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THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed, to answer "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death,
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Wav'd their bright wings, and whisper'd, "Yes, in Heaven."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BALL ROOM.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

"Come, come, Peter, it's no use talking; you and Sally must go to the Birth Night Ball, there's no two ways about it."

"Why, my dear brother," said Peter Scott, looking at his wife, "I don't suppose it will kill us to go; but you know we were raised to think such things wrong, and though we're neither of us professors of religion, yet I don't like to do what the old folks would not think right, if they were living."

"Well, Sally, what's your vote," said Jacob.

"Why for just this once,"—said Sally, and stopped.

"What's right once, is right always," said Peter.

"Well, may be it is," said his wife, "but what's the harm of dancing a little of an evening at the Bazaar? I vote to go—"

"Very good, we'll go, Jacob, only you must introduce us to your Main street friends, for I don't know a single soul that will be there."

"Leave all that to me," replied his brother, and left them.

When Peter and his wife came to look over their wardrobe, and see what clothes of theirs would answer for such an occasion, they found a mournful deficiency; there were work-day clothes in abundance, good jeans, and calicoes and satinets; there were holy-day suits too, broadclothes and merino; but a dress for a ball room should differ from that which became a Methodist church, and they both owned that it was a shame to throw away so much money—but new apparel must be had. Peter accordingly placed all his cash at his wife's disposal, and bidding her to be sparing of it, went to his shop, and to chair-making.

Dresses were bought; new pantaloons for him and a silk vest; for her, more articles, large and small, than any one, save a milliner, could name without counting fingers.

Sally was enamoured, and bought the cheapest of every thing, but still money melted as rapidly as if Signor Blitz had been by.

The evening came; the Bazaar Hall, then under the old *regime* of Mons. Guibert, was filled to overflowing. The dances began, and Mrs. Scott, who was pretty and sprightly, and had a natural knack of dancing, though ignorant of the figures, was quite a belle, and stood up to numberless cotillions, and made numberless acquaintances.

The evening passed, and the young wife went home flushed and trembling; never before had her vanity been so appealed to, and attention intoxicated her. The next day passed in reverie; dinner was not well cooked, nor the table neatly laid. The next evening passed heavily; and the only relief was, that Jacob came in and they talked over the ball, and all who attended it. Jacob told them who were genteel and who were not; he ridiculed this one and sneered at a third, who had been his rival in some small flirtation. Peter listened in silence; he did not like the looks of things, but what could he do, *having taken the step?*

In March the quarterly rent for his shop was due, but his wife had no cash to return to him wherewith to pay it. He called on one gentleman who owed him fifty dollars for a side board, but he was about to give a dinner party, and needed all he could rake and scrape; another owed for three bedsteads forty-five dollars, but he had a note to pay in the bank, and money was very scarce; he called on a third, who had for six months been in his debt for chairs, tables, etc., to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, but this gentleman had unluckily just bought a new span of horses, for which he must pay, or he could not secure them. "If you're going by Lippencott's," said he to Peter, when he had declined payment, "just call in and see them; they are beauties, I do assure you." Peter returned home penniless.

When rent day came, he told his landlord the whole story. The worthy man heard him through, and was sorry; "but," said he, "this shop will always command cash rent; I'll give you ten days grace, and then you must pay or quit." When that man went home and related the facts to his wife, he added, "I hear he and his bride were at the birth-night ball last month; if he can go there he must pay his rent promptly." "But, my dear," said the lady, "if you turn him out it may injure his credit, and ruin him; why not talk with him, and let him stay and try to save him, if he's growing extravagant." "I can't help it; if he is ruined it is his own doings, not mine. Business is business; if a man wants help, you know I'm ready to give as any body; but a tenant must pay up."

"Well," said the good woman, "I don't know much about it, but it always seems to me that as if God meant that kindness and benevolence should be exercised in the course of our daily business, and not by way of exception. I can't help thinking that business should be one and the same thing with benevolence, and every act of out-door mercantile life, an act of Christian justice and Christian charity. You give to those that want, you say; so you do, and why not do it in this case? Scott *wants*—what? why, kind advice, cheering up, and a little time in the payment of his rent."

"Very good, Betsey," answered the old gentleman, "very good for a woman, but if Scott don't pay in ten days, he must go; I'm sorry for him, but he must go."

The ten days passed; Peter could not pay; and was forced to seek another shop. "Why do you leave your old stand, Scott?" said the first landlord to whom he applied. Peter hesitated a moment, but truth came off triumphant, and he told the inquirer that he had been unable to pay promptly. "And did the old puritan say that was his reason for breaking with you? Now I happen to know it wan't so; it was because you went to the ball of the twenty-second that he's cut you."

Scott smiled, and said mildly that it was the ball any how that had got him into trouble. "But you don't repent going, do you?" said the other.

"No, not altogether," replied the cabinet maker, who felt that he would be despised if he said yes.

"It's the only way to enjoy life, my lad," said the other taking his arm. "Come with me and I'll fit you with a room."

The man to whom Scott had by chance gone, had been at the ball, and had seen the young mechanic's wife, and being on the instant half inclined to attempt her seduction—for he was one of those soul murderers who make seduction a pursuit—he now felt as if his master, the devil, had put the opportunity within his reach.

Peter was soon in his new shop, and by the aid of his landlord, thrown into a large and profitable business. His landlord visited him too; invited him to his house, for he was married and a father; and all seemed bright.

"The ball was a good beginning," said Sally.

Weeks passed, and months passed; for it is astonishing how long and how patiently men labor and wait to accomplish evil purposes—months passed; Scott's business flourished, and his customers increased—and, how natural, his expenses increased too. Visited by such people as now honored their poor rooms, they must have some refreshments for an evening indispensable. Summer brought ice cream parties, and strawberry parties, and Peter could not resist the invitation to ride up the river and roll nine pins. From rolling nine pins out of town, the passage was easy to playing billiards in town; and billiards made one so dry, that Scott, before he was aware of it, lounged for the hour when he could, in conscience, take a julep.

In June, the quarter's rent was due, and Peter had religiously laid by enough to pay it. The day come, and he took the sum to his landlord.

"Have you any more?" said that worthy.

"No."

"Then let it run another quarter, Scott, and keep this to fit you out for a grand frolic we mean to have up the Little Miami."

Peter hesitated; but how could he resist such kindness? With a heavy heart he pocketed the money and went home.

The frolic was had; the money was spent; the servant of Satan felt his prey sure. It was a pleasant July morning, and Scott was busy at his workshop. His landlord told him he wanted a certain job done before night—that he might dine at the nearest hotel, and he would see that his wife was informed why he was absent. Peter said "very good," and worked on. His kind friend, having thus secured his absence from home, went about his work also. It was not noon when he entered Scott's humble house; it was passed three when he issued from thence, black with anger and disappointed passion. Before five, Scott, still working at the pressing job of his patron, was arrested for the amount of his rent, and after a short examination of his stock, committed to jail.—That night was to his wife one of the deepest agony. A whole new realm of sin and misery within herself had been revealed to her; and in her husband's unaccountable absence, her wits wandered far towards madness.

The next morning a little boy brought this note to her door:

"Your husband is in prison; you can release him; will you?"

Ignorant of our laws, and knowing a prison only as a prelude to death or unimagined evil, she turned the paper and wrote thereon, "Any thing."

Noon came—the fiend once more sought his victim; he opened the door and behold! Scott himself was there, having been bailed from prison. Peter was naturally a mild man, but the mildest at times yield and become ungovernable.

No sooner had Scott, whose frame was seemingly disjointed by the tale his wife had told him, laid his eye upon the form of his subtle enemy, than his brain and every muscle became filled with blood; his sight failed him; seizing a chair he felled the wretch to the ground, and then leaping upon him, stamped and beat, and bit him, till the neighborhood rang with his cries of desperation. A dozen men, rushing in at the sounds, tore Scott from the battered and bruised form of his perfidious patron, who was seriously injured. But his wounds and bruises he rejoiced in, for they gave him the means of his revenge. Scott was arrested and tried for an assault with an intent to kill. He was convicted upon the presumption that the attack was the result of premediated malice caused by the arrest for debt, and Peter Scott was sent to the penitentiary for three years.

The term of his imprisonment was out early in 1837. He came back to Cincinnati, an offcast whom no one would employ, no one associate with. His wife, who had given birth to a child while he lay waiting his trial, and who had afterwards struggled on, broken hearted, by the help of the Methodist benevolent society, was dead when he returned to the world, and her infant was a town charge. His property was all gone, and he was forgotten. He inquired for Jacob; Jacob had failed and gone to Texas. He asked for his landlord; he was rich and respected—no, not respected, but *respectable*. He went to the house where he had lived; it was a grocery, and he drank there till his brain swam. The next day, being wholly destitute and desperate, he went on board a steamboat as a deck hand, and has not yet visited our city.

Was that man ruined by going to one ball then? No. But he was ruined by doing one act contrary to his conscience; by that act he placed himself within the reach of Satan and fell his victim. It is an awful thought, but a true one, that we cannot, till the last day, measure the consequences of a single wrong act. May God forgive the countless ones that we commit.

Thrilling Surrender of Mickenock, the Brave.

One afternoon in the spring of 1829, a young Indian named Mickenock, of the Ottawa tribe, on the eastern side of Lake Michigan, having indulged too freely in the use of fire drink, commenced a quarrel with, and finally stabbed to the heart a son of one of the chiefs. Knowing that he must suffer death by the hands of some one of the family whose relative he had murdered, he immediately collected his own family and fled into the woods. The chief and his sons at once commenced search for the murderer—no pains or toil were spared to ferret out the hiding place of the unfortunate and guilty Mickenock; but all the summer past—the leaves began to fall, and no trace could be found of the murderer. Almost in despair, the old chief, burning to avenge the death of his son, looked about for some relative of Mickenock, upon whom he could satisfy this darling desire of the Indian heart; but no one could be found; all the family and blood relatives of Mickenock were with him in his hiding place. Despairing at length either of not finding his enemy or avenging himself on any of the blood relatives of Mickenock, he determined to avail himself of the privilege allowed by Indian custom, and to avenge himself on one of the relations of the wife of the murderer. Mickenock, although effectually concealed from the old chief, was, nevertheless, conversant, through some of his friends, of all that was transpiring in the chief's wigwam, and so soon as he learned the chief's determination to avenge his son's death upon one of his wife's relatives, he immediately sent in word to the chief's wigwam, that upon the day of the meeting of the great council, which was then soon to take place, he would deliver himself up to atone for the life of his son. The chief received the information with evident gratification.

A few weeks passed away; the great lodge was erected, and the council at length assembled. The chief communicated the intelligence, which he had received from his son's murderer, and it was agreed that no business should be transacted until Mickenock should appear. The council sat in silence until about twelve o'clock, when suddenly the brave Micenock bounded into the council, calmly surveyed the assembled chiefs, and sat down in silence in the centre of the lodge; his wife and children immediately followed, and formed a circle around him; then taking out his flint he struck a spark, and lighted his pipe and smoked in silence; the eyes of all the council and his little family were fixed intensely upon him. At length Mickenock arose, and addressing himself to the chief, said, "I killed your son; he was a young brave; he did me no wrong; he was my friend; I drank the fire-drink; the fire drink made me kill your son; Mickenock is very sorry and deserves to die." Then turning to the older brother of the deceased, he drew a knife from his bosom. "There," said Mickenock, "is the knife that drank the heart's blood of your brother; take it like a brave man, and avenge the death of your brother." This said, Mickenock laid bare his whole heart. The brother spat upon his hand, clenched his knife with a death grasp and drew up his arm. Mickenock pointing to the spot nearest his heart, gave the word "Strike." Instantly the brother plunged the knife to the hilt into the bosom of the brave Mickenock, who fell dead at his feet.

