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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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Poets' Corner.

An Autumn Lyric.

The leaves are falling, the flowers are fading,
Along like giants the North winds pass;
The boughs are thinning, all strangely shading
With lattice work the yellow grass;
The skies look grever, the sun light colder,
All sad we sit on the leafy ground,
Singing, lonely and sadly, 'The year grows older,
For he has well nigh run his journey round.'

To Memory, the keeper, we give the gladness
Of summer hours that so soon have flown;
For the grain we have reaped will cheer the sadness
Of the worn out Old Year's dying moan.
We will think of the gladness with which we wandered
Along in its sun-light of Summer joy;
Thoughts born in its revels shall well be pondered,
And we'll wander along, spite of Winter's annoy.

What ho, young Winter! and thou wilt come quickly,
And bluster and fret till thou frettest thy fill:
We will laugh at thy white beard, and face cold and sickly,
And never grow sad at thy tyrant will.
Though the North winds grow colder, the skies grow greyer,
And the green hills white with the snow and frost,
Mid the wreck and ruin of Winter, the slayer,
Kind Mem ory's riches are never lost.

Tales and Sketches.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MR. SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

On a very pleasant June morning, a handsome young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, fashionably attired, and with that pensive melancholy air, which well became his dark eyes and wavy locks, and which marked him as a poet of the Byron school, a rejected lover, or an unlucky gamester, or a briefless attorney, or whatever you will, for melancholy has many causes and wraps her dark mantle round many shoulders in this weary world of ours; a handsome melancholy young man, we say, interesting enough to flutter the hearts of a whole boarding-school, was strolling along through a pleasant lane in one of the rural counties of England. He had come down by the London coach, and while waiting for a conveyance to take him across the country to the place of his destination, thought to amuse himself by a brief ramble. He paused now and then to gather a fragrant rose, or a bunch of hawthorn from the hedgerow; but he tossed away the flowers as carelessly as he culled them.

'Heigho!' he muttered to himself. 'It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of this visit to my rich old bachelor uncle, my only surviving relative. Is it at all likely the whimsical old humorist, will suit me, or that I shall suit him? A retired man of business, how can I expect that he will fancy a good-for-nothing fellow who never did a bit of business in his whole life?—a poet, whose book didn't sell; a dramatist whose play was a failure; a *literateur*, who found no favor with the publishers? Will he pay my debts, and make me his heir? My whole London life has been a failure; and the only agreeable episode was my trip to Bath.—Poor Sophy Wruggles! I believe she loved me sincerely. But I acted honorably. When I found that my heart was engaged, I tore myself away without an explanation. For what had I to offer her?—I bankrupt in hope and purse!'

As he mused thus mournfully, he came in sight of a handsome villa facing a broad, smooth-shaven lawn, and backed by a pretty garden and park of ornamental trees. As he paused to survey it with the pleased eye of a poet, a smart servant in spruce livery advanced along the road, and after glancing at him sharply, touched his hat and said respectfully: 'Mr. Smith.'

'That's my name.'

'Thank ye—thank ye, sir,' said the fellow, grinning from ear to ear, and turning on his heel he ran off and disappeared.

'Is that fellow crazy?'

A moment afterwards a dozen or more farmers' boys, armed with muskets suddenly appeared in the road before him, and setting up a loud hurrah, discharged their weapons simultaneously, and then disappeared in the smoke.

'What the deuce is to pay here?' thought Smith. 'Is this election day or fair day? —or is that a lunatic asylum, and those fellows madmen?'

He walked on, curious to learn the cause of the commotion. As he approached nearer to the villa, a gate in the thick hedgerow opened, and a portly gentleman in black, with a spotless white waistcoat, very rosy gills, and a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, suddenly appeared with both hands extended.

'My dear boy,' said he, 'welcome! You're before your time; but so much the better.—It speaks well for your gallantry. But where's your uncle?'

'I haven't seen him yet, sir; and I hear he's unwell.'

'Well, well,' said the old gentleman, 'I hardly expected him. You don't look quite well yourself—a little pale, nervous. No matter; it will soon be over—hey? Well, you don't look a bit like the old man; I expected to find you shorter and stouter. I thought Sophy must have been mistaken in your appearance.'

'Sophy!' exclaimed Smith, more and more bewildered.

'Ay, ay, my boy! She's told me all—how she met you at Bath and loved you, and how you suddenly disappeared. You had no idea of entering into an arrangement for life without seeing your intended; and faith, I don't blame you for it. When I was of your age, I wouldn't have married a girl to please a thousand uncles till I had satisfied myself. But you never let your uncle know about that trip to Bath. Sly dog! But come along.'

