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POETRY.

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the will sward cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure clear drops of the rising spray
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night tears o'er the firm we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the forest earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest
In purity o'er the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Where no column proud in the summer glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peri loves to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

THE BETROTHED.

Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When thy heart and hand were free,
When no other claim'd the duty—
Which my soul would yield to thee;
Had I wooed thee—had I won thee—
Oh! how blest had been my fate.
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I have loved thee—but too late!

For to one my vows were plighted,
With a faltering lip and pale;
Hands our cruel sires united—
Hearts were deemed of slight avail!
Thus my youth's bright morn o'er shaded,
Thus betrothed to wealth and state,
All Love's own sweet prospect faded—
I have found thee—but too late!

Like the fawn that finds the fountain,
With the arrow in his breast;
Or like light upon the mountain,
Where the snow must ever rest,
Thou hast known me—but forget me!
For I feel what ills await.
Oh! 'tis madness to have met thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

LOVE'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, mother dear, the sun shines bright,
But, ah, for me it is night is shrouded;
The moon with radience fills the night,
From me her radiant face is shrouded,
Around me flowerets thickly bloom,
Birds fill the air with notes of gladness,
But ah! all—all partake the gloom,
Of my too sore prevailing sadness.

I sit me down, and try to rouse
Gay dreams of pleasures fondly cherished,—
The hawthorn tree, the whispered vows,
That with the evening zephyrs perished;
And hours come back when hope and love
Made life one long and glorious vision,
When all was fair and calm above,
And all below was bliss Elysian.

A numbness and a sense of pain—
A drowsy unimpassioned feeling—
A fire that smoulders in the brain,
Through all the listless pulses stealing;
Preys on me through the live-long day,
Like a grim phantom haunts me nightly,
Takes feeling, thought, and power away,
Till all looks ghastly—all unsightly!

Life is a leafless blighted bough—
This stifling pang, how may I smother?
What can I love, or live for now?
Oh, comfort me, my own dear mother!
Say, say, what means these fancies drear,
That on despair and frenzy border;
"Pshaw! take this dose of salts, my dear,
'Tis just your stomach's out of order!"

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

Capture by a Pirate.

The appearance of the black flag, when seen at sea by the crew of an unarmed vessel, is an appalling sight. There is, with gallant spirits, something noble, something exciting, in the idea of death in a well-fought engagement, when doing battle on the ensanguined field—or foot to foot, or hand to hand, on the slippery deck of an armed brig. On such an occasion, a glorious death may be expected, and is sometimes courted rather than shunned. But the boldest warrior will turn pale at the sight of the PIRATE FLAG on the wide ocean, when he knows that he has no means of resistance, but feels conscious that death, murder, cold-blooded murder, by the knife of the pirate, or by walking the plank amid the taunts, and sneers, and the insults of the demoniac band, within a few hours at farthest, in all probability, is his fate.—Oh! then the thinks of his home far away—of all those well-remembered scenes, and tender associations which made life joyous. He thinks of his wife and his children in a distant land, and he feels in his inmost soul, that life, accompanied as it is with pains and evils, is indeed sweet, and he will cling to existence with the desperation of a maniac.

The wind, which had increased a little during the last hour, now died away, but the schooner, propelled by sweeps, still advanced towards them rapidly, and when she had reached to within the distance of a musket-shot of the brig, a boat was launched from her deck—about a dozen men, armed with muskets, pistols and cutlasses, or long Spanish knives, sprang on board, and in a few minutes were alongside the Mermaid!

Captain Watkins, of course, could make no effectual resistance—but he would gladly have fought the bloody-minded villains with handspikes and scalding water, if the mate and crew had seconded him—but his mate, Mr. Miller, argued, that if no resistance should be made, it was possible that their lives might be spared, which would certainly not be the case, provided they opposed the pirates in their attempts to come alongside and board the brig. This argument did not convince the Captain, but it had a powerful effect on the minds of the crew, who threw down their handspikes, harpoons and axes, with which, at their Captain's suggestion, they had armed themselves, and prepared to submit to the mercy of the pirates!

Led by the Lieutenant, a broad shouldered, brawny Spaniard, who waved a short cutlass over his head, and had a brace of pistols in his belt, the pirates rushed on board, and in a moment had possession of the brig. The Lieutenant shouted aloud for the Captain. "Where is the Captain?" echoed a little savage looking Portuguese, who being able to speak English indifferently well, acted the part of an interpreter.

Captain Watkins stepped forward, and avowed himself master of the brig. "Where is your money stowed?" inquired the Lieutenant, at the same time giving him a rap over the head with the flat of his cutlas!

"I have no money on board," replied Watkins, firmly.

"Come," said the interpreter, "this is of no use. We must have your money. It is nonsense to say there is no money on board. If you will hand over a good round sum, some two or three thousand doubloons, without further trouble, we may spare your life. But you must be quick about it!" at the same time the demon drew his hand significantly across his throat.

"Then God have mercy on my poor soul!" exclaimed Watkins—"for there is no money on board, excepting ten silver dollars in my writing desk in the cabin."

This being reported to the Lieutenant, his anger seemed much excited, and he gave Captain Watkins three or four additional blows over the head and shoulders with the flat of his cutlas. He ordered the writing desk to be brought on deck, while others rummaged different parts of the cabin, examined the rigging, and ripped up the ceiling over the transom, with the expectation of finding money. But no money was to be found.

By this time the schooner was alongside the brig, and the Captain of the pirate himself came on board. He was a man not more than thirty years of age, of a symmetrical figure, promising activity and strength. His features, individually, were handsome,—but there was an expression about his visage, a compression of the nether lip, and a fire in his deep set, dark eye, which said in a mute but expressive language, that he could both conceive and execute deeds of a dark and daring character. He was followed by a young man of a slight figure, and a fine intelligent but pensive countenance, with whom he often consulted, while they were on the deck of the Mermaid—and who, with his beardless face, and costume rich and gay, formed a singular contrast with the rough-looking, bearded and mustachoed half-clad beings around him.

The Captain, whose name was Pedro Guarilla, a name well known in Cuba, at the time that this outrage took place, on hearing the state of the case from his Lieutenant, ordered Captain Watkins to be seized, tied up to the main rigging, and flogged until he confessed where the money was concealed. The order was no sooner given than it was executed,—and the unfortunate man was stripped to the skin, and flogged in the most inhuman manner. He still persisted in declaring that there was no money in the vessel—and would, perhaps, have been flogged to death had not the young Spaniard, who followed the pirate Captain, and who was called Don Diego, interfered, and by his entreaties obtained an order to stop the punishment.

Mr. Miller, the mate, was next brought forward. He at first denied that there was any money on board the vessel, so far as his knowledge extended—and was accordingly ordered to be flogged for the purpose of quickening his memory—but the craven wretch had no sooner received half a dozen blows than he declared that he would confess all: and in a vile and cowardly spirit, attempted to throw all the blame on Captain Watkins. He said that there *was* money on board—some boxes of dollars, and some bags of gold, and that as soon as the schooner was suspected of being a pirate, Captain Watkins took the money and secreted it somewhere in the cabin or in the after run!

The search was now renewed with redoubled earnestness, but without success—and Pedro Guarilla, with the greatest possible coolness and deliberation, ordered some of his men to send the main-top-mast studding-sail tack down on deck, and *hang Captain Watkins at the main yard arm!*

Captain Watkins understood sufficient of the Spanish language to comprehend the nature of the order. He gave a look of indignation at his cowardly mate, who had thus by falsehood, to save himself from punishment, brought a pirate's vengeance upon his Captain. But when the Lieutenant, whose name was Juan, approached the pinioned Watkins, and attempted to pass the rope around his neck, the Captain gave the scoundrel an unexpected kick in the abdomen, which sent him across the deck, and compelled him to measure his length in the lee scuppers.

Juan arose in a great fury, and, cutlas in hand, rushed upon Watkins, and would have cut him down at once, had he not been restrained by Guarilla—who grinned with savage delight when he saw his Lieutenant thus repulsed by an unarmed and pinioned foe. The rope was soon affixed to the neck of the Captain of the Mermaid, and a half dozen pirates stood ready, at a signal, to run him up to the main yard arm—when Pedro Guarilla addressed the unhappy man through an interpreter, and pointing significantly to the yard arm, asked him if he would *now* confess where he had secreted the money?

Captain Watkins replied with the most solemn asservations that there was no money on board the brig.

This answer, being reported to the pirate Captain, roused his ire, and he gave the signal to sway away.

The rope tightened around the throat of poor Watkins. He mentally bade farewell to his wife and children, and called upon a merciful God to forgive his sins. He was realizing all the mental agonies of death, when the young man, whom I have called Diego, and who had been a mere spectator of the scenes which were enacted, sprung forward, raised his cutlas, and severed the rope just above the head of Watkins.—Guarilla seemed bitterly offended at this act, and he gave the young Diego a menacing look, and ordered him to go on board the schooner. But, for the time, Captain Watkins' life was saved—the attempt to hang him was not repeated. The Captain, mate and crew were driven forward by blows and thrusts with knives, by which several were wounded, into the forecastle, at the entrance of which a guard was placed, there to await their fate, whatever it might be. One poor fellow, who was stabbed by a knife in the shoulder, instinctively turned half round, with a motion akin to resistance, when the pirate, with another thrust of his weapon, laid him dead on the deck!

The pirates now rummaged the vessel, and sought for valuable goods; but they soon ascertained that the cargo was valueless to them—consisting chiefly of lumber, salfish, lard, provisions, &c. There was a barrel of rum in the steerage, of which they freely partook, and their loud shouts, and sounds of horrid laughter, from time to time, sounded fearfully in the ears of the destined victims of their cruelty.

The pirates had found among the ship's papers the shipping list, and roll of equipage, and thus knew the names and number of the crew. At the head stood the name of Aaron Miller, the mate of the Mermaid, and this was probably the reason why he was first summoned by name from the forecastle by the pirates, to the quarter-deck.

Pale and trembling, Miller ascended the steps, leading from the forecastle to the deck. He knew not the object of the pirates, in thus singling him from among his companions. It might be to murder him—or, and he clung to the flattering hope,—it might be to save him, who had confessed all they wished, from the terrible fate which hung over his shipmates.

Watkins and his companions awaited in sad suspense the termination of this fearful scene—when suddenly the shrieks of Miller invaded their ears. Amid his thrilling screams he pleaded for mercy; but he appealed to those who knew naught of mercy but its name, and the crew of the Mermaid soon learned, from the convulsive shrieks of the poor wretch, and the loud taunts of the pirates, that Miller had fallen a victim to their ferocity.

They all felt that there was no longer any hope of having their lives spared, and Watkins conceived a bold and desperate project, which he hastened to put into execution. "My brave fellows," said he to his horrow-stricken crew, "Miller is murdered, and we shall soon share his fate.—Let us make one struggle for life, and if we must die, it is better to die fighting, than to be butchered like sheep in the shambles. Here are two handspikes and there are some heavers in that locker on the breast-hook. Let us arm ourselves as well as we can, and rush on deck and fight for our lives. The boat is perhaps still alongside. Let us make for the boat. The pirates are evidently drunk, and we may succeed in effecting our escape. At all events, the chance is worth the trial."

The intimation that there was a *possibility*, although a very remote one, of escaping the terrible destiny which threatened them, seemed to infuse new life into the stout and hardy crew. Their eyes glistened with hope, with stern and daring resolution. They said nothing, but acting on their Captain's suggestion, seized eagerly such arms as were at hand, and stood ready to follow wherever he would lead the way.

At this moment, one of the pirates, who was keeping guard at the entrance of the forecastle, called out the name of Richard Lennox, one of the crew, inviting him, in no gentle accents, to come upon deck and be killed. "Now, my lads," said Watkins through his teeth, in a low, but emphatic tone, "is the time. Follow me! Let us strike one blow for our lives."

He rushed upon deck with a heaver in his hand, that is, a stick of white oak, about three feet in length, and an inch and a half in diameter—a weapon in the hands of a powerful man not to be despised. As he passed out of the forecastle, one of the pirates made a blow at him with his cutlas, which would have clove him to the chin if it had taken effect; but it, fortunately for Watkins, fell upon the main stay, which passed directly over the fore scuttle—and before he could repeat the blow, Watkins was on the deck, and lost not an instant in shattering the fellow's scull with his club.