The wife and children of Mickenock beheld the whole scene, apparently without moving a muscle, but the moment he expired, they all fell upon him and embraced him with tears and sighs, and groans and wailings that cannot be described, and altogether presented a picture of such unfeigned anguish and genuine sorrow, as to overcome and melt every spectator of the scene. After the wife and children had thus expressed their sorrow for half an hour, the old chief thus addressed them: "Wife of Mickenock, we are satisfied: your husband was a brave man; he died like a brave man; henceforth you are my daughter, and your children are my children; go into my wigwam, you shall be well treated, and live with me as my daughter; these children shall grow up around me, and shall be taught to be brave like their father."

Romance in Real Life.

A romantic incident has just occurred in the Marylebone Infirmary. Ann Dempsey, a young and interesting girl, who had been the support of an aged mother, had gone into the infirmary for the purpose of undergoing an operation for the removal of a dropsical complaint, which had assumed the form of a large tumour. She was warned on the painful and even perilous nature of the operation, but she expressed her resolution to submit to it, owing to the ardent wish that her life might be spared for her mother's sake. The operation was accordingly performed in the presence of her mother and several eminent medical men. It lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the magnitude of the tumour taken from her may be imagined when it contained no less than two gallons and a half of water. Notwithstanding the long and painful operation, singular to relate, this heroic girl never uttered a single cry; but at the conclusion tears were observed rolling down her cheeks, and being desired not to shed them, she replied that "they were tears of joy at her freedom from the incubus which had so long afflicted her." As she appeared to be in a sinking condition, the medical gentlemen, upon a consultation, deemed a fresh infusion of blood into her veins absolutely necessary. On making inquiries as to whom they could procure to provide the blood, it was ascertained that two men were in an adjoining room, one 25, and the other between 20 and 40 years of age, anxiously awaiting the issue of the operation. Believing them, in the first instance, to be relatives of the poor girl, they were ushered into the room, when it turned out that the eldest was her employer, from whom she worked at shoe-binding, and the other a journeyman in the same employ, both devotedly attached to the unfortunate girl. On being made acquainted with her state, and what was required to be done for the patient, they both simultaneously volunteered to supply the blood from their veins. Much bitterness of feeling and contention between them ensued as to which should do so, which was put an end to by the decision of the surgeons in favor of the youngest, who, baring his arm, with great energy exclaimed, "that he was willing to lose the last drop of his blood to save her life." The blood was then carefully infused from his arm into the veins of the poor sufferer, till the young man fainted from his loss. On this taking place the elder lover implored permission to supply the remainder, but the girl recovering, it was deemed unnecessary. The poor girl began to improve, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery, but unfortunately these hopes were blasted, for, unknown to the surgeons, she was found to be afflicted with a severe diarrhœa, which increased until it became a confirmed case of cholera, from the effects of which she died on the fifth day after the operation. She was sensible to the last, and the death-bed scene is represented as truly affecting. She expressed a wish to see the young man who had lost his blood for her, kissed him, bade him cut off a lock of her hair, and begged of him to be kind to her mother. She then entered into prayers with the Rev. Mr. Moody, the chaplain to the workhouse, and in the midst of it expired.—*English Paper.*

A PICTURE.—A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing, with thoughtful brow, upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tint her soft cheek; the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round full lips; the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace; the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her, as her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young; sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own.—Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes, it must be so; but hist! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eye brightens—her lips part—she speaks—listen—"*Jim, you nasty fool! quit scratching that are pig's back, or I'll tell mar.*"

Sketch of the British House of Lords.

We abridge the following admirable sketch from one of a series of papers in the *Britannia*, entitled "The Anatomy of Parliament."

"In all probability, the majority of my readers have never been within the walls of the House of Lords; and would rather have a circumstantial description of what it really is, than to be called upon to indulge at second hand in association which are after all somewhat trite. For this purpose, then, we will post ourselves in the gallery appropriated to strangers.

At the further end of the house, between the two high glazed doors which form the Peers' entrance, is the throne. It is placed under a splendid canopy, and raised two or three steps from the floor. All that is not gilded is covered with crimson cloth. Behind the throne, under the canopy, in a circular emblazonment of gold, are the royal initials; but, by a strange negligence, "W. R." has not yet been replaced by the initials of the Queen. The space in front of the throne, and on the steps, is occasionally occupied by gentlemen who are introduced by the Lord Chancellor's order, and the three or four aristocratic looking boys who are paying such devout attention to the proceedings, are the sons of Peers.—Immediately in front of the throne is what is called the wool-sack—a large crimson mound or bank, like nothing but itself, in the centre of which sits the Lord Chancellor, in all the glories of a silk gown and full judicial wig. A less commodious seat for one who has been there many hours, after a fatiguing day in the Chancery Court, cannot well be conceived. Other Peers occasionally lounge about on the wool-sack, though as there is no back to lean against, one is at a loss to account for their taste. Immediately in front of the wool-sack are two other banks of the same kind, stretching forward into the house, which are also used as seats or lounging places. The princes of the blood generally occupy them when present in the house. In front of these is the table, at which sit, with their faces to the Chancellor, two or more clerks, (barristers,) in wigs and gowns; and, occasionally, a master-in-chancery or so. The former individuals have to read petitions and other matters, to the house, when required to do so, and are chiefly distinguished by being the worst readers in the United Kingdom. In front of these is a table, and between it and what is called the "bar," behind which strangers and members of the other house are admitted, are situated the cross benches of the Duke of Richmond and other neutral noblemen—those who have not yet made up their minds, or who have no minds to make up. The great mass of Peers are ranged on benches, stretching on each side of the house, from the glass doors before mentioned down to the bar. Of these the government and their supporters sit on the right of the Chancellor, and the opposition on the left. As you view them from the strangers' gallery, or stand at the bar, however, these positions, of course, appear reversed—the opposition being on your right and government on your left.

So much for the ground plan; now for the filling up. But before you begin to inquire who the individual Peers are, the first impression that strikes you is the gentlemanly aspect of the whole assembly. No buz, no creaking of boots and scraping of feet, such as you hear in the House of Commons; but all quiet, easy and well-bred. You instinctively feel that you are in an assembly of gentlemen; nor do you hear or see anything to dispel the illusion. The peers are, in one peculiar respect, distinguished from the Commons; they pay a due attention to dress. There are no dirty, vulgar men in the House of Lords—no men with soiled stockings and disordered shoe-ties.—They do not seem to favor the delusion that slovenliness and talent have any necessary relationship.

Now for the Peers themselves. Immediately on the right of the Lord Chancellor, and on the extreme left of the house, as viewed from the gallery, is the bench of Bishops. In the front is a weak, sickly-looking prelate, in a close-fitting dark wig. He is the Archbishop of Canterbury, against whom not even his enemies have a word to say. He can champion the Church without provoking the ire of her foes.—Near him is the less abstracted, but scarcely less respected, Bishop of London. His full, ruddy face, offers a fine contrast to the pale visage of the Archbishop. Conspicuous among these divines is the celebrated Bishop of Exeter. The next seats to the Bench of Bishops, farther down the house, on the right of the Chancellor, are occuied by ministers. In the midst of them sits, or rather toils, the all-potent, because all-omnipotent, Melbourne. Observe the careless air with which his white hat is tilted off his forehead, and the *dolce far niente* which his whole bearing expresses. He is turning hastily over the leaves of a Government bill; it is the first time he has looked at it, though the order of the day for its second reading is now being moved! The tall dandy, with a face like a Saracen's head in acute grief, is the Marquis of Normanby. An elderly gentleman next him, fresh-colored, and with a staid, respectable air, is his brother Marquis, of Lansdowne. A very stout, infirm old man, with crutches, a bald head, and bearing in his face a marked resemblance to the great Charles James Fox, is his nephew, Lord Holland. He is remarkable for vociferous cheering at inconvenient times, and for making good speeches, greatly to the embarrassment of his colleagues. To the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne, you will observe a peer, with a peculiarly shrewish expression, and enormous shirt collar—that is Lord Duncannon. In spite of his very silly appearance, his lordship is one of the few men of business in the ministry; but the desk, not the house, is his sphere. Immediately adjoining the ministers, on their right, and at the head of a bench that is scarcely separated from theirs, sits Lord Brougham. He displayed his usual sagacity in the choice of that seat. He is as it were among the ministers, but not of them; yet the neutrality of his position is not so marked as to signify the impossibility of re-union. Behind the noble and learned Lord, on the back bench, sits the Earl of Radnor. To his right sits the Marquis of Clanricarde, concerning whom even his friends are silent; near him, also, sits Lord Denham, with that fine, severe face of his—the index of so much more than his mind contains.

Let us now turn to the Conservative benches, on the left of the Chancellor. First, in all points of view, let us single out the Duke of Wellington. He sits at the end of the first bench, in front. His dress is the simplest, consisting of a blue frock coat, and plain white trowsers. His attitude is singular.—With his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, his hat atouched over his eyes, and his legs stretched out their full length on the floor, he would appear to be asleep, and regardless of all that is going on. But if you watch his mouth, you will perceive that he is engaged in deep thought, and frequently he rises and proves that he has been so, either by delivering a plain, manly, John Bull-like exposition of his views, or by answering in detail the arguments of those who who have gone before. Next to the illustrious duke is his parliamentary squire, Lord Ellenborough—the peer with a full, fresh color, and curling dark head of hair. One of the most clear-headed and sensible of his party; he has until lately neglected business for pleasure, but he is now an altered man, and seems wisely to have become a parliamentary pupil of the duke. Immediately on his right, is a dark-haired, pale man, dressed in black, and with the air of a very serious clergyman of the establishment—it is the Earl of Aberdeen, also a strong, clear-headed man. Lower down, an infirm old man, with white hair, and supported by crutches, is Lord Wynford, near him is Lord Kenyon, the peer, whose cheek is ruddy with health, but whose hair and whiskers are white as snow. Behind the duke, on the back bench, is the Earl of Wicklow, a stout, ruddy-faced man, with sandy hair. When he does not get into a passion, there are few more sensible men in his party. On the same row, at the extreme end of the house, farthest from the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst has chosen to post himself, for what reason it is difficult to say. Quite cut off from the other leaders of his party, it would seem that the inconveniences of the position is its charm. Any other man would feel embarrassed at having to address the house from such a distance; but Lord Lyndhurst's fine, clear, manly, trumpet-like voice, overcomes all those of situation; and he makes himself heard, aye, and felt too, in any part of the house.

If the strong and characteristic contrast between the House of Commons and the Upper House be marked in the building, its decorations, and the personal appearance of the members, how much the more evident is it in their respective modes of conducting a debate! The reader is aware that scenes of riot and confusion occur at times in the Lower House, in comparison with which the councils of the Indian Segenachs are venerable. In the House of Lords no such scenes occur. The only event of the kind that at all approached to them, was when the late king came down to prorogue parliament after the rejection of the reform bill. But how different was the display of feeling! If ever strong excitement was pardonable, it was on such an unprecedented occasion. Yet it did not degenerate into riot, as is the case in the House of Commons; and their lordships had scarcely given way to it when it was put a stop to. Almost every man who rises in that House is, more or less, a statesman. He feels himself—not the representative of a mere class, the advocate of an isolated few, but one of the guardians of the welfare of the community—a member of the high court of appeals of the nation—the constitution's moderator of the passions and prejudices of the people.

PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.—We understand that Professor Davis of the University of Virginia, was shot by an unknown hand, with a pistol, in front of his dwelling, on Thursday night about 9 o'clock.—The individual who committed the act is said to have been *masked* at the time. The ball was received just below the navel, and is said to have passed around the abdomen down to the fleshy part of the thigh, without entering the cavity. It affords the numerous friends of Mr. Davis in this community infinite pleasure to learn, that the wound is not considered mortal. As the circumstances connected with this distressing occurrence will probably undergo judicial investigation we forbear to speak more fully at the present.—*Charlottesville Advertiser.*

ELDRIDGE ACQUITTED.

Dr. Eldridge, whose trial has occupied the attention of the Court of Criminal Sessions for some days, was acquitted on Saturday last, and the Jury determined that the costs should be paid by the county. The principal difficulty was, as we understand, a doubt as to the identity. The Doctor was remanded, to await a trial upon another charge.

The Catacombs of Paris.

In Governor Cass's work on France is the following description of the catacombs under the city of Paris. The author had been speaking of the frequency with which Marie Antoinette, in her earlier days, visited these dismal regions of the dead:

"But I must confess, that I surveyed with surprise one place associated by tradition with her name, and which assuredly I should have thought presented the last scene a young, beautiful and accomplished woman would desire to visit. This was a stone bench in the catacombs under the city of Paris, which our guide told us had been constructed for the temporary repose of the Queen and the gay and gallant Count D'Artois, when examining that impressive repository of the mortal remains of many generations which have died in this great city. You know these immense excavations extend under a considerable part of the capital, and that they have no doubt furnished its building materials, since the earliest times. They are no longer worked, because the streets and many of the houses having been undermined, the surface of the ground, as well as buildings, occasionally fell in, and the government felt it necessary to check the farther progress of the evil. Pillars have been constructed in the most exposed situations, and as it is some time since I have heard of any accidents, I presume there are no farther apprehensions. The entrance is secured, and admittance is obtained with some difficulty, for in Europe the public authorities are more careful of life than we are, and persons having been separated from the guides have become lost and perished in this vast field of the dead. What end can be more frightful! To wander in this immense charnal-house surrounded by the most revolting emblems of mortality, to perish in the midst of departed generations, is terrible indeed. The bones are all arranged with horrible symmetry. Pillar after pillar, and wall after wall, of arms and legs and ribs, hedge in the visiter, and form a narrow path along which he follows the guide in an impressive silence. And as the torches which are carried, and which alone light up these regions impenetrable to day, shed their feeble and flickering rays upon these sad memorials of humanity, the scene is painful beyond description. And then come the columns of sculls, and you may almost fancy, as the fitful light strikes them, that they are grinning upon you with diabolical malice. The whole cavern does resemble the Valley of the Shadow of Death so powerfully described by the prophet, rendered still more strange by the display of a kind of taste in the arrangement of the materials.

"I breathed freer when the portal of this great tomb closed behind me."

Speak ill of no one, without a Just Cause.

There are many persons in the world who are in the habit of speaking lightly or contemptuously of their neighbors, and some who do not scruple to rent those who are absent with the greatest disrespect, by showing up their faults to those who are present, without ever alluding to any good qualities they possess. There is nothing so detestable as this habit of backbiting in society; it often produces the greatest bitterness of feelings between those who ought to live in peace and good fellowship towards each other, and it never does any good. It generally arises from a selfish feeling, but sometimes from thoughtlessness; in either case it is injurious to society, and ought to be condemned by every well meaning and sensible person. Selfish persons have generally such an over appreciation of themselves, and the situation they hold in society, that they are apt to speak of others with contempt, and are even happy when they discover the least fault (however trivial it may be) in some of their neighbors or acquaintances. Instead, of which, it would be well for them to examine their own conduct, to see whether they were without fault, and ask themselves whether they would like any fault or foible they might be guilty of to be made the subject of conversation amongst their neighbors. It would be better if they were to consider the noble destiny which all mankind partake of in common with themselves, both as respects the great moral ends of this life, and the more sublime prospects of the future—if they would remember the great fellowship of our common humanity—the social end, which as parts of a great community we are all working to attain, and which awaits us at the close of our brief existence. Let them reflect on these things, and not offend their Creator by injuring their fellow creatures—rather let them judge others with tenderness, as they would wish to be judged, putting aside the weeds that cover the surface of the characters of their neighbors, to ascertain the depth and sweetness of the clear water beneath it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ANCESTORS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

We have been favored, within the last few days, with a highly interesting account of a monument in England, erected to the memory of some of the ancestors of our beloved Washington. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account, is Mr. Samuel Fullaway, of this city, but who, being a native of England, returned to that country on a visit to his parents, who reside at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire. The monument in question, is in Gardson church, in the same county.

The village of Gardson is about two miles from Malmesbury, and the church is an ancient Gothic edifice, situate in the bosom of a rich country, and surrounded with venerable trees. The country people have, for many years, been in the habit of conducting strangers to the church, for the purpose of pointing out the venerable memorial of the Washington family—in former ages the Lords of the Manor of Gardson, and the residents of the Court House, a building of the olden time—gray with the lapse of centuries.

The monument was once a superb specimen of the "mural" style—and even now exhibits relics of richness and curious workmanship. It is to be seen in the chancel, on the left side of the altar, and is richly carved out of the stone of that part of the country. It is surmounted with the family coat of arms, which form a rich emblazonment of heraldry; and, although two hundred years have rolled away since it was erected, they are still burnished with gilding.

The following are the inscriptions:

TO YE
MEMORY OF
SIR LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, Nite,
Lately Chief Register
OF YE
CHAUNCERYE,
Of Renowne, Piety and Charitye.
An Exemplarye and Loving Husband,
a Tender Father, A Bountefull Master, A
Constante Reliever of ye Poor; And to
Thoas of His Parish, A Perpetuall Benefactor:
Whom it Pleased
GOD TO TAKE INTO IS PEACE,
From the Furye of the Inzuing Warrs.
BORN MAY XIV.
He Was Heare Interred,
May XXIV., An. Doi. 1643.
ÆTAT. SUÆ, 64.

Heare Also Lyeth
DAME ANNE,
Is WIFE, WHO DECEASED
January XII; And Who
WAS BERYED XVIth,
Anno Doi. 1645.

The old Manor House of Gardson is now occupied by a respectable, and, indeed, opulent farmer named Woody, two of whose sons lately came over to this country in the ship Philadelphia, and are gone back into the state of Ohio. Mr. Woody rents his farm and house of Lord Andover. This ancient seat of the Washington family is handsome, very old fashioned, and built of stone, with immense solidity and strength. The timber about it is chiefly British oak, and in several of the rooms, particularly in a large one, which was the old hall or banqueting room, there are rich remains of gilding, carved work in cornices, ceilings and panels, polished floors and wainscoating, with shields containing the same coat of arms as on the mural monument in the church, carved over the high, venerable, and architectural mantel-pieces. Beneath the house are extensive cellars, which, with the banqueting room, seem to indicate the genuine hospitality and princely style of living peculiar to it

"Fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time."

And, indeed, according to the traditions and chronicles of the country, such was the general character of the heads of the Washington family. Soon after the civil war, the family left their ancient seat, and removed to another part of the Kingdom; but an old man now living in the village, named Reeves, who is ninety years of age, states that he remembers one of the Washingtons living in that part of the country when he was a boy; and that his great-grand-father remembered the last Squire Washington living at the Manor House. The walls of the house are five feet thick, and the entire residence is surrounded by a beautiful garden and orchards. In the old parish archives, the Washington family are constantly referred to as the benefactors of the parish; and from the very earliest recorded time, they seem to have been the lords of the soil at Gardson, down to the period of their leaving; when the Manor House fell into the hands of a family named Dodds.—*Philad. Inquirer.*