

Poetry.

SEASONS.

The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall on the frosty top of the crimson rose;
And old Hymen's chin, and icy crown,
In odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,
Is, as in mockery, set; The spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light.

HOPE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still, on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Select Tale.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

The early years of the reign of George III was the time of those gallant robbers, who fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood and (frequent) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of the crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with a demeanor so polished, that really it rather resembled paying a toll to good manners than submitting to a highway robbery; a robbery, it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time, than being knocked down with the butt end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered—Fashion, too, capricious in this as in all else, affected some knights of the road above others, and fine ladies interested themselves amazingly about the deeds of highwaymen, conspicuous for handsome persons and brave conduct, or rather, daring villainy. These fair dames also were much concerned in their heroes' final incarceration and exits at the fatal tree of Tyburn. But highwaymen had, as every body knows, been still more popular in the preceding reign; yet over and anon as the profession seemed to be on the verge of decay, and likely to dwindle down into mere commonplace theft and murder, some new candidate was sure to start up and revive the dying embers of the road chivalry. One in particular was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment.—His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain de Montmorency—a patronymic high-sounding enough. I do not mean, however, to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be one and the same person; that was never known till the event which I am going to relate took place.

double character many a conquest did he make, for he disburdened ladies of their jewels and purses with so fine a manner, that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming despoiler; and Richard, in both his phases, drank deep draughts of pleasure, till he drained the Circcean cup to its veriest dregs. Just as even pleasure became wearisome, when festive and high-bred delights palled on his sated passions, and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffling and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and threats of danger, which distinguished his predatory existence began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved. Yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician—De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every good or evil influence which Love, pure or earth-stained, offers to his votaries, succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned, unambitious girl; so youthful, that even her tastes and habits, childish as they were, could be scarcely more so than suited her years. Flavia Harcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had never been to a boarding-school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate: Flavia had never been even to London, for Mr. Harcourt resided at Aveling—a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who, from the hour of her birth—which event terminated her mother's existence—had made her his constant playmate and companion. And it was to this simple wild flower that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart; and, oh, stranger still! to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Harcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber; the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Harcourt at a county hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic fete, in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe, to him remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune, and his intensest happiness; and then and there the highwayman vowed to win and wear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

your fresh young form, and old and withered now, I can not but remember the glow of your sweet, unstained youth, radiant in unforseeing love, happiness, and joy.

The betrothed pair were together to visit London.

"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young sinless head on her guilty lover's breast; "I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thee."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening? At sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits. Ah, does any other than your poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so! I could not live, and know you were false."

"Sweetest, and best! my purest love, could any win me from you? were it a queen, think it not. I—I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor sick friend not far from here; he is poor, ill, and—I—I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day! How good, how noble thus to sacrifice!" And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah! how differently beat those two human hearts. One pregnant with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, you may be sure: the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affray had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the *beau-garcons* of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the *beau-sexe*. Above all a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person; and on recovering his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfill his vow.

Flavia came to us, to be measured for wedding clothes. She was then the impersonation of radiant happiness. I was much struck with her, and with the handsome, dark-browed swarthy gentleman who accompanied her and her friend, an old lady cousin to her father, at whose house the nuptial ceremony was to take place. The clothes were finished; saffron satin robes, according to a fancy of the bridegroom's, who was fond of the classics in his youthful days: orange blossoms wreath.

The wedding was to take place at the old relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house; and on lagging wings, that day at length arrived. The morriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being tested by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised; oaths muttered: a rush towards the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Harcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced. "Come, Captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding day; but duty, my noble Captain, duty, must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered; and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating, till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard! what is this?"

"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Harcourt, "release my son."

The men laughed. One of them examining the necklace of Flavia; it contained a diamond in the centre, worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered, for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mowbray's wedding-gift."

"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible. She found speech: "Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom? why the renowned Captain de Montmorency?"

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause minimal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present: insensibility followed, and Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim. For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable gray hairs whiter with sorrow, Mr. Harcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence. Presently clasping her father's hand, "Dear parent," she said; "when, when?" She could utter no more; nor was it necessary; he comprehended her meaning but too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, "I must be there!"

"Father, I must be there!"

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I must be there!"

ber your jest? Ah, it has come upon me like a bitter earnest—I must be there!"

Nor would she be pacified: she would not be led to the window with strange immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow-man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, she rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glimpse of the criminal. Yes, there he was, dressed gaily, the ominous nosegay flaunting in his breast dull despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bleared eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days by her bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy, and it was a blessing when the enchained spirit was released from its frail habitation—when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Harcourt sunk shortly after into a state of childish imbecility, and soon father and daughter slept in one grave.

Miscellaneous.

A Clergyman Engaged to be Married to Eleven Ladies.

We heard yesterday of a series of villainies perpetrated recently by a wolf in sheep's clothing, of a character to bring the reverend impostor, if caught, to the Penitentiary. His name is John Howard Wilson, and he has been preaching for some time past at Cheviot.—Being endowed with a soft, oily tongue, and a sleek appearance, he tried his killing accomplishments indiscriminately among the unmarried belles of that suburban village with such success that he engaged himself to be married to no less than eleven, some of whom he borrowed money from upon pretence of making the necessary arrangements towards house-keeping. Of one young lady he obtained \$50, which he laid between the leaves of a Bible in her parlor, to be used the day previous to the wedding; but when, upon hearing of the pranks of the sanctimonious Lothario, she looked in the hiding-place, the bank bills were non est.

The manner which led to the discovery of his multifarious engagements was, that a couple of the betrothed met, by accident, in a fashionable dry goods establishment in this city. After mutual recognition, they proceeded to examine various fabrics, and make purchases. Singularly enough their tastes assimilated so exactly that young lady No. 1 remarked to young lady No. 2 that she thought it was very strange. Hereupon young lady No. 2 replied that so it was; but, if she (young lady No. 1) could keep a secret, she would tell her one.

Number one promised (what feminine would not?) that her lips should be eternally sealed, when, blushing like a piony, her companion whispered in her ear that she was going to be married.

"To whom?" exclaimed the excited number one.

Another promise of secrecy, and the name of the Rev. John Howard Wilson was softly breathed.

"Who?" exclaimed number one, while her earnest gaze betokened her astonishment.

The name was again repeated, and forthwith young lady number one became suddenly dizzy, and, but for the application of *sal volatile* and cold water, a fainting exhibition in the mercer establishment would have ensued. After a while, when sufficiently calm to explain, she informed young lady number two that she, too, was under an engagement of marriage to the reverend deceiver, and she was then making purchases of her wedding garments.

Another kettle of fish was the consequence of this disclosure, for young lady number two immediately went through the same motions as her predecessor, and again the pungent mixture and cold water were in requisition. The disconsolate damsels returned, without

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—The London Times lays before its readers the particulars of a horrible affair, which recently occurred near the Dutch settlement of Transvaal, at the Cape of Good Hope, and which can only be paralleled in atrocity among the achievements of modern times by the exploit of Marshal St Arnaud in Algiers, when he smoked and burned to death thousands of his barbarian opponents who had sought refuge in a deep and spacious cave:—

In the case at the Cape of Good Hope, the Caffre Indians had murdered, in October last, under circumstances of great barbarity, ten or twelve men and women of the Dutch settlement. Immediately General Pretorius raised an army of five hundred men, and, accompanied by Commander General Potgieter proceeded on an expedition to revenge the blood of the victims. After an absence several weeks, they reached some remarkable subterranean caverns, half a mile in length and from three to five hundred feet in width where the Caffres had entrenched themselves. Upon his arrival at this spot, General Pretorius attempted to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush the savages beneath the ruins. The peculiar character of the stone, however, rendered this scheme impracticable, and he then stationed his men around the mouths of the caves and built up walls in front of them. After a few days, many of the women and children were driven by hunger and thirst from their hiding places, and were allowed to escape; but every man who came forth was shot dead by their rifles. On the 17th of November, at the close of a siege of three weeks, the besiegers, seeing no signs of life, entered the caverns, and the silence within, together with the horrible odor arising from the bodies of the dead, told how effectually their object had been accomplished. More than nine hundred Caffres had been shot down at the mouths of the caverns, and a much greater number had perished by slow degrees, suffering all the horrors of starvation in the gloomy recesses within.

Not long since a youthful friend of ours accidentally swallowed a lead bullet; his friends were very naturally much alarmed, and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post haste to a surgeon of skill, directing his messenger to tell him the circumstances and urge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found, heard the decimal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, sat down and wrote the following laconic note:—

"Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If after three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, &c.

P. S.—Don't aim the boy at anybody."

MOTT'S PATENT FARMERS' BOILERS.—These possess an advantage over all others in being made with an outside iron casing, which greatly economises fuel and prevents loss of heat. They are made of various sizes, from 10 to 120 gallons. They are portable, and may be set in the kitchen for household use, or out of doors convenient to the larder, pig pens, &c., for boiling food for stock. For sale by
PASCHELL MORRIS & CO.
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, N. E. corner of Flower Street, Philadelphia. [Oct 54]

REEVE L. KNIGHT, (Successor to P. MOTT & KNIGHT), BREDY AND CARPET WAREHOUSE, No. 148 South Second Street, five doors above Spruce street, Philadelphia, where he keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of every article in his line of business. Feather Beds, Patent Spring Mattresses, Velvet Tapestry, Tapestry, Brussels, Three Ply, Ingrain, Venetian, Lint, Rag and Heavy Carpets, Oil Cloths, Canton Mattings, Cocoa and Spanish Mattings, Floor and Stair Druggets, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, Table and Piano Covers. To which he invites the attention of purchasers. [Jan 54]

H. A. DREER,
REEDSMAN AND FLORIST.
No. 59 Chestnut near Second, Philadelphia.
Has now arranged and completed his stock for the Spring of 1855, as follows:—
VEGETABLE SEEDS—In great variety, including the most varieties of Beans, Peas, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Onions, Melons, Egg-plant, Tomatoes, Peas, Radishes, &c. &c.
FLOWER SEEDS.—His collection is unequalled by any in this country for extent and quality, and embraces the finest varieties of Astors, Stocks, Carnations, Pansies, Wallflowers, Dahls, &c.
GIRASS SEEDS.—of all kinds, including Blue and Green Grass, White Dutch Clover, Sweet Scented Vernal Grass, Recreantia Ray Grass, Duereno, &c.
ROSES, &c.—Choice ever-blooming Roses, Camellias, Verbenas, Dahlias, Grape Vines, Fruit Trees, Strawberry &c. &c. S. W. HAYSTACK, Agent for Carlisle. Feb 28

SPAIN'S ATMOSPHERIC CHURNS
A full supply of the above celebrated Churn, now on hand of all the different sizes, from 4 gallons to 50. It received the first premium at the late Pennsylvania State Fair, the first premium at the Franklin Institute and Delaware and Maryland State Fairs, and various others at different places. It will make more and better butter from a given amount of cream, and is less than any other churn in the market. For sale wholesale and retail by
PASCHELL MORRIS & CO.
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, corner of Flower Street, Philadelphia. [Dec 54]