with rapture on the beauties of his native South, and strike the chords of his guitar to her favorite songs.

The wedding day was fixed; the bridal hour was appointed. The union of two so devoted hearts was hailed with joy by the friends of both: and he who came a stranger to the village, was about to bear away one of its lovliest flowers from the simple valley. Never did youthful lovers anticipate their union with fonder hopes for the future; and if ever the angels delight in witnessing the happiness of mortals, the shadow of their wings must have rested on the brows of Authur and Alice. It came at length—the day which decides the fate of so many for happiness or woe, the day which of all others is the crisis in our life. There were many bounding hearts that chided the slow wheel of the hour which was to see the lovers united. Early in the morning, the many friends of Allice were assembled at her fathers house to witness the ceremony which would separate from them the pride of her native village; and the venerable pair, who had watched the budding of her childhood and the bloom of her youth, with parental solicitude, were ready to impart their last blessing to the idol of their affections. There was no gorgeous entertainment to honor the festival. Alice, herself was clothed in a traveling habit; the coach was standing at the door, which by night fall would bear them far from the scenes of their betrothal. Never had she looked so beautiful as on that eventful morning. The excitement of her novel feelings had tinged her cheeks with a rosier hue, and her young heart beat high with its bright anticipation of its future bliss. True, she was about to leave scenes which had been endeared from her infancy.—she might never again roam over the hills which skirted her native valley, nor pluck the flowers which sprung up their beneath her feet, nor be as she once was, the pride of the circle which had cherished her youth; but she felt that with the love and presence of Arthur she could be happy even in a desert. But she was going to a land of perennial beauty and unfading sunshine, and even amid the hurry of that eventful hour, she pictured the green Savannahs of the verdant South; and the rills whose music would chime with the melody of birds, and the songs of dark haired girls: and the perfumes from the orange and lemon ever to be wafted on the summer air. And Arthur had promised, too, to tame for her a courser fresh from his native prairie, with bounding hoofs, and arching neck, and flashing eye; and how delightful would it be, in the cool air of the dewy morn, or the tender twilight, to mount her beautiful courser, and scour his native plains with Arthur at her side!

Such were the visions of happiness that floated across her mind. But the hour had passed when the bridegroom should have come to bear away his prize, and still he was not there It was evident to all that Alice had become restless and uneasy; and the shadows flitted over her brow in token of the fears and anxieties which which were busy within. Half an hour elapsed, and the visiters were hurrying out in quest of the truant lover, when a messenger breathless with haste and terror, rushed through the crowd, sought the awaiting bride, and whispered that Arthur's disease had re appeared, and he was unable to quit his couch.

Suddenly like the flash of thought, her brow was as pale as the bridal wreath which bound it. She tore herself from the grasp of those who would have detained her; she sprang into the street in breathless haste;—and in the agony of her heart she glided rapidly along, with dishevelled hair, and the cornet of flowers streaming in the wind. She reached the door of Arthur's chamber, in vain the attendant strove to detain her; she tore herself from his grasp and hurried to the sick man's couch. and the scene she there beheld! It was a dark gloomy chamber.—there was none of the pure light of heaven to fall on the horrors of the scene, but all was sad and dismal as the tomb. And far in one corner of the room lay the sick man on his bed of death, and the physician watching there in hopeless anxiety. And the bride so soon to be a widow, and come from the throng of the gay and light-hearted, and bowed in agony beside his bed;—what a step from the altar to the grave!

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, casting herself beside her lover—"Oh Arthur!—that I should live to see this."

He raised himself feebly on his arm—cast a wild glance at the wilder features of Alice—whispered something of a meeting in heaven—fell back again and expired, with her name upon his lips.

Poor Alice she imprinted a long kiss on on his cold brow—looked fixedly on his marble [illegible] one gush of tears [illegible] holiest sorrow, and all was calm and silent as the grave.

The same throng which had met to witness the union of lovers, followed in solemn procession to Arthur's grave; and as they cast the cold sod over him, wept that so much of gentleness and virtue had departed from earth.