So saying, the officious old gentleman seized the arm of the bewildered Smith—who found it impossible to believe that he was awake—and dragged him across the lawn, and ushered him into the drawing-room, where a fat woman in a crimson turban rushed into his arms, and saluted him on both cheeks, and then burst into a fit of tears.

'O, dear, dear,' said she, 'this is the happiest and saddest day of my life! I'm sure you're a very nice young man, and will take good care of my daughter; and your uncle's a dear good creature. But Sophy is my all—excuse a mother's feelings, Mr. Smith—an only child! O, dear!'

'Mrs. Wruggles! Mrs. Wruggles, compose yourself!' said the old gentleman.

'Sophy Wruggles is really the girl, then after all' thought Smith. 'My uncle is certainly an odder man than even the world gives him credit for—to manage such a surprise for me; and to leave me to tumble into happiness, without the least suspicion of the felicity before me!'

But his meditations were cut short by the entrance of the fair Sophy attired in virgin white, and looking lovely as an angel. Mr. and Mrs. Wruggles led her forward, and then discreetly left the room. As she seemed overcome by emotion, Smith caught her in his arms, and her head reclined upon his shoulder.

'My dear angel!' cried Smith. 'Tell me if I owe this happiness to your own free will, and not to your filial obedience?'

'Can you ask me, William?' replied the bride blushing and looking up in his face.

Smith pressed the lips of his adored.

'What a strange courtship ours has been,' said Smith, 'carried on in the language of the eyes alone.'

'Yours were *so* expressive!' said Sophy. 'Do you remember Bath?'

'Can I ever forget the pump-room?' cried the lover.

'How I trembled when I handed you your glass!'

'How I thrilled when I drank it!'

'And the ball at the assembly rooms!' suggested Smith.

'And the waltzes and polkas!' replied the bride.

'Decidedly we were formed for each other.'

'Sophy!' cried the voice of the maternal parent.

'Coming, mother!—excuse me dearest!' cried the bride; and tearing herself from her lover's arms, she sped out of the room.

'Of course, this is a dream!' said Smith, 'but it's very pleasant while it lasts.'

'For you sir,' said the livery servant Smith had met in the lane, entering and presenting a package and a letter on a silver salver. Smith dismissed the man, opened the letter, and read:

'MR. WILLIAM SMYTHE:—Your uncle has begged me to write, because he has the gout in his hand, and can't hold a pen. He begs me to say that he wishes you all sorts of happiness, but he can't think of being present at the ceremony! He sends you herewith a letter of credit on his banker at Paris, and will expect you as soon as the honeymoon and your tour on the continent are ended.—Humbly wishing you joy, for myself, I remain, Yours to command,

SIMON SLOW.

'I dont know this Simon Slow,' thought Smith; 'but I suppose he's my uncle's steward. The fellow thinks to compliment me by spelling my name Smythe, but plain Smith is good enough for me. It's a respectable family, but contains too many Johns.'

Of course he pocketed the money without demur and prepared to go through the ceremony with the easy grace and nonchalance of a man of the world. He was introduced to a great many people, and shook hands so many times that his shoulders ached. After breakfast the carriage was announced. The leave taking was hurried through, the happy couple escaped from their friends and took their seats, the postillions plied whip and spur in anticipation of liberal fees, and away they flew behind four spanking bays at a rattling rate down the same road up which the unconscious bridegroom had strolled that very morning.

As he glanced out of the window, he saw a fat pedestrian in drab gaiters, wiping his perspiring forehead and toiling through the dust. Smith smiled. If anything can add to the gratification of being whirled along in an easy-running carriage, it is to contrast it with the toils of pedestrianism on a dusty road. But little did Mr. Smith suspect who that unfortunate was. While Mr. and Mrs. Smith are speeding on their bridal tour, let us follow up the little fat pedestrian. Overcome with the heat of the weather, and his own exertions, he sat down on a stone.

'Vot an 'orrid 'ot day!' he exclaimed, in the purest cockney vernacular, as he mopped his crimson forehead with his thick bandanna. 'Ot enough to roast an Ottentot. Vot a go!—to think of that ere hengine runnin' off the rail and skillin' hall the passengers! Wonder if I liam in the right direction?—That looks as if it might be the 'ouse. 'Illo, you, sir!'

The last words were addressed to the servant in livery whom we have before encountered, and who was now strolling along visibly affected by champagne before breakfast.

'Who are you speaking to?' said he loftily.

'To you!' was the reply. 'Whose 'ouse is that?'

'Mr. Wruggles's.'

'I thought so. He's, your master, hey?' The servant nodded.

'Vell, you're expectin' somebody, aint you now?'

'O, no,' replied the servant.

'Vhere's your young lady?'

'Gone off!'

'Gone off!' exclaimed the cockney.—'Vhere? and with whom?'

'With her husband?'

'Er 'usband! it aint possible!' cried the cockney.

'I tell you it is, though—I seed 'em with my own eyes,' said the servant.

'Vat's your name?' cried the cockney.

'Sam.'

'Then, Sam, show me to your master—I must see 'im hinstantly! hinstantly!' cried the little cockney, with a tragic air.

There was something so imperative in his manner that the servant did not hesitate to comply with his demand. He took him into the house, and ushered him into the presence of Mr. Wruggles. There is nothing very jolly in parting with an only daughter, and even Mr. Wruggles who was one of the heartiest of mortals, left alone in his drawing-room, while his wife had gone up stairs to have a good cry, was not in the best possible humor. So after motioning his guest to a seat he inquired somewhat sourly:

'Pray, sir, to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?'

'Vy, sir,' replied the little cockney, with the same phraseology of politeness and frigid severity of manner, 'I simply came to hinquire after the 'ealth of your family.'

'Sir, I am much obliged to you for your solicitude,' replied Mr. Wruggles. 'My family are pretty well I thank you.'

'Hincluding your daughter, I 'ope,' said the cockney, bowing.

'Including my daughter,' said Mr. Wruggles. 'You are aware perhaps that she was married this morning.'

'Married!' cried the cockney, starting to his feet. 'Married! I'll trouble you to repeat that expression, Mr. Wruggles.'

'My daughter was married this morning,' replied the bereaved father, with a savage air intended to say, 'what's that to you?'

'Vill you have the hextreme kindness Mr. Wruggles,' said the cockney, 'to inform me whom your daughter married?'

'Nothing can afford me greater pleasure, sir,' replied the father bitterly. 'The name of my son-in-law is William Smith.'

'It is, is it?' cried the cockney trembling violently.

'Yes, sir—William Smith,' replied Mr. Wruggles, calmly.

'Smythe with a *y* and a *he*, or Smith with a *hi* and a *haitch*?' inquired the cockney furiously.

'What is it to you how he spells his name?' cried Mr. Wruggles, getting angry.

'Hevverything?' replied the cockney, furiously thrusting a letter into Mr. Wruggles's hand.

Mr. Wruggles read it and turned pale.

'From your uncle, sir,' he said.

'Yes, from my uncle—whom you've been a foolin' as you've been a foolin' me.'

'O, why, why—' cried Wruggles rising and pacing the room, 'why didn't you get here sooner?'

'Vy!' screamed the cockney, whom we must now call by his real name of William Smythe; 'vy! because the hingine run off the track—and that's the reason. You're a nice man, Mr. Wruggles—you've gone and given your daughter to a himposter—a hadventurer.'

'If you'd been named Jenkins or Brown, this wouldn't have happened,' said Wruggles, reproachfully.

'It's mighty easy to throw the blame on that,' retorted Smythe. 'Ow can I help my name? Besides I spell it with a *y* and a *he*.'

'My daughter was a party to the plot—if plot there were,' said Wruggles thoughtfully; 'for she knew this gentleman—met him at Bath. Were you ever at Bath?'

'Never!' said the cockney.

'And you never saw her?'

'Never!'

'Then it's very clear that at least she has married the man she loved—and very likely that the name he claimed was a real one.—There's a mystery in this sad affair which I shall not rest till I have probed to the bottom. You can assist me, perhaps. Will you stay and dine with us?'

'No, sir! I vont rest another minit under this roof. But you shall hear from me again, sir—through my attorneys, sir—Chit and Chaffer, Lincoln's Hinn—he'll 'ave redress if there's such a thing as law in Hingland.'

And the cockney banged away to take the next train for London.

This scene threw Mr. Wruggles into a fever of apprehension and perplexity. His daughter had married the wrong man. Yet she knew him—he was gentlemanly and well dressed, and as far as the person was concerned, a much fitter man for beauty than the sugar Smythe. He trembled to inform his wife of the mystery.

While thus harassed, his servant handed him a card, on which he read, 'William Smith!'