He was followed by his men, and the few pirates on the forecastle were immediately knocked down and thrown overboard. They then formed a front—a small but gallant band—but with their clubs and the cutlasses they had taken from their discomfitted enemies, they presented a formidable aspect. Watkins saw that the pirate boat was still alongside the brig, and he called upon his men to rush to the waist and get possession of the boat. And he was seconded in a noble style by his brave shipmates.

The pirates, who were on board the brig, seemed to be struck nerveless by surprise, and before they could recover from the consternation which this unexpected attack had produced among them, the important moment had passed away. For Watkins and his party, after cutting down or throwing overboard the few pirates who ventured to oppose them, jumped into the boat, the painter was cut, the men seized the oars, and before it occurred to their sanguinary enemies to open a fire of musketry upon them, they were at some distance from the brig, and the shots which were afterwards fired, whistled harmlessly over their heads. But in a few minutes they were out of the reach of the musketry—and as it was still nearly calm, and there was no other boat in the possession of the pirates, excepting a clumsy, ill-modelled yawl, belonging to the Mermaid, they felt that they had escaped from the terrible fate which was designed for them, and offered up silent prayers of gratitude and thanks to God for their deliverance.

It was now dark, but Captain Watkins was familiar with the position of the stars, and directed his course to the south-west. They pulled all night without intermission, for a man will make superhuman exertions to save his life, and the next morning they saw the Pan of Matanzas. It was about 8 o'clock when they fell in with a vessel from Rhode Island, bound to Matanzas—they were hospitably received on board, and in a few hours, when the vessel entered the harbor of Matanzas, they had nearly recovered from the physical fatigue which they had suffered, but many days elapsed ere they recovered from the nervous excitement consequent on the soul thrilling scenes through which they had passed.

On arriving at Matanzas, Captain Watkins found no difficulty in providing himself with funds, but as he knew that pirates were lurking in that city, he said little about his adventures near the Salt Key Bank, but sought for an opportunity to return as soon as possible. To his great satisfaction, he found a brig nearly ready for sea, and bound to Portland. He immediately engaged a passage for himself and four of his seamen.

The day before the vessel was ready for sea, he went ashore in the afternoon to attend to a little business, and as he left Delmore's Coffee House, and accompanied by two or three friends, was walking towards the quay for the purpose of going on board the brig, as he turned a corner of a street, he came suddenly upon Pedro Guarilla, the pirate Captain. He was gaily dressed, and appeared like a wealthy and respectable Don. The young Diego, who by a sabre cut severed the studding sail tack after it was fastened to the neck of Captain Watkins, and thus saved his life, was with the pirate, and they were conversing familiarly when the parties met.

The recognition was mutual. Watkins and the pirate glared fiercely at each other. But that was no place for explanation or for the indulgence of hostile feelings. As they passed each other, the pirate regarded Watkins with a truly demoniac scowl, at the same time pointing significantly to his throat, intimating that the next time that the Yankee fell into his hands, he would not escape so easily. Watkins returned his gaze with a look, not a whit behind it in ferocity and hatred, for his blood boiled within his veins as the sight of the pirate conjured to his view the many indignities and cruelties which had been practised on him. By a strong effort, however, he controlled his feelings, and contented himself with shaking his huge fist at the pirate, in a manner to indicate that he was determined on revenge.

The next morning the brig, with some other vessels, sailed under convoy of the steam-ship Sea Gull, which vessel kept company with the merchant-men, until they passed the Double Headed Shot Keys. Nothing of importance occurred on the voyage. Captain Watkins arrived safely among his friends once more, and his home, although ever the abode of peace and happiness, never seemed as attractive and pleasant as it did on this occasion, after his providential escape from the blood thirsty pirates. Yet when he thought of the abuse and insults which he had received in addition to the loss of property, for he owned one-half of the brig and cargo, he could hardly contain his feelings. He foamed and fretted like a madman, and longed to be again on the ocean, prepared to search for the pirates in their well known haunts, and at the head of a force sufficient to secure their death or capture, if he could be so fortunate as to fall in with the bloody-minded villains.

Pretty Fair.—A distinguished counsellor at Nantucket found a ball of yarn in the street, and winding up the thread he followed it until he overtook the lady who dropped the ball and who had the other end of the thread in her pocket. The counsellor made his politest bow, put on his blandest smile, and resuming her the ball, said, 'Madam, I have often heard of ladies spinning street-yarn, but I never caught one at it before.'

A Gin-u-Wine Loafer.—'I say, mother,' said a regular street loafer the other night, after he had deposited a bottle of *something* in a rickety old cupboard and laid himself down on the floor, 'I want you to waken me when I get dry!'

'How do I know when you get dry?'

'Oh, just waken me any time—I'm *always* dry!'

A Beautiful Coat.—'That's a beautiful coat you have on,' said one gentleman to another, 'where does your tailor live?' 'on the *skirts* of the town,' was the ready response.

HIGHLAND DROVERS, OF SCOTLAND.

The hills and vales of the interior highlands which in rough times sent out, under a Graham or Cameron, bands of armed men, now, in the season, pour forth the herds of cattle which they rear to the eager markets of England, where a savory mouthful is ever welcome. The cattle which form the drove are gathered together on a set day, and at an appointed place—the foot of a mountain, the side of a lake, or near a castle, or in the neighborhood of a village, or more likely still, a battlefield; herdsmen are selected to conduct the different portions into which the drove is divided, while over all a confidential person, a sort of chief *topsman*, as he is called in the low-lands, presides, who directs all the movements, makes all bargains, and is responsible to the owners for the profits.

This person, the topsman, gives the order—a signal generally when to move or halt. He is always busy, now in the front, and then in the rear, and is consulted by his subordinates in all difficulties. He knows the safest road over the wildest tracks.—Shapfell is as well known to him as Shehalion. He prefers the greensward way which is pleasant to the hoofs of his charge and affords them a mouthful, to the hard and dusty public road, which distresses the feet of his cattle, and has little in the way of food. English parties on their way to the North to look at the wild deer and wild hills, and trace the scenes of Scott or of Ossian, are often startled by a drove emerging from a glen or rounding the base of a mountain, coming lowing along, urged on and directed by their drivers, who, with wallet on back, and staff in hand, are conducting them to the South.

These topsmen are now generally paid for their labors and trust; but in days not yet distant the highland proprietor accompanied his drove to the South, and with his profit in his sporran, returned to his mountains. It is said that one of these dealers, while on his way back to the border, was joined on the high road by a well dressed and civil gentleman, who, while he talked of the martial spirit of the highlanders, wondered how they dared to traverse the land with so much gold in their pockets. 'Yes,' replied the highlander, 'but if we have English gold in the sporran, we have Scottish steel in the sheath, and,' touching the hilt of his sword as he spoke, 'with Andrea Ferrara here, and Bran there,' nodding to a strong, fierce wolf hound beside him, 'I am afraid of no highwayman in the land.' 'What,' exclaimed the other, 'and is your sword a real Farrara? Such blades are scarce.' 'You shall judge, sir,' said the highlander, unsheathing his sword and pointing to the makers name and the date.

'It is,as you say,' replied the other, and poised it in his hand, like a man about to weigh the weapon, rather than admire it. 'Take it by the hilt, man,' said the Scot, sharply, 'there's a right end and a wrong in a'things.' The Englishman seized it by the hilt, took a sudden stride forward, and striking the head from poor Bran, turned to the man and said, 'Your money or your life! You see that even a highlander may be matched,' The highlander saw that refusal was death, and resistance hopeless, and delivering up his sporran, said, 'Who will believe it in Breadalbane, that with such a good dog, and such an arm at the sword, an English fool had robbed me?' 'Oh, rest you easy on that head,' said the robber sarcastically, 'for I have foiled better men than you; besides, I intend to bestow a token upon you, to show that you were robbed by main force. Lay down your right hand on that tree stump.' Hope dawned at this on the highlander; he laid his right arm on the old stump, but watching the eye of the other, withdrew it suddenly as the sword descended, and while the blade sunk deep in the wood, he seized his adversary by the throat, threw him with violence on the ground and clapping his dirk to his bosom, had him at his mercy. Having bound him hard and fast, the highlander regained his sword, re-took his sporran, and gave up the highwayman to the law of the land, which speedily helped him to a halter and gibbet, for he was a noted robber, and had long been the terror of the district.

From the Troy New York Times.

THE BOOT-BLACK AND THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

TWO SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

Some score of years since, the President of a well known College in Kentucky, was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a singular visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse home spun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sun-burnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an untaught—uncultivated ploughboy.

The President, an affable and a venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

'If you please, sir,' said the ploughboy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic, 'If you please, sir, I'd like to git some larnin'. I heard you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education.'

'Well, my young friend,' replied the President, 'I scarcely can see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is something singular——.'

'Why I can bring water, cut wood, or black your boots,' interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening in his earnestness. 'I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work only so as to git an education. I want——'

He paused at a loss for words to express his ideas. But there was a language in the expressive lip, and the glancing eye, there was a language in his manner, in the tone in which the words were spoken, that appealed at once to the Professor's feelings.

He determined to try the sincerity of the youth.

'I am afraid, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I can see no way in which you may be useful to us at present.'

The President resumed his book. In a moment he glanced his eye at the ploughboy, who silent and mute, stood holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand—his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sun-burnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy raised his toil-hardened hand, and brushed away the sign of regret.

He made a well meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opened the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the President called him back.

The ploughboy was in a few minutes hired as man-of-all work, and bootblack to the——College.

* * * * *

The next scene which we give the reader was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged with an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of Heaven, who delivered the mission of his Master from the altar.

The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age, of striking and impressive appearance, piercing intellectual eye, and high intellectual forehead.

Every eye is fixed upon him—every lip is hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teachings of the orator.

Who in all that throng would recognise, in the famed, the learned, the eloquent President of——College, Pennsylvania, the humble bootblack of ——College, in Kentucky!

* * *

A WHIM.

The Marquis de Louvois, a descendant of Louis the Fourteenth's celebrated War Minister of the same name, and now a member of the French Chamber of Peers, is a great amateur of music and painting, and fond of living much in the company of artists. When travelling some time ago in Switzerland, he had the good fortune to meet with two ladies well known in the fashionable circles of the French capital, as gifted with voices and musical accomplishments not inferior to those of Malibran and Grisi, whose friends they have been.—These fair travellers were the Countess of Merlin, wife of the Lieutenant General of that name and the authoress of several works, including memoirs of her friend, poor Malibran; and the Countess de Sparre, the lady of the Lieutenant General and Peer, Count de Sparre. Of the latter great singer we need but say that she was Madlle. Naldi. The ladies according to some had repaired to Switzerland, in order to borrow from nature some costumes which might be used in the balls of the ensuing season. Others affirm that their only object was to see and study, to breathe the fresh air of the fields, draw the chalets of lovely Helvetia, listen to the melancholy or joyful songs of the mountaineers, and to the *ranz* of the cows of the thirteen old Cantons. However this might be, the meeting was a most welcome one to the three travellers. They were dwelling together upon the beauty of the neighboring scenery and of Austoria, that land of the arts, and above all, music, when the Marquis—the man for extempore excursions and parties—suggested an immediate tour in Italy. The proposal was rejected as a mad one, though with some hesitation, for they had long wished to see the much-talked-of theatre San Carlos, at Naples.—Upon a signal given by M. de Louvois, a post-chaise drew up at the door, as by magic, and his half-consenting and half-resisting companions were soon on the road to Italy. They rapidly crossed Tuscany and the Roman States, and reached Naples, the favored object of the journey.

Whilst his companions were taking some rest, the Marquis hastened to the Teatro San Carlos, and asked to speak with the director; but to his great dismay, he soon learnt that the season was over, and that not a note was to be heard in the rendezvous of the Neapolitan *Dilettante*. His gallantry strove at least to diminish the disappointment he had caused the fair travellers. He gave instructions in confidence and in the evening, after announcing that the performances were unusually over till next season, he conducted them to the Teatro San Carlos, which he had got splendidly lighted up, thus affording them a magnificent *coup d'œil*, in the absence of an opera animated by the enthusiasm of a Neapolitan audience. "What a pity," said one of the ladies, "that we cannot hear a piece of Rossini's! How sonorous is *in the place*. the house!" "Well, Countess," replied M. de Louvois, "let your fine soprano voice give 'Una voce poco fa.' Your friend and I shall be your public." "How can I sing without accompaniment? a proper effect it would have." "As for that, don't trouble yourself about it;" and upon a sign made by him to a man who stood by, the orchestra was immediately thronged with musicians, who gave the overture of the *Barbiere*, and next the ritornella to Rosina's celebrated cavatina. The Countess Merlin, compelled to ascend the stage on the demand of a public, consisting of two persons, sang her part to the satisfaction of the *whole house*, and then came and formed a public by the Marquis's side, while the Countess de Sparre, remembering her former triumphs, sang, with a beating heart, "Di placer mi balzi il Cor," and the two ladies then sang the beautiful duet of *Semiramidi*—the fine contralto of the one, and brilliant soprano of the other, sounding in the immense empty house of San Carlo to the enthusiastic applause of one *foreitico per la musica*, who, thus received, alone, the reward due to gallantry worthy of the brightest times of French chivalry.

If this anecdote be true, as is affirmed, the Marquis de Louvois is truly deserving of the seat which he holds in the Commission of Superintendence of the Royal Theatres of Paris.

The following parental appeal in the shape of an advertisement, we copy from an English paper.

"If this should meet the eye of Emma D—s, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be met with undiminished love by her almost broken-hearted parents. If, however, nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years, it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will, without a moment's further delay, *send back the key of the tea caddy!*"

The difference.—A dog is accounted mad when he won't take 'some thing to drink,' and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains 'respectable' with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

There is a short didactic sentence of four words, which, if followed in practice, would effect a reform in society, more extensive and important than the great temperance reform. I know it sounds harshly—you may call it vulgar—I do not mean to offend by uttering a truth coarsely. It is merely a quotation—*'Mind your own business.'*

TEMPERANCE.—A drunkard was lying in the gutter, in the very lowest state of filth, degradation and wickedness. He felt some one taking hold of him and trying to pull him up, and had just reason enough left to stammer out—"Don't take me to the Police Office." "Oh, no," said the other, "what good would that do you? I am going to do a much better thing." Saying this, and working away all the time, he helped the poor drunkard to his feet, carried him to his own house, gave him a bath and a comfortable bed, a new suit of new clothes in the morning, and when he had recovered his senses, thus addressed him: "I am one of the reformed drunkards, and I want you to be another. If you will sign this pledge and resolve forever to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, I will find you an honest and respectable employment.—We will work to support ourselves by day, and in the evening go and advocate the temperance cause."

It was long since the poor man had heard such words of encouragement and kindness. He at once signed the pledge and commenced a new course of life.

The "Apostle of Temperance."—The Dublin Freeman's Journal relates the following incident, as calculated to show the deep veneration and esteem with which the Very Reverend Mr. Mathew is regarded by the highest of the aristocracy, and without any respect to religious distinctions, as well as by the humblest peasant in the land.—Some eight or ten days back, Father Mathew was on his way from Sligo to Dublin by the mail. The coach was filled with passengers inside—the night was awfully tempestous, and the rain descended in torrents; but, hazarding all the consequences from exposure in such weather, rather than suffer interruption in his divine duty, he, contrary to the remonstrance of his friends, seated himself on the roof of the vehicle, and the coach proceeded to Boyle—there, while the change of horses was taken place, the illustrious traveller happened to be recognized. Immediately on his name being heard, a gentleman, an inside passenger, got out, expressed in the most enthusiastic terms his gratification at beholding the great apostle of temperance, and insisted on resigning his seat for him. It was in vain that the moral regenerator repeatedly declined the generous offer—the stranger would take no refusal, and finally obliged him to an interchange of seats. That inside passenger was General L'Estrange.

In the town of Washington, Kentucky, where Messrs. Vickers and Brown spent time, *there is not a single drunkard left*