But Alice was not there. They had borne her away almost lifeless to her chamber.—Her malady was almost literally a broken heart. For long weeks she remained insensible of all around her, and at length awoke into existence a maniac. She seemed to have forgotten all her old associates, and though she never spoke of Arthur, it was a touching sight to see her in her widow's weeds, gazing out on the garden that was now untilled, and on the bower where he had first whispered the tale of his love. So mellow and plaintive was the song she warbled from her open lattice, and so touching was the story of her life, that there were many of her former admirers who could have loved even this wreck of departed beauty and loveliness.

Weeks and months rolled away. Spring came again with its flowers and gentle airs; and with it reason was partly restored to Alice. Her doting father hoped that travel and exercise would restore her as beautiful as ever to his arms, and at her request, he journeyed with her to the land of which Arthur had spoken in the rapturous moments of their intercourse. She saw the green Savannahs, and sparkling rills, and dark haired girls of his native South, she clasped to her breast the sister of whom he had spoken—told her the story of her love, and mingled her tears with hers to the memory of the departed.

She had now accomplished her last pilgrimage. The discerning eye of her father easily saw, that instead of recovering, her frame was daily wasting away. And now they had passed safely over flood and mountain, and there was a placid serenity on her features, as the coach rolled along the streets of her native village. The fields and the spires she had beheld since her childhood, once more greeted her—eyes; and when they bore her from the vehicle, her brow was as pale as Summer's first lily, and her smile as soft as the last ray of the evening sunshine. The mother hurried out to welcome her long absent child; the daughter with a last effort sprang to meet her, and fell into her arms—a corpse.

Arthur and Alice! She was buried beside him in the village church yard. It is a quiet holy spot, just suited for the repose of youth and beauty. The long grass waves and the willow bends in mourning over this common grave; the birds of the air flit by it with noiseless wings; and the silvery stream where she once sported in girlish merriment, laves the margin of their tomb, and sighs a requiem to the memory of the departed.—The giddy stripling checks his boisterous mirth, while passing the spot; the traveler pauses by the road side, and drops a tear, while the villager recounts their simple history; and youthful lovers by twilight steal away from the bustle of the world, and plight there their vows to love as constantly and devotedly as did Arthur and Alice.

Shall we pause here? Is this all of life?—to be ever seduced by the whispers of hope—to smile and weep, like an April sky, and then pass away and be forgotten? Is there no balm for those whose history has been but a tissue of disappointments? There is a world beyond the tomb—there is an asylum for the heart broken! Where the rainbow of peace ever spans the unclouded sky; where the verdant plains stretch away beyond an eagle's ken, where the stars are undimmed by the mists of earth, and the tear is wiped from every eye—there the disconsolate will be happy, "and the weary at rest."

A Juror who had "Scruples.'.— During the recent trial of Portman, at Covington, Ky., one of the jurymen returned was asked by the prosecution if he had any "conscientious scruples about inflicting the death penalty?"

"Scruples?"

"Yes, sir, conciencious scruples."

The juryman scratched his head, and thought deeply for a moment.

"Yes, sir I have them scru—scru—."

"Scruples," suggested the attorney.

"Yes, sir, I have them conscientious scruples."

"Will you explain the nature of your scruples to the Court," said the lawyer.

"My scruples," said the juryman, facing His Honor, "is *that the Dutchman ought to be hanged and I'm in for it.*"

He was ordered to "stand aside for cause."

Men never talk amongst each other about their babies: women always do. With the former it is the padlock of conversation. [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

We lay before our readers this morning the Lord's Prayer, beautifully paraphrased into an acrostic, by Thomas Sturtevant, Jr., a soldier in the 26th regiment United States Infantry, and prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