'Another Smith! the world is peopled with them!' cried poor Wruggles. 'Bring me no more Smiths!'

'The gentleman is waiting in his chaise at the door, sir—he's lame and can't get out; and will you please have the goodness to go to him?'

Mr. Wruggles went out into the avenue, and there found a portly gentleman with his legs swathed in voluminous folds of flannel, seated in a pony chaise. He bowed low.

'Mr. Wruggles,' said he, 'we have never met, though I have been in the neighborhood some weeks, having purchased Hawthorn Hall—a property of which you are, of course well acquainted.'

Mr. Wruggles bowed.

'I hope to be better known to you, sir, for many reasons—and the most important is that a nephew of mine, whom I have determined to adopt and make my heir (I expect him from London to-day—a very fine young fellow, I hear,) fell deeply in love with your daughter at Bath, and behaved very honorably, I understand; for having no fortune he did not venture to propose, and has been endeavoring to cure himself of his passion.'

'He's in a fair way to cure himself,' said Mr. Wruggles smiling, 'for he married her this morning.'

'Married her!' cried the old gentleman.—'How dared the rascal?'

'Don't judge him too harshly,' said Wruggles. 'It is very evident that there has been mistakes on both sides, owing to an identity of name, and I have no doubt the whole affair is susceptible of explanation. I have not the least doubt that in marrying my daughter, strange as it may appear, your nephew thought he was obeying the orders of his uncle. I like the young man's appearance much—much better indeed than that of my intended son-in-law—Smythe with a y and e, who has since turned up. At any rate if the young folks are happy, I don't see why we should mar their felicity, or even let them know there was any mistake about it. I know how to satisfy Mr. Smythe senior—the uncle—for there are four Smiths, two nephews and two uncles, involved in this affair, and my word for it all will turn out well.'

'I hope so,' said Mr. Smith as he drove away with a promise to call again.

Mr. Smythe with a y and e was finally pacified—the money the other Smith appropriated through mistake was made good, and when the bride and bridegroom returned, they were received with open arms at Hawthorn Hall, nor did either of the old people ever let them know that their felicity was the result of a mistake.

A Good Recipe.

The following is a certain cure for that terrible disease of the mouth, commonly called 'scandal:'

Take of "good nature,' and of an herb called by the Indians 'mind your own business,' one ounce; mix this with a little charity for others,' and two or three sprigs of 'keep your tongue between your teeth,' simmer them together in a vessel called circumspection,' for a short time, and it will be fit for use.

APPLICATION.—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips; when you feel a fit of the disorder coming on you take a teaspoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut until you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle of the mixture about you and on the slightest symptom repeat the dose.

☞The man that 'fell into a reverie' was helped out by a chain of reflections.

RUSSIAN AMERICA.

Those who limit their observation to the map of Europe, can only partially appreciate the *role* of Russia in the world, and the possible opposition and competition which she may experience.

Great Britian (as one might think, separated from Russia by half of the European continent) is in contact with that power—not indirectly, only, but immediately—in India, China, America.

If, on the one side, the Government of Russia cannot move in Europe but it affects the commercial interests of England—on the other, it cannot act in Asia and America without finding itself face to face with the administration of the British settlements and establishments.

And it is for this reason, that travelers, everywhere discovering the double trace of British power, and Muscovite extension, have exclaimed that the empire of the world was divided by those two nations.

But they have, so far as Russia is concerned, confounded greatness with superficies; and have done injustice to Great Britain, in comparing her wealth, and her industry—the intelligence and activity of her free population—with the poverty and barbarism of an empire in which slavery represses all national progressive impulse; where activity and the initiative in all things are the province of Government alone.

The territories belonging to Great Britian in North America, are of considerable extent. To the North of Canada, stretching as far as the Rocky Mountains, unfold themselves immense plains, watered by great basins, lakes and rivers—enclosing what is almost a sea, Hudson's Bay. This vast domain of the British crown, is a preserve for the hunters of Canada, and furnishes the fair dames of London, and the *elegantes* of Paris, with the most precious furs. English energy could not be barred from advancing by the chain of the Rocky Mountains; and the Hudson's Bay Company has overstepped the obstacle and secured itself an outlet on the waters of the Pacific. It has erected on the coast a chain of trading posts which are so many fortifications. These links in the chain, encircling all British America, succeed each other uninterruptedly from California (Oregon) northerly to the 55th degree of latitude where they meet the frontier of Russian America. As we remarked at the commencement of this article, the two powers touch each other at this point. Here they are rivals, and wage a pacific war for influence and trade, the prelude to hostilities more redoubtable.

Northward, from the 55th to the 65th degree of latitude, are the principal establishments of Russia; but her territory is a mere riband, extending inward not over ten leagues. In the rear are the English hunting grounds of the Hudson's Bay; and the Chief of the English company which holds this territory for its use, not many years ago naively drew attention to the fact that this slip of territory, of slight utility to Russia, was so placed, as seriously to inconvenience the English trade on the coast, and that its aggregation to the dominions swayed by the sceptre of Queen Victoria would be productive of many advantages. It interposes, in truth, a barrier between the interior and the sea. The products of the chase in the English hunting grounds lying near the Arctic regions, find their only outlet to the Pacific ocean by descending to the English forts situated on the coast a great deal farther down. The agents of the company are thus compelled to multiply their journeyings through a desert country, destitute of roads, in which transportation is dangerous, toilsome and costly. This consideration is very important.

The Russian domination would be compromised, it is likely, in case of a war—in that portion, at all events, of its American territory where it presents impediments to the development of English industry.

We are not however to conclude, with Sir George Simpson, that Russia has but little interest in the retention of her American possessions. The productions which she has drawn from them are of considerable value and serve to augment the great stream of commerce between America and Europe, which she painfully fosters, and for which the traditional policy of the Czars has created a channel across the Muscovite Territory. Russian America exports about 10,000 seal skins, 20,000 sea-horse teeth, 3,000 otter skins 2,000 beaver skins, and 2,500 fox and martin skins.

To a country like Russia, where industry is fettered, and where little but raw material is produced, such a traffic is by no means unimportant.

New Archangle, the chief seat of the Russian power in America, is a pretty little town built on the Island of Sitka. The houses are ornamented with carved work in a style peculiar to Russian buildings, and not devoid of elegance. New Archangle, like its elder sister, the Archangle of the White Sea, is so named from the Archangle Michael. It commands a wide, deep, and secure bay, in which the company's marine, consisting of five or six sailing vessels, and two or three steamers, lies conveniently at anchor. The flotilla, though all composed of merchantmen, is equipped for war; the officers commanding it belonging to the military marine, and the port holes of the vessels, when necessary, can discharge grape shot instead of cargo.—The post itself is defended by two batteries, maintained in good order. The Strait (or channel) of Sitka, which leads to the town, presents considerable facilities for defence.—The European inhabitants of New Archangle and its environs number about one thousand. For the most part they are agents of the Company, and would answer at need to repel an aggression. But these are all the resources that could be counted on for the defence of New Archangle. The natives few in number, who have their encampments on the Russian territory, consider themselves independent; they have no feelings in common with the Europeans, and should the settlements of the latter be attacked, would probably see in the event only a chance to gratify their inclination for pillage, murder and destruction.

As for the numerous hunters in the service of the company, they are nearly all natives of that chain of islands, which lie in the form of a crescent off the entrance of the straits of Bhering, and which is known as the Aleutian Archipelago. Adroit hunters of a harmless quarry, and daring whale fishers, in contests with their fellow men their timidity is excessive; and the company could certainly rely in no degree upon their assistance. On the other hand, the Indians of the country, whose attitude is decidedly hostile, are a very warlike race: their revolt would be to the last degree embarrassing to the government of New Archangle, and it was partly to check and repress any manifestation of these hostile sentiments, that the establishment was founded and carefully fortified. The company had previously satisfied itself with the maintainance of detached posts on the coast; but they were incessantly besieged by the Indians; and after the capture of two of these posts and the sacrifice of twenty-five men composing their garrisons, the governor of the Russian American possessions, saw the necessity of concentrating the forces, which scattered as they were previously, had been easy to destroy.

He began by despaching against the aggressors a little army composed of 800 Aleutians and a few Russian soldiers. But the cowardice of the first caused the failure of the attempt. The party did its best to avoid meeting the Indians, and returned as guiltless of blood as it had left. Count Baronoff was too bold and skillful to leave the Russian influence in America under the depressing weight of such a check. He embarked his troops and colonists in three armed vessels, and repaired to Sitka. The native population was ready to receive him. He found it assembled on the shore and entrenched within palisades which the troops vainly essayed to carry. After several fruitless assaults, the Russians retired to their vessels, which then directed upon the enemy a murderous shower of bullets and shells, with entire success.—The arrows and knives of the savages were powerless, opposed to these projectiles. The natives suffered an enormous loss, while their assailants remained sheltered from them by the bulwarks of the vessels. The former held out nevertheless during the entire day, but when night had fallen, they abandoned their rude fortifications. It would have taken yet longer to quell their courage if the approach of night had not inspired them with that superstitious terror which is more or less shared by all the indigenous tribes which people the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

On the following morning, the Russians occupied the Island of Sitka, where they constructed New Archangle.

Reverie of the Church Sexton.

'Splendid day! We'll have quite a turn out. There's nothing like sunshine to draw an audience. It's better than all the popular preachers that ever were born. Oh! there's my memorandum book; I'd like to have forgotten it, and if them directions hadn't been tended to, most likely I should have lost my place. Let's see.—[Takes out a memorandum and reads:]

'By order of Judge R. the woman who squints and eats cardamon seeds is not to be put in the seat in front of him.

'By order of Squire B. the young man who ogles his daughter and wears plaid pants is to be put somewhere on the other side of the church.

'By order of the wealthy Miss Prudence Prim the young man whose clothes smell of cigars and brandy, shall be set behind her.

'The request of Mr. A., mechanic, that strangers be not shown into his pew—to be attended to if convenient.

'Quite a chapter, anyhow. But people are beginning to streak in. There's two young women waiting. Common sort of folks, I guess, gentility don't come quite so early as this. Have a seat marm. She says with a bow, if you please, sir. No matter, politeness is a cheap article, it don't cost nothing. So here goes the two women into one of the back wall pews. Here's two more birds of the same feather; woolen shawls, straw bonnets and cotton gloves; wall pew, second from the door, good enough in all conscience.

'Ah! there's a bride. Satin velvet, and white kids; fine broadcloth and white vest. Shall I have the pleasure of showing yourself and lady some seats? They must have some first-rate seats, for they are evidently somebody. What a difference there is in folks!

'Now there's a dressmaker and a schoolmistress, nobodies. Back seats good enough. Two young lawyers—somebodies; I must get a seat in the middle aisle. A rich widow—somebody—middle aisle. A broken down minister, coat rather seedy, cravat rather coarse, nobody—side aisle. Six fashionable boarding school girls—somebodies—middle aisle, if possible. Rouged cheeks, but a splendid silk cloak, somebody—middle aisle. An apprentice boy, decent looking, but a nobody—side aisle.

'Who'll say I ain't a judge of human nature? Don't I know who a man is the minute I see him?

'Now there's one of our seedy coated old fellows coming. Don't I set him down as a nobody, and won't he be glad to get any kind of a seat? I'll show folks that I understand my business. Have a seat sir?

'Confound my ill luck. Just as I was putting him into one of the poorest seats in the house, along comes Judge R., who, spying him, comes up and says he, 'Ah! how d'ye do, Governor B.? Take a seat with me, sir; my wife will rejoice to meet you.' Shaking hands with the seedy coat, he looked daggers at me, and I'll bet a fourpence I've lost my place. Who'd have thought the old fellow was an ex-Governor? But that comes o' looking as meek as a schoolmaster, and dressing like a woodsawyer! Why don't folks, as ought to, hold up their heads and be somebody?'

☞"Your old Kentucky home!" you poor soul you," said Mrs. Partington, as she thrust her night-cap out of the window away almost into the midnight to catch the notes of a song an individual was singing in a dismal voice, near her dwelling. 'I wish to my heart you was there, where your friends could take keer of you, and do for you. It is a terrible thing to be in distress away off among strangers particularly where you ain't acquainted with any of 'em; but I don't think it looks well for a man to wake up a whole neighborhood at midnight with his sorrows." She saw him disappear a moment afterwards in a shop with a red curtain opposite, and with the remark that she guessed the poor creatur' had gone to get something to "invarigate his cistern", with, she shut the window, and in five minutes by the wooden mantle clock that ticked sleepily in her chamber, she had forgotton all about the Kentucky home.—*Boston Post.*

PISCATORIAL.—A friend has discovered a mode by which fish can be kept from *smel ling* in summer, without the aid of refrigerators.

The patent is to be *sold.*

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The patentee has *sold* several. To prevent fish from smelling in summer, *cut their noses off!*

☞You can receive favors only from the generous; and to be plain with you, there are few that are generous that are not poor.

REVOLVERS.

(From Household Words,)

EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Indian on horseback, with his antediluvian bow and arrow, is deemed a formidable enemy. He does not retire before the white man quite so obediently to a law of nature as philosophers believe. The prairie tribes of Texas ride with boldness and wonderful skill. They are so dexterous in discharging arrows from the bow that a single Indian galloping at full speed, is capable of keeping an arrow constantly in the air, between himself and his enemy. The American borderers have become hardy, self-reliant, and superabundantly warlike, from the necessity of maintaining their footing against such undaunted and skilful foes. Their bear-rifles and double-barrel rifles were an improvement; but the first had no advantage except its long range and spinning bullet; and the latter, although valuable for giving two chances instead of one, was very heavy, difficult to aim with, and when discharged took exactly as along to reload as two muskets. They were taught early that their great countryman's preference for the oldest weapon in the world over the latest improved fire-arms of his days, was not so paradoxical as it seemed. Perhaps they were too proud of being civilized men to take to bows and arrows again; but they must many a time have envied the Indian his rapid and continuous discharge, and dreamt of a gun that would fire many balls without re-loading.

Such weapons had been attempted long before in Europe, and abandoned as impracticable. There are in the Armoury of the Tower of London several guns of Indian make of very beautiful workmanship, which are known to be as old as the fifteenth century. These guns are in principle precisely the same as the guns and pistols now known as revolvers or repeating fire-arms; but they have serious defects. They are liable to ignite all the charges at once, and seem to have been abandoned for practical warfare as dangerous or useless. No treatises spoke of them, though there were similar specimens of British and French manufacture in the United Service Museum, and at the Rotunda at Woolwich, at Warwick Castle, and at the Musee d'Artillerie, and at the Hotel Cluny in Paris.—Even when Elisha Collier, an American gunsmith, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, hit upon the same principle, he fell into the very errors which the earlier gunmakers had already remedied. Another American gunsmith in the following year patented a revolver, which was also found to be impracticable.

Col. Colt is undoubtedly the first inventor of a really available repeating pistol. Ignorant, as he declares himself to have been, of all the previous attempts of the kind, and having an imperfect knowledge of mechanics, he had thought as early as the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, of the possibility of making a pistol that might be fired many times without reloading. Living, as he says, in a country of most extensive frontier, still inhabited by aborigines, and knowing the insulated position of the enterprising pioneer, and his dependence sometimes alone on his personal ability to protect himself and his family, he had often meditated upon the inefficiency of the ordinary double-barrelled gun and pistol, both involving a loss of time in reloading, which was frequently fatal in the peculiar character of Indian warfare. When a youth, indeed, returning from a voyage to India, he had amused himself on board the vessel in constructing a model of his idea in wood, burning out the bores with hot iron. His first device was that bundle of barrels well known in the windows of the London gunsmiths, and which is merely a multiplied double barrel. But, in eighteen hundred and thirty-five—about the time when her Majesty's Board of Ordinance were beginning to hear of percussion caps, invented by a clergymen thirty years previously—Col. Colt patented in the United States a pistol on the principle of a rotating cylinder breech, and a single barrel—a far more simple and beautiful invention.

For those who have not seen a genuine Colt's Revolver, we will endeavor to describe some of the advantages of this weapon. The revolving cylinder, behind the fixed barrel, is drilled with six holes, into which, one after the other, the powder is rapidly dropped without being measured; for it is impossible to put in too much powder, if room enough be left for the ball. Six balls are then taken in the hand, and also placed, one after the other, in the holes. These balls are of conical shape, like those of the Minie rifle, and are made of soft lead. They are rather larger than the holes; but a ramrod, fixed on a hinge under the barrel, being brought down by a handle on the lever principle, forces all the balls, in rapid succession, into the holes. The charge being now perfectly air-tight, requires no wadding. At the back of this cylinder are six nipples, for percussion caps, carefully separated from each other; and the marksman, taking a few caps in his hand, puts one on each of these nipples, upon which the six-shooter is loaded. The caps being at the back, and not at the top of the cylinder, will not fall off in carrying; and both charges and caps being water-tight, experiments have proved that they will fire after several hours immersion in water. The top of the hammer itself, in a line with a little spike on the end of the barrel, gives the sight for aiming. On pulling back the hammer with the thumb, after firing, the cylinder revolves one-sixth of its circumference, instantly bringing another hole, with its charge, in a line with the barrel. The barrel being rifled, and the charges in the breech air-tight, none of the force of the powder is lost; and the balls are carried further, and with far greater precision than from an ordinary musket.

This is the famous Revolver, of which marvellous tales are told in the Western States, in South America, and even in the Caucasus. Superstitious legends circulate, among the Russian-soldiers, of a young Leshien chief who held many pursuers at bay, picking them off, one by one, as they attempted to cross a plank bridge, till the wondering Muscovites, having seen six of their number drop into the abyss below, before the fire of a single pistol, turned and fled. More authentic stories of 'American colonels in the war in Mexico, engaging greater odds than any British sailor in a melodrama ever ventured upon, are told by disbanded volunteers throughout the States. Anecdotes, circulated to propitiate the Peace Society, appear in the California papers, mentioning how large parties of Indians, beholding those irresistible peacemakers in the hands of a handful of gold carriers, have been seen to drop their greedy eyes and slink away.

GEORGIANA, THE BALLET GIRL.

She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life—had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to determine their position in the social scale. At the time I knew her, her mother was paralytic and bed-ridden. The father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a pittance by copying law papers. Georgiana, the ballet-girl, their only child, by her energetic exertions, supplied the whole wants of the family. And what were those exertions? The mind of the most imaginative reader could hardly picture what I knew to be a reality. Georgiana's parents kept no servant; she discharged the entire duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing, every thing. From day-light to mid-night not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock, and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal of her parents to prepare, her marketing to accomplish, her household arrangements for the day to make; if early in the week, her washing; if in the middle of the week, her ironing; if at the close, her sewing; for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter.—But watch her in the theatre, and you never found her hands idle. When she was not on the stage, you were sure of discovering her in some quiet corner knitting lace, cutting grate-aprons out of tissue paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy work, by the sale of which she added to her narrow means. From rehearsal she hastened home to prepare the mid-day meal of her parents, and attend to her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers.—Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night.

Her long walk to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. I have known this to occur. Not to be ready for the stage would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was on the stage, there she sat again, in her snug corner of the green-room, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honor, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hand, only laying down the needle, which her fingers actually made fly, when she was summoned by the call-boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play.

Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o' clock, but oftener not till half past eleven, and then there was the long walk home before her. Her mother generally awoke when Georgiana was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties was to be performed. Had not the wearied limbs which that poor ballet girl laid upon her couch, earned their sweet repose? Are there many whose refreshment is so deserved—whose rising up and lying down are rounded by a circle so holy?

No one ever heard her murmur. Her fragile form spoke of strength overtasked; it was more care-worn than her face. That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly-animated expression when occupied before the audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed, a meek reply when rudely chided by the churlish ballet-master, or the despotic stage-manager. Many a time I have seen tears dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed, she would brush them away, and say she was a fool and cried for nothing.

Her devotion to her parents was the strongest impulse of her nature. In her early youth she had been engaged to a young man, a musician, belonging to the orchestra. They had been betrothed for several years. Some fairer face, though he could have scarcely found a *sweeter*, had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovely submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more.—Younger and gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the 'old maid,' but this was the hardest word any one ever applied to Georgiana. Was not such a heart as hers what Elizabeth Barrett described as—

"A fair, still house, well kept,
Which humble thoughts had swept,
And holy prayers made clean!"

Her answer to a sympathizing "How weary you must be at night!" was, "Yes; but I am so thankful that I have health to get through with so much. What would become of my poor mother, or of my poor father, if I fell ill?"

How many are there who can render up such an account of their stewardship as this poor girl may give in hereafter? How many can say with her, that life has been

"One perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise?"

And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre—was the indigenous growth of that theatre—a *wall flower*, if you like, but still sending up the rich fragrance of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was followed. To the eyes of the Pharisee, who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy, this ballet-girl, like the poor Publican, stood "afar off." To the eyes of the Great Judge, which stood the nearer?—*Autobiography of an Actress.*

☞Don't carry on so,' said Mrs. Partington to Ike as she saw him resting his head on the ground in a vain attempt to throw his heels into the air. There was solicitude in her tone and a corn broom in her hand as she looked at him. "You must not act so gymnastily, dear,' continued she, 'you will force all the brains you have got into your head if you do. You can't do like the circus riders, because Providence has made them o' purpose for what they do out of Ingee rubber, and it don't hurt 'em at all. They ain't got bones like other people, and can turn heels over head with perfect impunity.—Don't do it!' screamed she, as the boy stood on one leg upon the woodhorse, and made a feint as if about to throw a summerset, you'll desecrate your neck by and by with your nonsense, and then you'll regret it as long as you live.' Ike desisted, as the dame smiled and held a circular piece of copper before his gaze; such persuasive potency had that smile over him, backed by the copper!—*Post.*

☞Jenny Lind is determined to return to this country, preferring it to all others.