily concerned herself about him; he would not eat, even out of her delicate hand; he would not play or follow her fleet footsteps as was his wont; but would lie sluggishly in her lap for hours. The young girl besought her father to prescribe for him, but he always said "flush!" and added that the only medicine he needed was a bullet, or a dose of poison. A bullet! a dose of poison! Emily would almost as soon have thought of applying such remedies to a sick infant, so precious to her was her devoted and pretty favorite, who seemed indeed now to be the faithful dog of Emily.

About three weeks after this failure of his health, Emily one day heard Flush tearing about through her boudoir in a manner that excited her wonder. She saw him dash against the window and falling back upon her pots of choice flowers, crushing them in a woful manner. He did not perceive her for a moment; when he did, he ran towards her, foaming at the mouth, his eyes a dull, lurid red, his tail sweeping the floor. She spoke to him, but he did not recognize her voice; she held out her white hand and he sprang upon it, inflicting a deep wound upon her palm.

"Flush!" she shook him off, exclaiming with a horror-stricken face.

"He dog is mad!—is mad!"

He fled from the room, but it was too late; too late, indeed! for there upon her delicate palm was the bleeding imprint of his poisonous fangs. Flush dashed by her as she ran to the parlor and darting down the lawn disappeared up the road.

Terror and anguish filled the house.

"Oh! where is your father?" cried Mrs. Abbott, wringing her hands and gazing in a distracted manner upon that beautiful and beloved child now threatened with so frightful a doom. "Where is your father? He might do something to avert the consequences of this dreadful wound."

"Alas! he is in the city," replied Emily, more calm than her mother, but leaning colorless against the wall, overcome by the sudden calamity which had befallen her.

A servant was dispatched for help in the greatest haste. It was of course several hours before Dr. Abbott arrived, and in the meantime nothing had been done for the child, except to bathe the wound with cold salt and water.

The distress of the father was wordless and inexpressible. None could tell from the stern composure of his pale brow the sickness that was at his heart. All his study and experience as a physician tended to confirm him in the belief that the malady which threatened his daughter was incurable; that though judicious treatment, often deferred the evil day, yet its sometime coming was inevitable.

That evening, the day being Saturday, Walter came out to spend the time until Monday morning. The sad faces that met him made him aware of evil news. When he came to know what that news really was, the depth of the passion he cherished for his cousin became apparent in the violence of his grief.

"Fool! fool that I was to curse her with such a gift!" he cried in the bitterness of self reproach. He could not endure that any one should witness his emotion, but rushing out into the cool night-air, he paced up and down with hasty steps. In half an hour he returned to where his affianced was reclining, pale and nervous upon the sofa.

"Oh! Emily," he said, in a choking voice, "dear Emily, if it had only been me!"

"You shall not talk in that manner, unless you wish to add to my troubles. We can give nothing to the future, and we will bear anything, Walter, if we have faith and patience. And I do not think that you will so very easily. But, you know, it is so very difficult, that I can put myself in his hands without much fear of the result."

The sweetness with which the young girl said this; the courageous attempt she made to smile, and the love which lighted up her exquisite features, threw Walter into new agony. He bowed his head on his hands, while his frame shook violently. Her father, who had heard the last sentence, groaned aloud, and her mother's tears became mingled with sob.

ed to be diseased—she fled from the idea that every heart-throb brought her nearer to insanity, convulsions and death. A cot-bed was prepared in her parents' apartment, and placed so near to them, that by reaching out her hand she could touch her mother's dear face and gather comfort from her nearness.

Within two days the family started for a water-cure establishment. The wound in Emily's hand was not painful any longer, and seemed about to heal. Dr. Abbott was resolved that all that science and skill could do should be done. He commenced immediately reading everything that had ever been written upon hydrophobia, in his own country or the world. He found some French journals treating of the subject, which gave him some hope that did the madness manifest itself, he should be able to subdue it. His great object was to keep her from all excitement, to secure her from agitation and her pulse from fever. In the establishment to which they went there was an abundance of good society—cheerful, intelligent and refined. With this society Emily was encouraged to mingle. Walks, rides, music, pleasant conversation were used to while away her hours and direct her thoughts. Every one regarded the lovely young invalid with interest. To none, except the presiding physician, was confided the secret of her illness. Most people supposed her to be unimpaired, for her step had begun to grow languid and her cheeks had begun to bloom. The hour in which she encountered her distressing accident, a slight fever colored her face and burned in her large dark eyes; she would be restless, nervous, unhappy, and it required all the art and affection of her friends to prevent her falling into melancholy reveries.

Walter, who had tried in vain to pursue his studies and be satisfied with written accounts of her health, becoming too anxious to mind any other considerations, and to keep him from her, he was a constant and faithful shadow to her, hovering about her path. Strangers regarded his evident passion with respect and sympathy when they looked upon the object of it and beheld her so beautiful yet so fading.

Weeks rolled by and no symptoms of the disease appeared. Yet the young girl continued to fade, and her father resolved to change the manner of her life, and experiment upon traveling. All places of beauty and interest were visited that lay within the range of Northern travel; they only returned to the city when the cold weather made it unpleasant to be any longer away from home.

Emily was but the shadow of her former rosy self. Yet as there seemed nothing to dread except this mysterious decline, hope began feebly to light up the sad countenances of her parents.

Knowing that the object of such painful solitude the young girl endeavored to conceal her real dejection in fits of gayety, so wild, so unnatural, as to be more alarming than the deepest melancholy. There was something mocking in the sound of her sweet laugh, and unreal in the kindling light of her dark eyes, which struck despair to those affectionate hearts beating fast with love and apprehension.

Walter's spirits and even health were affected by the intensity of his solicitude. His health was a sensitive task, and the house of his uncle was haunted by him. He hovered shadow-like, around his affianced; sighed at her immoderate mirth, and still more deeply at her fits of abstraction.

CHAPTER III.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-dell windows, see
Vain forms, a sensuous task,
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid, glancing river,
Through the pale door,
A hidden throng rush out no more,
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR A. POE.

Again it was Emily's birthday. Gifts in greater profusion than ever showered in upon her table. Friends sent the kindest little missives, expressing sorrow for her falling health, and hoping that another year would find her restored to bloom and happiness. She read these with a bitter smile—bitterer than had ever before curled that exquisite lip. When Walter's present came—this time it was a miniature of his own handsome face, set with a double circle of tiny diamonds, in a gold lock—two, or three great, tears rolled down her colorless cheeks, and fell upon her gift. She brushed them gently away and putting the locket in her bosom, busied herself with arranging vases of exotics for the parlors. Her parents had concluded to beguile their own presentiments and her daughter's, by making the time pass as joyously as possible; and a banquet, *à la mode*, was given on the evening of the day, and the dancing, the close, dancing, taber, caux-vivants and an elegant supper were to be the principal events of the evening.

Emily was still arranging the bouquets when that hour of the twenty-four arrived in which Flush had made his appearance the preceding year. Again the door bell rang. She began to shiver all over, turned deathly white and sank down upon a chair. Her mother who was in the apartment observed her and ran to her in alarm.

What is the matter, my child? Emily uttered a loud shriek. A servant had brought in a cluster of jonquils from the old bachelor across the way. Was that all the color rushed back into the girl's cheeks, she ceased to tremble, but burst into hysterical tears and laughter. It was sometimes before she could compose herself so as to beg her mother's pardon for her foolishness.

As soon as it was night out of doors, the false day of the mansion began. Lights shone and sparkled through the arched windows, and the air was filled with the music of law. Flush was dressed, she appeared to recover her former cheerfulness and beauty. A robe of white tulle floated in cloud-like gracefulness around her slender figure—a rich, roseate tint hovered upon her cheeks and lips—a dazzling smile gleamed and flashed around her mouth—a wreath of small roses looped in her shining hair—she looked all ethereal lightness, brightness and loveliness.

She received her guests with so animated a countenance that all felt disposed to enjoy themselves who entered the room. Mrs. Abbott looked on with unfeigned pleasure, deluging themselves with the vain thought that their idol was very happy. Dancing went on among the young people with easy and polished jousances. He had not intended to allow his daughter to join in this amusement, but she wished to do so, and he yielded to her persuasion. She glided through the stately cotillions so much like a winged spirit that it seemed, no effort, and

as his only fear was that she would heat her blood or excite herself too much, he thought it might be as well to let her dance.

After supper, the large room in which the table was set, was cleared out and prepared for the exhibition of the "tableaux-vivants." Several of these were very fine. The beautiful girls and accomplished young men looked often to be the very persons they were representing.

Walter and Emily were to appear together in the old and yet ever new Romeo and Juliet. The curtain was down and everybody was laughing and chatting during the few moments of waiting, when suddenly it was torn aside, and Emily appeared before the spectators—not as Juliet in her coffin, but with both hands outstretched, her thin tulle dress torn down the skirt, her eyes dilated with a wild and dreary terror. Was this play, or was this reality?—Oh, God! this was not play.

"Save! save me!" she screamed in a sharp, loud tone. "Father! mother! Flush has returned to make me mad at last! Do you see!—here where he has torn me!"

She pointed to her dress—her eyes rolled around till they met her father's.

"Oh my father! save me from him!" she cried, and with a bound she reached his side and fled senseless into his arms.

Her hour has come at last—go home! all of you go home. You know not what you behold! My daughter is mad!"

Agitated and pale, the revellers shrank before the look of agony in the Doctor's face. Flying to the dressing rooms, they hurried on their wraps and departed, without bidding good night to her who had received them with so gay a face a few short hours before.

They bore Emily to her chamber, where they tried long to restore her to consciousness. Morning broke before, by the use of hot water, friction and many expedients they recalled her from her fearful trance to a still more fearful state of excitement. She started up from her bed.

"Will you not take him away?" she cried. "Give me drink!"

Dr. Abbott offered her a glass of water. A strong trembling shook her from head to foot. She pushed it away and turning her burning eyes to his, held up her finger.

"Hark! he is trying to get in! Keep him out! for his mother's sake keep him out!" He is determined to make me mad. But, perhaps, he is not mad! and never was—and has come to assure me that I am safe! That is it—that it is! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! to save me, mother! and she fell into convulsive laughing and weeping.

"Hark!" she said again, "Flush is at the door—let him in!" In the awful silence which followed her hysterical cry, something was indeed heard at the chamber door, something which the friends looked at each other. Were they all becoming affected by this horrible insanity? Dr. Abbott went to the door and opened it a little, when, before he could thrust him back, a dog, a lapdog, small, prettily, with a golden collar at his neck, leaped into the room and upon the bed.

"There! I told you! Flush—dear Flush! I am saved! Ha! ha! ha!"

With several successive bursts of low wild laughter, the strength of the young girl gave way, and she again sank into unconsciousness. The doubt lasted but a moment—the blessed truth burst upon the minds of those present, that this was none other than Flush, and therefore he had never been mad—and like a chain of lightning flashed the train of thought which ended in the conviction of their darling's safety as identical with that of Flush. It seems that the huge animal who had attacked the tiny favorite was the same as at first supposed, the surly dog of a neighbor. With this his own sickness had nothing to do but was one of those various distempers to which his race are subject, and which had driven him nearly to distraction upon the morning in which he effected his unmanly escape from the household, leaving such untold misery behind him. As he dashed recklessly up the road towards the city, he at last grew tired, and lay, dozing by the path, when a carriage passed by, and the only strong temptation of Flush was the little fellow, who saw by his collar that he was property which had strayed away, and taking him with them into the city they advertised him. No one claimed him. Months passed on, and they began to feel as if he belonged to them, when the young lady of the family was invited to Miss Abbott's birthday *fete*. Flush perceived, ere it was the carriage, and finding himself upon premises which were once familiar, he ventured out from under the bushes and tracked his way into the hall, from thence into Emily's boudoir, where he stood peeping out, when she hastened out to get something for Juliet's toilet.

All nervous persons of powerful imagination, who have had the one weakened and the other strengthened by months of such fear and agony as Emily had lived, can conceive that the sight of her lost dog would completely unsettle what little nerve she had left. That which her parents had mistaken for the first stages of hydrophobia, was only a temporary condition of her physical powers.

But, oh! what a relief from the long anguish of apprehension. She lay ill for some time, but finally recovered entirely from the shock she had sustained, through the judicious care of her father. Poor Flush! he could nevermore be a pet with the Abbott family. They were grateful for his good sense in not going mad, but he excited feelings and memories too terrible to be endured. He was given to the young lady who had found him upon the road, and was to her a faithful dog though he never could be a "faithful dog to Emily."

MERCY OF RUSSIA.—Those who have taken recent occasion to vaunt the merciful and refined mode of warfare of the Czar, are requested to read the following:

"A letter in the Cologne Gazette affirms that all the Hungarians taken captive in the war, should be sent to Siberia; that all Turks and medical men should be treated simply as prisoners of war; and that all Christians or other strangers, serving in the Sultan's army, should be considered as felons."

We think the Allies will have something to say respecting that refined mode of treating Christian prisoners. If the Czar does not keep his barbarian ferocity a little more out of view, his American sympathizers will not dare to open their mouths in his behalf.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

"It is estimated that the cost of the proceedings in the case of Burns, the Boston fugitive, can not fall short of \$30,000. And all to protect men-stealers in their 'constitution' at rights!"

From the Petersburg Post.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, is fifty-nine years old, six feet one-inch high, erect, and soldier like in form, haughty in demeanor, proud of his person and when young, was decidedly handsome. He is intelligent, shrewd, stern, resolute, and by no means wanting in personal courage. He is a good disciplinarian, but not a skillful commander in war, as was proved in his younger days. His information in regard to the condition and policy of all nations is minute and extensive, his plans and his ambition boundless. In the last respect he truly represents the Russian character and sentiment. The same disposition prevails in Russia now to pour down on the more fair and wealthy and sunny realms of the South and west of Europe, as in the days when the Roman Empire was overwhelmed.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, is the brother-in-law of the Czar, but a very different kind of a man. He is about fifty years of age, despotically ambitious, but somewhat liberal by compulsion. He would gladly join the Emperor of Russia in his plans if he dared; but his people are otherwise inclined. He is fat; "a good looking," tolerably "good natured," and somewhat stupid sort of a man. Should the present war continue for some years, he will probably be found on the side of Russia.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is twenty-three years of age, and has succeeded in raising small moustachios for his handsome face, and a small loan for his exhausted treasury. He has high, broad forehead, a good form, about five feet ten inches in height, and is an expert and excellent horseman. He exhibits no signs of extraordinary administrative capacity and will probably add little to the reputation of his rule and delinquency. He fell in love with a young lady last fall, "at first sight," and was recently married to her. His Government is almost bankrupt in pecuniary resources; his people are discontented, and his empire is exposed to desperate peril between the contending interests and nations now at war on the continent of Europe. He is greatly indebted to the Emperor of Russia, and would join him in the partition of Turkey, but for the dread of the vengeance of the Western powers, and the opposition of his own people. His position is perilous, turn which way he will; and neutrality is almost impossible.

Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, is but thirty-three years of age, though he has one daughter married, and two more betrothed. He is rather small of stature, with a sallow, sad, and mild expression of countenance. He is in favor of reforms in his empire, is just and unswerving. The friends of despotism, superintending his schools and public improvements than in marshaling his armies and navies for battle; but forced into war for the existence of his empire, as he is, he will doubtless maintain the reputation of his gallant and warlike race. Thus far in his difficulties with the Czar, he has shown a moral courage, a firmness, and moderation, and an energy in preparing for war, that have enlisted his side the sympathies of nearly all civilized nations. He has a keen and delicate sense of honor, and a countenance that, of itself, is evidence of a sincere and zealous Mahomedan, though he has stipulated with the Western powers that he will place the Greek and Christian population of his empire on the same footing as to civil rights as the Turks.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, is rather below the middle stature, has a dull and heavy eye, and a countenance that, of itself, is evidence of a sincere and zealous Mahomedan, though he has stipulated with the Western powers that he will place the Greek and Christian population of his empire on the same footing as to civil rights as the Turks.