Our Lord and King who reign'st enthroned on high,
Father of light! mysterious Deity!
Who art the great I AM, the last, the first,
Art righteous, holy, merciful, and just,
In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
Heaven is thy dwelling place of God our King.
Hallowed thy name, which doth all names transcend,
Be thou adored, our great Almighty Friend;
Thy glory shines beyond creation's space,
Named in the book of justice and of grace;
Thy kingdom towers beyond, the starry skies;
Kingdom satanic falls, but thine shall rise,
Come let thine empire, O thou Holy One,
Thy great and everlasting will be done!
Will God make known His will, His power display?
Be it the work of mortals to obey:
Done is the great, the wondrous work of love;
On Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above,
Earth bears the record in Thy holy word,
As heaven adores Thy love, let earth, O Lord;
It shines transcendant in th' eternal skies,
Is praised in heaven—for man the Saviour dies.
In songs immortal angels laud his name,
Heaven shouts with joy, and saints His love proclaim.
Give us, O Lord, or food, nor cease to give
Us of that food on which our souls may live!
This be our boon to day, and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home:
Our needy souls supply from day to day,
Daily assist and aid us when we pray.
Bread though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend,
And make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
Forgive our sins, which in destruction place
Us the vile rebels of a rebel race;
Our follies, fruits, and trespasses forgive,
Debts which we ne'er can pay, nor Thou receive;
As we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
We beg Thoud'st blot ours from Thy memory's book.
Forgive our enemies, extend Thy grace
Our souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
Debtors to Thee in gratitude and love,
And in that duty paid by saints above,
Lead us from sin, and in Thy mercy raise
Us from the tempter and his hellish ways.
Not in our own, but in His name who bled,
Into Thine ear we pour our every need.
Temptation's fatal charms help us to shun,
But may we conquer through Thy conquering Son!
Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy;
From all calamities which men betide,
Evil and death, O turn our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
Thine 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not Thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
The whole creation knows no God but Thee.
Kingdom and empire in Thy presence fall;
The King eternal reigns the King of all;
Power is with Thee—to Thee be glory given,
And be Thy name adored by earth and heaven;
The praise of saints and angels is Thy own;
Glory to Thee, the everlasting One!
Forever be Thy triune name adored,
Amen! Hosanna! blesssed be the Lord!

PAT AND THE OYSTERS

Pat, who had just been transplanted, had been sent by his master to purchase a half bushel of oysters at a quay, but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the musical style.

"Where have you been, Pat?" exclaimed his master.

"Where have I been? why where, should I be? To fetch the oysters."

"And what, in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?"

"Long! by my soul, I think I have been pretty quick, considering all things!"

"Considering what things?"

"Considering what things! why considering the gutting of the fish to be sure."

"Gutting what fish?"

"What fish! why bluran' owns, the oysters."

"What do you mean?

"What do I mean? why I mean, that as I was resting down fornenst the Pickled Herring having a dhrop to comfort me, a gintleman axed me what I'd got in my sack."

"'Oysters,' said I

"'Let's look at em,' says he, and he opens the bag. 'Och! thunder and prates,' says he, "who sold you these?"

"'It was Mick Carney,' says I, "abord the Pol Doodle smack."

"'Mick Carney! the thief of the world! What a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting."

"'Ain't they gutted?' says I.

"'Mischief a one,' says he.

"'Musha then,' says I 'what'll I do?'

"'Do? says he, 'I'd sooner do it myself than see you abused.

"And so he takes 'em in doors, and guts them nate and clean, as you'll see," opening at the same time his bag of oyster shells, that [illegible]

ADVICE

Advice, in these times, is just about the meanest as well as the cheapest commodity in the market. It's bad enough at any time; and, indeed, whenever we feel desirous to be universally hated, avoided, and despised, the means are always in our power. We have but *to advise*, and the consequences are infallible.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, was once terminated in the following manner. On a certain occasion, one remarked to the other,

"My dear friend, I don't think your figure is particularly suited for dancing; and as a sincere friend of yours, I would advise you to give it up in future."

The other, naturally affected by such a *mark* of sincerity, replied,

"I feel very much oblidged to you, my dear, for your *advice*. This proof of your friendship demands some return. I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race.

The *advice* of neither was followed—the one continued to sing and the other to dance—and they never met afterwards but as enemis.

So much for giving "advice."

Slander.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

"Thy flying rumors gathered as they rolled
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too:
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew."