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Poets' Corner.

The Painted Cup.

Euchroma Coccinea.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The fresh Savannahs of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green like flakes of fire;
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.
Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus
To hold the dews for fairies when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers,
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world,
But leave these spotted cups to scarlet moths
Of June, and glistening flies and humming birds,
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
Overturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To sweeten reddening fruit that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.
But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well—
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,
Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone—
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
And ruddy with the sunshine—let him come
On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
And part with little hands the spiky grass;
And touching with his cherry lips the edge
Of these bright beakers drain the gathered dew.

Farmer's Girls.

Up in the early morning, just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy, turning the cows away,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes, dusting the parlor chairs;
Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner, spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the whit'ning linen, down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow, where the red strawberries grow,
Searching the 'fixins' for Sunday, churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and Turkies, making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle, driving away the flies;
Grace in every motion, music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature thousands might covet to own,
Cheeks that rival spring roses, teeth the whitest of pearl;
One of these country maids is worth a score of city girls.

Tales and Sketches.

From Blackwood.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

Within two hours of the birth of Paul Verdot, his mother died; and as her husband had departed this life some six months previously, little Paul was left an orphan almost as soon as he well could be; and but for his grandame Truquet, manufacturer and vender of *sabots* in the ancient town of Amiens, in the department of the Somme, France, the little fellow must have been conveyed to the basket of the *enfans-trouvees*, and consigned to the pious care of the good nuns attached to that anti-Malthusian establishment. Kind Dame Truquet having wrapped her tiny grandson carefully up in her lap, carried him safely home, and by dint of careful nursing, unstinted scolding, and stripes not a few, contrived to bring him creditably up to young man's estate, with only one mishap of any consequence. This occurred one day when Paul was about three years old. Madame Truquet kept a stall in the market-place on Saturday, for the more ready disposal of her wares, and one or two likely looking customers coming up as she was dandling Paul affectionately in her arms, she too hastily popped him down upon a lofty and loose heap of *sabots*, just deposited on the narrow stall, which, unable to support the sudden and straggling weight, slid over, carrying the child with it, who fell heavily upon the pavement, and broke his right leg. This unfortunate tumble resulted in permanent lameness, the wounded limb when cured being about two inches shorter than its fellow—a calamity not without its compensating benefit, in as much as it rendered Paul forever ineligible as a candidate for military glory"; in other words, deprived him of the honor of contributing a unit to the conscription lists. Nothing otherwise especially noteworthy is recorded of Paul's boyhood. He very early mastered the art and mystery of the *sabot* manufacturing, and at his own request, was apprenticed to a *cordonnier*, so that he might thereafter be able to combine the twin trades of wood and leather shoemaking. Paul finished his time at twenty, and but for a mishap which befel him at that susceptible age, he would at once have set out with a light heart, like other young men of his class, for a two or three years' tour through France, to acquire experience in his craft, and such general knowledge of the ways of the world as would qualify him to settle down quietly and comfortably at Amiens, with "Truquet and Verdot, boot, shoe, and sabot manufacturers" over the shop door. This first stumble, as it may be called, upon the very threshold of life, was caused by the bewildering black eyes of Lucille Borlase, a young shoebindress employed by his master, at whose dwelling poor Paul used frequently to call for the work which had been given out to the mischievous damsel, and he was only too happy when occasionally asked to sit down and wait awhile till it was finished. At those times, as Paul subsequently confessed to his indignant grandmother, he felt Lucille's merry glances shoot through and through his heart and back again, just as her bright needle pierced in and out of the less tender binding she was sewing on. This revelation, made on the day his apprenticeship expired, would hardly, perhaps, then have bubbled over his lips, but for the great additional fervency imparted to his passion by the numerous wine-cups he had been draining on taking final leave of his *camarades de boutique*.

'Lucille Borlase!' exclaimed Madame Truquet, with explosive wrath; 'why, Paul, you must have lost your senses! The Borlases have been children of the devil time out of mind. The men, sots, idlers, spendthrifts; the women, two-faced, dissembling hussies, that would deceive Satan himself, much more a poor gawby like you.'

'Come, come,' broke in Paul, with great heat, 'not such a gawby as you may suppose, *bonne mere*. Besides, a girl isn't always a saint for having been brought up in a convent; as for Lucille, *parblen!* she is simplicity and candor itself. One can see it in her looks. O—h!'

The long-drawn sigh with which Paul concluded, completely overset the old lady's patience—never too steadily balanced—and she replied to it in a way not uncommon with her when very angry, by shying a *sabot* she was varnishing at the delinquent's head, accompanied by a volley of expletives not necessary to repeat. Frequent practice enabled her grandson to easily avoid the dangerous missile; and her words went equally astray of their mark after a few moments, as Paul hastened along towards the slandered damsel's residence, and, arrived there, poured forth, with all the energy and distinctness swift speed and ardent affection permitted, the hopes, tribulations, wishes, and anxieties excited in his bosom by the too charming Lucille.

'You do not know, then,' replied that much amused baggage, 'you do not know, then, my poor *boiteux*, that——'

'*Boiteux!*' echoed Paul, springing indignantly from his knees to the full height of his best leg—'that is true; still, if one is a little lame——'

'One may be six feet up one side,' interrupted Lucille, with the same delightful mockery of tone as before. 'No doubt; but I would say, if permitted, that you do not know, it seems, that I am betrothed to Jacques Dupre, the mason, who can earn ten francs to your five, my friend, and that we intend marrying next week.'

Paul heard no more, or, at least, he would not if he could have helped it; but the hussy's merry laugh by which he was pursued, seemed sounding in his ears even whilst recounting his discomfiture to Madame Truquet. 'Console yourself, Paul,' said the dame, as she handed her afflicted grandson a spiced nightcap, and tucked him up comfortably in bed—'console yourself, *mon garcon*; there are prettier faces in Amiens than ever beamed under the cap of Lucille Borlase. Besides, as I told you, they are dissemblers to their very nails; you shall as easily find out their secret meaning, as what is hidden under a conjurer's palm. Good night, *mon brave*; you have had a lucky escape, and it is I, who have known the Borlase family these fifty years, who tell you so.'

Paul was very much better the next morning: the fires of love and liquor had cooled sensibly during the night, and by noon he was sturdily marching along with his kit strapped to his back, on the road to Paris, determined bravely to face the world spite of all the Lucilles in creation. Paul did not, however, get further on his road to the metropolis than Abbeville, where he found immediate and constant work, and such agreeable associates, that he remained there contentedly something over six years, during which time he contrived to save about eight hundred francs—the best possible proof that could be given of his general steadiness and sobriety. During that long period he had only paid two or three brief visits to Madame Truquet; and all he had heard of Lucille, was, that she had married Dupre at the time indicated, and soon after left Amiens with him for Paris. Paul Verdot then had been residing in Abbeville approaching to seven years, when a letter reached him to the effect that his grandmother had been seized with sudden, and it was feared, mortal illness, and was very desirous of seeing him before she died. He set off at once for Amiens, and arrived there barely in time to close the eyes of his kind and aged relative, and to hear her faintly murmur, in the last words that fluttered on her lips, an injunction to 'avoid the revolutionists and beware of Lucille Dupre, *veuve*.'

The revolutionists! Yes: Paul comprehended and acceded to that without effort.—It was the beginning of the year 1792, under which date is inscribed the bloodiest pages of that frightful history. Amiens, like other towns, had its *Salut Public* and guillotine in vigorous execution, and drunken snatches of the *Carmagnole* and *Ca ira* penetrated to the sick room, and mingled with the death-sobs of the expiring woman. But Lucille Dupre, *widow!* He would not conceal from himself that the last word had excited, even at the solemn moment it was uttered, some score of feverish pulse-beats: but what of that? He would, upon reflection, be cool as ice, obdurate as granite, to any advance from that quarter. 'Lucille had made a fool of him once, long ago, when he was poor and inexperienced, but now that he was rich—comparatively so, at least, (two thousand crowns had been accumulated by Madame Truquet, not to speak of the business and stock in trade)—and moreover knew the world, Lucille Dupre, *veuve*, if she entertained any thought, as his deceased relative's words seemed to intimate, of hooking him for her second husband, was miserably mistaken: upon that point she might depend; he was rock—adamant.

Error, Monsieur Paul Verdot! A young and pretty widow, and especially a French widow—aware of how, and where, and when she once drilled a hole in your susceptible heart, will, if it be worth her while, re-open the old wound in a way that all the defensive armor in the world can avail nothing against. It so fell out. Paul Verdot was standing at his shop door one afternoon, smoking serenely, spite of the hurly-burly of fierce politics raging in all directions, of which he kept himself studiously aloof, when, all in a moment, a pair of eyes that had not their equals in France, flashed upon him, and a voice which he had never ceased to hear in his dreams, exclaimed, in its softest, sweetest tones, '*Bon jour, citoyen Verdot.* Ah! I see you do not remember old acquaintances so well as I do. I'm in want of a nice light pair of *sabots*, and thought I might as well give you the preference.'

'Lucille!' exclaimed Paul, letting fall his pipe, and staggering back into his shop, as if struck by a blow. 'A thousand pardons!—that is, I mean, Madame Lucille Dupre, *veuve*,' he added, mechanically repeating a sentence that had been seldom out of his head since Madame Truquet's death, some five months previously.

'*Helas!* yes, monsieur,' was the reply, 'and for nearly a twelvemonth now! A light, varnished pair,' Lucille added—a bright smile chasing away the demure expression into which she had momentarily constrained her features, as she seated herself, and extended one of the prettiest feet in Amiens for measurement. 'Not of that wagoner's size, my dear Paul'—so far had Lucille Dupre, *veuve*, got already—'not that wagoner's size! Surely, my foot is not such a monstrous one?'

It's my firm belief that *citoyen* Verdot did not, at that precise moment, know whether he stood upon his head or his heels, or the foot to which he applied the measuring stick was six or sixty inches long. Presently, however, he became more composed, the *sabots* were fitted, and the result of the meeting was, that half an hour had barely passed before Paul had once more offered his hand to the Lucille who, in days gone by, had so scornfully rejected it. This occurred in the sitting room at the rear of the shop, where the young widow had allowed Paul to induce her to take a glass of wine and some cake.

'It's very kind and generous of you,' replied Lucille—a real emotion filling her eyes with tears as she spoke; 'but you were always kind and generous; and I hope adversity has somewhat improved me. My past wedded life was not a happy one, Paul; but with you,' she added, in a gayer tone, 'I think I may venture to hope for——'

We will skip, with the reader's leave, the next two or three minutes, as non-essential to the story—resuming the conversation when Lucille is readjusting her cap, which had been in some way slightly disordered, and putting on her gloves preparatory to Paul escorting her home. 'You will be charmed, Paul,' the young widow is saying, as she gives a final finger-twist to one of her dark curls, and turns smilingly away from the glass; 'you will be charmed with my beautiful and gentle Lucille.'

'Your own daughter?' exclaimed Paul, greatly surprised.

Lucille seemed to hesitate, and her face flushed vividly—as Paul afterwards remembered—but she replied, 'Yes—I thought you might have been aware of that?'

'Not I,' replied Paul. 'But what then? I shall love all that belongs to you, dear Lucille; and we shall be happy, us, three, I make no doubt, as people in a fairy tale.'

Precisely one week from that day Paul and Lucille were married; and a very happy, prosper us *menage* that at Numero 13, Rue des Capuchins, proved for a considerable time. Adversity had greatly improved Madame Verdot, than whom a more kind, prudent, notable, industrious wife, could scarcely be. She was soon able to manage the business, and guide the house much better than her husband could pretend to do, and everybody said Paul had obtained a jewel of a partner. He thought so himself; the brightest and most precious in the world—but for one flaw therein, which, in his eyes, gradually overgrew and dimmed its radiance. Lucille was, he felt, a dissembler, in one important particular at least: the child whom she kept in such rigorous seclusion—always appearing restless and agitated if ever he addressed a few words to her! What honest cause could there be for that? His grandmother's warning of the deceptive, impenetrable character of the Borlase family constantly recurred to his mind spite of himself. Then the child, who appeared to be about six years of age, did not in the slightest degree resemble either of her reputed parents. They had both olive complexions, and dark hair and eyes, whilst the young Lucille was a beautiful blonde, with finely chiseled, patrician features—'Like,' Paul would sometimes passionately murmur, 'like the haughty impress of himself with which a proud aristocrat might stamp with shame on an honest family.' Worse than all, it came to Paul's knowledge that his wife had received several letters through a private channel, with respect to which she would only, when questioned, say they came from a relative of her daughter's, and did not in the slightest degree concern any one else, certainly not her husband. All this had an evil effect upon Paul Verdot's habits. He began to frequent much more than he ought to have done, a wine shop near the Pont Neuf, kept by one Bontemps, and this of course led to fresh altercations with his wife. One morning, after a late breakfast, during which he had listened in moody silence to his wife's remonstrances upon his growing habits of intemperance, he raised his pale, almost haggard face, from the hands in which it had been buried, and looking at her with something of a sad sternness, said:

'Lucille, when we married, I gave you everything: I do not mean alone my worldly substance—though that was considerable, and has been ever since, as you know, more yours than mine—I gave, you all: my heart, my confidence, my every thought was and is open and plain to you. You cannot say the same, Lucille; and you must know it is the weight of the accursed secret you so jealously guard, that is sinking me in the abyss of low vice which I abhor as much as you do.'

'What accursed secret? Surely——'

'The child!' cried Paul, starting to his feet, and addressing his wife with passionate and imploring voice and gesture. 'Tell me in what way it is connected with you—who the mysterious correspondent of yours is; let me know the worst, if worst there be. I will bear anything for your sake, beloved Lucille—even shame—if you will be but frank and candid with your husband.'

'Shame!' repeated the wife, rallying with the sting of the word. 'How dare you address such a word to me? I will tell you nothing!'

'Then I am a lost man!' exclaimed Paul; and seizing his hat he rushed out of the house, and in a few minutes was seated in the wine shop. He was still there when evening fell, very early—for the month was January, and the weather unusually dark and cold—and had been drinking freely all day, when a messenger arrived from Madame Verdot, who wished to speak with him without delay.—Paul rose sullenly and followed the messenger home. The establishment he found was closed, the work-people dismissed, and his wife dressed as if going out. She was very pale and seemingly excited, but her manner was unusually kind and caressing.

'Paul,' she said, laying her hand on his arm as he fell into a chair, 'I am going out, I and the child: a *fiacre* is waiting for us at the back gate, and I shall not probably return in several hours.' The husband made no reply, and she went on: 'I have given Jeannette leave to go home, and I hope you will not therefore go out again. And, Paul, added the wife, kissing his forehead, 'I feel I have been much to blame in having any concealments from you, and I promise you that to-morrow you shall know all.'

"To-morrow I shall know all, you promise?"

"I do solemnly; and now good-by for a while.

She went out, and presently Paul Verdot heard the smack of a whip and the sound of wheels from outside the back-yard entrance. He sat for a cosiderable time in a sort of confused, dozy dream, but the fire getting low, he roused himself, raked the embers together, threw on two or three fresh logs, and reseated himself, his wife's promise, as he described it, gradually warming about his heart: 'I shall know all to-morrow,' he audibly ejaculated, and as the words passed his lips, his eye fell upon the smouldering fragments of a letter rendered visible in the far corner of the chimney place, by the renewed fire-light.—To start up, seize it, and devour its contents as far as they could be discerned—for the fire had obliterated all but a few detached sentences—was the work of a moment. It was signed 'Auguste,' and '*chere* Lucille' was implored not to lose a moment in coming with 'our child,' to Selis, a hamlet about a league from Amiens, on the northern road, and to bring 'as much silver money' and 'clothes' with her as possible, instant flight being imperative! The accursed words seemed to swim in fire before the frenzied gaze of the unfortunate man, and for a moment he was paralysed by the terrible discovery: for a moment only. 'Infernal traitoress!' he vociferated, 'I know all to-night, and may reach you yet.' He then bounded up the stairs, found that several bags of *ecus*, which he knew were there in the morning had been taken away, and that most of his wife's clothes were gone. There needed no further confirmation of the letter, and in five minutes Paul Verdot was on the road to Selis—armed.

It was about half past eleven, according to Bontemps, when Paul Verdot returned to the wine-shop. He was as white as a corpse, and there was a large swelling on his forehead as if he had received a violent blow, or had fallen down and struck himself heavily, which he said was the case. He told Bontemps that his wife would not return till the morning, and as there was no one at home, not the servant even, he felt so lonely that he wished to sleep at his, Bontemp's, house. This was acceded to, and he went to bed at once. Very early in the morning a message came from Madame Verdot, that breakfast was ready, and her husband anxiously waited for. Bontemps delivered the message himself to Paul, who stared while he spoke like a man in a dream, but said nothing, got up, dressed himself, and went home.

Paul Verdot, but for the strong shudder which passed over him as he encountered the surprised yet cheerful look of his wife, looked more like a stone image moving by automatic power than a living man. 'Sit down, dear Paul,' said Lucille, soothingly; 'I have good news for thee. Ah! I see how it is,' she added; 'thou hast seen this piece of a letter which I found on the table. I dropped it last night, I suppose, and it has put wicked thoughts in that jealous pate of thine. Never mind, I am now going to explain everything, and satisfactorily too, as thou shalt find.'

'Brandy!' gasped the husband faintly; 'brandy.' It was given him, and his wife, though apparently much astonished, proceeded; 'After all, *ma foi*, the explanation is a very simple one. The child was the daughter of the Comte and Comtesse Auguste de Vervay. They are *proscrits*, as you know; and the child was confided to me, under a solemn promise never to divulge its name to a living soul, for fear of those Paris bloodhounds. The Countess has long been confined to her bed with illness, so that they could not until lately leave the concealment they had found, to attempt escaping from the country. That peril is now, however, surmounted, and they are, I trust, beyond the reach of their persecutors. The letter was, of course, from the count, the clothes were required for the disguise of the countess, and the silver money was also essential; and see, *mouvaise tete*, here is the exchange I have made, added Lucille, who had a keen eye to the main chance, displaying with great glee, several jewels, that evidently were of great value.

The mental pallor of Paul Verdot's countenance had not been in the slightest degree diminished by his wife's revelation, to which he only faintly replied by saying, 'Go on—go on. What more?'

'What more! *Parbleu*, that surely is enough? There is nothing else to say that I know of, except that the Chevalier Meudon, a friend of the count's, who has been living *perdu*, not far from the back of our premises, and who has frequently slept in the stable unknown to you, when apprehensive he was beset, will, I fear, find it difficult to get off, as the count informed me his pursuers had obtained a hint of his hiding-place. I thought it possible he might have sought shelter here last night, and that was one reason I sent everybody away, and asked you to stop at home, who I knew would never betray a poor hunted fugitive. But heavens Paul, what is the matter? Help! help! My God, he is dying.

He was not dying, but rapidly losing consciousness; which however, a glass of brandy restored sufficiently to enable him to say, in a husky rapid voice: 'Listen, Lucille, and hear how your accursed secret has destroyed me. I found that fragment of a letter. I ursued you to Selis, and could nowhere find you there. I returned crazed in mind, utterly crazed; for I swallowed brandy at every cabaret upon the road. I burst into this room and reclining upon the *canape* there, saw the figure of a man asleep. In my frenzy I rushed at, grappled with him, and was grappled in return. A fierce, terrific conflict ensued.—several times I dashed him on the floor, and at last I received this blow upon the forehead, which rendered me insensible. How long I remained so, I know not. The cold air revived me. I got upon my feet, procured a light, and saw that I had killed my antagonist, who was stone dead. It's useless screaming, Lucille. In my horror and distraction I hit upon the mad expedient of placing the body in a sack, bearing it forth in the dark night, and casting it into the Somme. I did so, amidst, as I distinctly heard, the mocking laughter of demons—human devils they were not, or I should have been pursued. Ah! all is known, and I am lost!'

The entrance of a sergeant of the communal guard was simultaneous with this last exclamation of Paul Verdot. 'Don't be alarmed, my friends,' said the sergeant: 'I have called upon a slight matter of form, nothing more. But upon my word, *citoyen* Verdot, that was a droll freak last night.—There must have been an unusually large number of *patit verres*, in that head of yours to have put such a fancy there. Shall I tell?' continued the merry functionary, winking, and jerking his head towards Lucille, as he offered Paul his snuff-box.

'Yes—yes, to be sure,' stammered Paul, utterly confounded. 'What do you mean?'

'*Figurez-vous, citoyenne*,' said the sergeant blandly addressing Lucille, 'this charming husband of yours, who is, however, not a bad fellow, let me admit *par parenthese*, coming home in such a state, you being absent, as we know, that upon finding decently laid out upon this canape, the dead body of——'

'Dead body?' *Grand Dieu.*

'Dead body, *parblu*! that of the *proscrit* Meudon; and as dead, I'll warrant as Louis Capet,—killed by a couple of bullets from the patriotic muskets of two of our armed citizens, who had started the *aristocrat* from his lair, which bullets, however, did not prevent him from crawling into and striving to conceal himself in your premises *citoyen* Verdot, as if he knew them well,' added the sergeant, with a certain air of menace, not, happily, difficult to mollify. '*Merci citoyenne*: your health—dam! but this brandy is excellent? Another glass! Well, madame, as I was saying, what does your amiable husband do whilst we are gone to procure means of fetching the corpse, but pop it into a sack, carry it off, and pitch it into the Somme! Did you ever hear of such a droll dog, eh? But seriously, you will come by-and-by to the Hotel de Ville, and sign the *proces verbal*, or there may be difficulty in apportioning the reward, which is handsome. Be it so madame—I cannot refuse a lady; though really, three glasses, one after the other, is,—no matter. Here is to our glorious Republic, one and indivisible! And now, my friends, *au revoir*.'

As the door closed, the husband and wife threw themselves with bursting sobs into each others outstretched arms; and Lucille, as soon as her choking utterance permitted, whispered brokenly, 'Never, never, Paul, shall there again be an unshared secret between us!'

A CURIOUS RACE.

ORANG KOOBOOS.

From Capt. Gibson's Lecture before the N. Y. Historical Society.

These are probably of all the races of men of whom we have any knowledge, the lowest in the scale of humanity; or rather, the degradability of our species would seem to have reached that limit in their case, which might be regarded as the connecting link between the human and the brute creation.—They are covered with hair, have long arms, and are deficient in chin, or rather it forms no part of the face—these were the points in their formation which first arrested my attention, and led me to class them at once as simply a somewhat higher development of the Orang Outang. But on further observation I found that they possessed speech, though extremely rude and monosyllabic, had visible faculties, and resembled the rest of mankind in their sexual formation and arrangement, and were recognized as belonging to the family of man by the Malays, who however, hunted them as wild animals, in order to work them as beasts of burthen.

The Orang Kooboos are only to be met with in the almost impassable swamps and forests that lie between the Jambee and the Polembang territories, in the Island of Sumatra. They live among the branches of the teak and marringin trees, which grow here to an enormous size, as indeed the case with the forests throughout the Island. They construct a rude platform of bamboos wherever they can find a sufficiency of horizontally extending limbs of a tree to serve as the basis or sleepers of a floor, and over this they raise an equally rude conical roof of split bamboos and cocoanut or pisang tree leaves. These savages are ichthyopagists, as are almost all the uncivilized tribes of the Eastern Islands—and in all the rivers and bays of Sumatra, in the Straits of Malacca, and all the rest of the islands of the Archipelago, a most bountiful provision of excellent fish is to be found.

I had an opportunity to have a glimpse of some Kooboos people while ascending with my boat a small branch of the Soonsang, but it was only near Palembang, and at the Kraton or palace of the old Susuhunan, or Sultan of Palembang, and at the residence of the independent Panzorang or Prince Osmin, that I had an opportunity for an especial observation of these creatures. The Panzorang had several as slaves, or rather as beasts of burthen, for they were not intrusted with any labor but the dragging and carrying of loads of dirt, stones or material for building. He called them "tai orang," the ordure of men. He said they were born as the lowest of slaves, and this had been the case for hundreds of generations, inasmuch as they were descendants of slaves and burden carriers of the army of Alexander.

I found them generally called "hamba or booduk Iskander"—the slaves of Alexander. It is well known that numberless traditions of Alexander the great, of "Dou'l Karmain"—"the two horned," prevail throughout Sumatra, as well as in the Asiatic Continent.—It has been found impossible to teach the many Kooboos the use of garments, although they have a great fondness for pieces of colored cloth to be fastened to various parts of their body, and seem to make no distinction between a simple piece of cloth for ornament or a manufactured article—the only cause for preference being the difference of colors. It has been found equally impossible to teach them the language of their masters; for those who had grown up in a domestic state, still spoke the Malay in an uncouth and monosyllabic manner, like their own jargon of unclassifiable grunts.

They seem to have no idea of marriage, and the Panzorang assured me that he had never discovered in them any evidence of their belief or consciousness of the existence of a Spiritual Being having any influence upon their own condition; but in regard to this matter I was informed by a fellow prisoner at Weltverden, by one Captain Van Woorden, who has been four years commanding at the small post of Lahat in the interior of Sumatra, and who had had frequent opportunities to observe the Orang Kooboos, both male and female, sit round buluh batang or species of bamboo, that attains to a great size, and would all in concert, as many as could, strike their heads repeatedly against the trunk of the tree, and utter some rude grunting ejaculations; this, he observed, took place whenever any one, or all of the band, got hurt or received any special gratification, but mostly when injured.

Now, it is well known, that a large proportion of semi-civilized, semi-pagan Samatrians, believe that in the enormous tufts of buluh batang, as well as in the waringin tree, there exists widadiri dewas, and rakshashas, or good and evil supernatural beings; and what is remarkable that throughout Sumatra, all the beings of their pagan mythology are of the feminine gender. I have heard described by their orang menyanyes, or pantun verse singers, some most ravishing pictures of the Widadiri, or good wood nymph of the buluh batang.

The Orang Kooboos would seem to have some vague idea of their supposed existence. But, notwithstanding the utter degradation of this hairy brutish man, he seems to be no insignificant contributor to commerce; for, as yet, in some of the impassable forests of Sumatra, in the Bantan Lekoh, he has been the chief collector of benizon or gum benjamin.

Curious stories were related to me by Arab and Malay traders, in the Jambee Country, about the manner of trading with Orang Kooboos. The trader would proceed to a certain point on the edge of a forest, at certain periods of the year, with quantities of colored cloths, beads and other trifles; he would then beat a gong for some length of time, at various intervals, for one or two days, and then retire to a considerable distance, to return in about a week, when he would find satisfactory quantities of benizon in place of his goods, that had been carried off by the Kooboos.

RAZOR STROP REDIVIVUS.

The reporter of the San Francisco News furnishes that paper with the following report of a speech made by a Californian Auctioneer:

'Ladies and gentleman, I now have the honor of putting up a fine pocket handkerchief; a yard wide and a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one half cotton and t'other half cotton too; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and the stripes and stars on t'other; it will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers: its dark color will enable it to hide dirt, and never need washing; going at one dollar?—seventy-five cents?—fifty cents?—Twenty-five cents?—one bit? Nobody wants it?—Oh! thank you, sir!

'Next gentlemen, for the ladies wont be permitted to bid on this article, is a real, simon-pure, tempered, highly polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor: bran spankin new; never opened before to sun-light, moon light star-light, day-light, or gas-light; sharp enough to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable acquaintance, or poor relation; handle of buck-horn, with all the rivets but the two at the ends, of pure gold: who will give two dollars? one dollar? half dollar? Why, ye long-bearded, dirty-faced reprobates, with not room enough on your phizzes for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm off'ring you a bargain at half a dollar! Well, I will throw in this strap at a half a dollar!—razor and strop—a recent patent; two rubs upon it will sharpen the city attorney; all for four bits; and a piece of soap—sweeter than roses; lathers better than a school-master; and strong enough to wash out all the stains from a California politician's countenance, all for four bits!—why, you have only to put this razor-strop and soap under your pillow at night, to wake up in the morning clean shaved; won't anybody give two bits, then for the lot? I knew I would sell 'em.

'Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair socks, hose, stocking or half hose, just as you're mind to call them. Knit by a machine made on purpose out of cotton wool: the man that buys these will be enabled to walk till he gets tired; and, provided his boots are high enough, needn't have any corns; the legs are as long as bills against the corporation, and as thick as the heads of the members of the Legislature: who want's 'em at one half dollar?—thank-ee, madam, dollar?

Next I offer you a pair of boots; made especially for San Francisco, with heels long enough to raise a man up to the Moody grades, and nails to insure against being carried off by a land slide; legs wide enough to carry two revolvers and a bowie knife, and the uppers of the very best horse leather. A man in these boots can move about as easy as the State Capital; who says twenty dollars? All the tax payers ought to buy a pair, to kick the council with; every body ought to have a pair to kick the Legislature with—and they will be found of assistance in kicking the bucket, especially if some body should kick at being kicked—ten dollars for legs, uppers and soles! while souls, and miserable souls at that, are bringing twenty thousand dollars in Sacramento! ten dollars! ten dollars!—gone at ten dollars!

Next is something that you ought to have, gentlemen; a lot of good gallowses—sometimes called suspenders. I know that some of you after a while be furnished at the State's expense, but you can't tell which one so buy where they're cheap; all that deserve hanging are not supplied with a gallows, if so there would be nobody to make laws, condemn criminals, or hang culprits, until a new election; made of pure gum elastic—stretch like a judge's conscince—and last as long as a California office holder will steal; buckles of pure iron, and warranted to hold so tight, that no man's wife can rob him of his breeches; are, in short, as strong, as good, as perfect, as effectual, and as *bona fide* as the ordinance against Chinese shops on Dupont street—gone at twenty-five cents.'

Napoleon.

On Napoleon's return to Paris from Vienna surrounded by his family at St. Cloud, he one evening as the moon shone beautifully, went into the grounds of the palace to enjoy that man came after daily.

'Yes,' replied the functionary, 'an office, I suppose.'

'True; but do you know what office?'

'No.'

'Well, then I'll tell you; he wants your place.'

The meeting next morning, between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed, 'The Secretary is not at home!'

YOUNG AMERICA.—When Kate and Ellen Bateman were in London, they were invited by the Queen to spend a week at Windsor Castle with the royal children. While on their visit the Prince of Wales took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords by the side of his mother. When he returned home, before he would allow the glittering jewels to be taken from his breast, he sought Kate Bateman, and finding her in the royal nursery, with his sisters and brothers, he, taking her hand, said, 'Kate, as soon as I am a man, ma's going to give me the throne, and then I'll make you my little wife and queen.' Kate then said, 'Well, little Wales, if you will be a good boy, study hard, and when you grow up, select some honorable profession, I'll take your case into consideration.'

A NEW CURRENCY.—A widow lady sends us a notice of a mortgage sale, the sole purpose of which is to perfect the title to a small property left by her deceased husband, and says she has not the means of paying for the publication, but she will pray for us. Learning that our friend A. D. Wait, Esq., the attorney, takes his pay in the same currency we accede to the proposition, and insist that the County Clerk shall do the necessary recording upon the same terms; for we don't know of three fellows who ought to be prayed for more than Wait, Milliman and ourself. —*Sandy Hill Herald.*

COLERIDGE'S OPIUM CONFESSION.

Taste and good sense are gradually driving intemperance from the society of the refined and intelligent. The man who becomes intoxicated at a public dinner is no longer looked upon with admiration; the man who sho'd offer to drink six bottles at a sitting would be voted a barbarian, or a squatter-sovereignty congressman; and the man who should actually accomplish it would be voted a beast But as brandy drunkenness dies away, opium intoxication is on the increase. To those who drink laudanum, swallow opium pills or morphine, we commend the following terrible confession of Coleridge. Let them peruse it, if they have the energy, and be warned, if there is time. It is a letter to Mr. Cottle:

'*April* 26th, 1814.—You have poured oil in the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is oil of vitriol! I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment (God forbid!) but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is—first, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse than all! I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents what hast thou done with them?' Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole with tears and the very bitterness of shame; but in two instances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself. Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime, yet to my fellow men I may say, that I was seduced to the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swelling in my keess. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so) by rubbing in of laudanum, at the same taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and thus continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned,—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I cannot go through the dreary history. Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice of pain, and sudden death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of pleasure, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say, that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were—the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to palpitate, and such a tremor—such dread—as it was, of my whole frame, such utter prostration, and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity—'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds; but £200, half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private *mad-house*, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months [in less than that time life or death would be determined,] then there might be hope—now there is none! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an *utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties*. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together and that will cure him. Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.' May God bless you, and your affectionate but most afflicted—

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A RUSE.—One of our Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the doorkeeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary. When the annoyance had continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the doorkeeper and asked whether he knew what