Queen Victoria, of England, rules over the most populous, wealthy and powerful empire on the globe. On her dominions the sun never sets, and under her government the people of England and Scotland at least, enjoy more freedom than under any other monarchy. Queen Victoria is now thirty-five years of age, of a mild and amiable disposition, and is an exemplary wife and mother. But as a ruler, she exercises little real authority. Her Cabinet and Councilors and Parliament are the actual rulers of the British Empire. The naval power of England is nearly as great as that of all other nations combined; and her commerce and manufactures greater than those of any other nation.

Oscar, King of Sweden, is now in the prime of life, and personally, is strongly inclined to side with the Czar in the present war. But his people, almost unanimously, are hostile towards Russia. An armed neutrality has been declared, and to this position and its rights, the Czar accedes.

The King of Denmark is under personal obligations to the Emperor of Russia, but is compelled by his position, and the voice of his people, to adopt the policy of neutrality.

The King of Belgium is controlled in his policy by dread of his powerful neighbor of France.

Christina, Queen of Spain, is fully occupied just now, with the insurrectionary movement of her own people, who are disgusted with her unpopularity, her disregard of the welfare of her subjects, and her arbitrary principles of her government. She is young yet, but her reign will probably be short.

The King of Sardinia would be liberal, if backed by any other power that would enable him to contend with the myrmidons of Austria.

ing through the streets of Naples, with a frequent nod of recognition to his people. He is now seldom seen, except when surrounded by his guards. He is Bourbon of the French family, and is friendly to Russia; but his influence among the European nations is of little account.

Otto, King of Greece, is a mere cipher, a mere tool in the hands of England and France.

Such are the principal sovereigns of Europe, at the commencement of a general war, than is likely to prove one of the most sanguinary and momentous conflicts that has ever occurred on that continent, and that cannot fail to result in the end in many changes in its condition. What those changes may be, time only can reveal; but there is little doubt that despotism will suffer more than the cause of freedom. The people will gain what the despots lose.

The Wild Man of Africa.

There is an inhabitant of the banks of the Gaboon river, more to be feared than the African lion; it is the wild man of the woods—not the orang outang, though an immense ape—always acting on the offensive, and ready to attack man. The bones of his extremities are longer than those of a full grown man. I have examined them here, and whilst contemplating the skull, the jaws, and their teeth, apparatus, really experienced a sort of shuddering. The canine teeth are upwards of two inches long and of proportionate bulk. There is a ridge running from the top of the nose backward, over the crown of the head; to this is affixed a muscle, by which the living animal draws backward and forward a most frightful crest of stiff hairs; when enraged or purposing to inflict injury, he erects them, and draws the crest forward over his large eyes, and utters most hideous yells at the same time.

Nothing seems to intimidate him. Sometimes he advances, with bougbs of trees broken off, for the purpose of concealing his approach and attack, and suddenly grasps the leg of the human being, brings him instantly to the ground, breaks his bones by blows of his mighty arms and hands, and tears the flesh with his monstrous teeth. The native huntsman, who goes in search or meets with him, whilst pursuing less formidable animals has learned that the safest way to escape, is to act quite on the defensive, to let the monster draw near, when he will immediately seize the end of the gun, ready cocked and presented, between his teeth. Instantly it must be discharged; if the man either delays till the ape has compressed the barrel so as to close it, or fails to give a mortal wound; was to him, his doom is sealed.—[*Doctor Prince.*]

"We have seldom, if ever, heard the peculiar idiom of a drunkard's conversation so strikingly described as by John G. Saxe