

Select Tale.

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

A Tale of the Passions.

BY TALBOT GREENE.

It was a dark, black night. The winds came and went in fitful gusts, and the rain began bespattering the hillside, the precursor of the storm that was to follow. But darker far was my aching heart, more piercing and chilling far was the anguish than the drenching rain, or the chilling blast. So, giving my steed the rein, I spurred madly on, lighted only by an occasional flash of lightning, or the gleam of some will o' the wisp, or swamp ball, as it would shoot past me, or follow whizzing in my wake. But a moment's retrospection. Like the generality of my kind, I once, and still have a weakness, and entreatious, I hope by the grace of God, I may ever have, I loved, loved madly. The object of my admiration was a beautiful being. Mollie Pringle had but few equals and no superiors in point of loveliness, grace and amiability. She had a soft, melting eye, a rich, pouting lip, a blooming, healthful cheek, dark, flowing ringlets, a well-rounded instep, a pretty foot, and a—oh, my mouth!—Mollie, pray behave, and I'll go no farther with the description, though at the risk of displeasing Mr. Graham, for I promised to furnish a good tale, and whoever heard of a perfect tale without a description of the heroine. And je ne sais quoi; but to my story.

over hill and dale, moor, thicket, highway, and wood, I knew not whither. But on, on we went. The sweat and foam streamed from my panting steed, but still he relaxed not in his speed, while I clung instinctively to the saddle and let him go where he listed.

Historical Sketch.

THE WALDENSES.

[FROM THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.]

Have I ever told you about the Waldenses? (I do not; there is a beautiful, yet mournful story to tell you. It is beautiful, because it shows what courage and patience God can give to those who suffer for his sake; and it is mournful because it is a tale of blood. Let us go to Europe, and plant ourselves on that high mountain range called the Alps. The Alps are north of Italy and east of France. Towards the south side of this mountain range, in a country called Piedmont, lies a small tract of land where the 'men of the valleys' live, or the 'martyr people'; or, as they are better known on this side of the water, the Waldenses. I dare say you have heard the name before, although you may not have had very distinct views as to whom it meant.

true followers, filled with his love, strive to rescue their brethren from sin and hell. Not only were missionaries out, but colporteurs too. Yes, the Waldenses employed colporteurs more than four hundred years ago—pious pedlars, who, with their goods, carried leaves of the Bible, and written tracts—for this was before the invention of printing—and left them with those found willing to read and receive them. In ways like these, Bible piety was kept alive in many hearts, and homes, and hamlets, while the darkness of Popery was settling down upon the Christian world. These dear missionaries and colporteurs, in their long and perilous journeys, knew where to find those who loved the Lord Jesus; they held meetings at their houses, ordained deacons, administered the Lord's Supper, and comforted fainting and tempted souls by the precious truths of God's word.

tion from the answers of the little children in their catechism than by all the learned disputes which he ever heard.

SINGULAR CALCULATION.

We compile the following calculations from various sources, all of which we think generally reliable. They are very curious, and in some instances peculiarly suggestive.

A Physiological Curiosity.

St. Martin, the man who has an opening into his stomach, produced by a gunshot wound, is in New York, and a number of the physicians of that city have been experimenting with the view to ascertain the time required to digest food. A thermometer introduced into his stomach, through the opening, rose to one hundred and one Fahrenheit. The carrot, Dr. Bunting says, consumed in five to six hours—Rare roast beef will thoroughly digest in an hour and a half. Malted butter will not digest at all, but float about in the stomach. Lobster is comparatively easy of digestion. Upon the application of the gastric juice to a piece of purple tissue paper, the color at once faded. In relation to the patient's health, Dr. Bunting observed that it is uniformly excellent, having, since his recovery from the first effects of the wound, supported a large family by his daily labor. These experiments do not differ materially from those made by Dr. Beaumont twenty years ago.—Mr. St. Martin is at present a little upwards of fifty years of age, of a spare frame, but apparently capable of considerable endurance.—He is in excellent bodily health, and it has not prevented him from pursuing active and severe labors. If he does not keep a compass to the aperture in drinking water, or swallowing anything else, the whole contents of his stomach will pass out through that opening.—Through this opening comes out a small part of the stomach, i. e., the inner coat, which shows its different appearances—thick or swollen when under the work of digestion, and thinner when the digestion is over. St. Martin is on his way to Europe.

Curious Incident.

A mother and her daughter, who resided in the same house in Albany, New York, were confined on the same day, last week, each having a son. The babies were both put in the same cradle, but by some means the nurses became confused, and neither they nor the mothers could distinguish between the babies, nor tell which was the mother's, nor which the daughter's child.—The families are in great distress about the matter.

While this duke lived...

While this duke lived they were not again disturbed; but, after his death, the new ruler was urged by the bishop to carry on another crusade against the valleys.—Another army of fifteen thousand picked soldiers were soon on their march, committing everywhere the most horrid barbarities upon the poor Christians. Their houses were destroyed; their goods stolen; their wives were injured; and many were put into dungeons, never again to see the light of day, or were taken out only to be burned alive at the stake. Higher up the mountains, the Waldensian slingers did great harm to the soldiers, so much so that the duke found the war a most unprofitable business; indeed he declared that "the skin of a Waldensian always cost fifteen or twenty of his best Catholics."

Table with 3 columns: Country, Births, Deaths. Includes Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Turkey, Poland, Spain, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, England, France, Italy, Naples, Venice, Holland, Malta.

Uncle Sam's farm is so extensive that room to grow is very amply furnished to his sons. We presume his proportion would not much exceed the lowest but one of the numbers on the above list.

No Joke.—The Montpelier (Vt.) Freeman says that at a social gathering in that vicinity recently, a young gentleman had the task of "getting a wife" imposed upon him during the evening amusement, and with a young lady went through a mock ceremony, as they both supposed, of being married; but after the motions had been gone through with, it was discovered that the person who married them was a zeal justice, and the matrimonial knot could not be untied! The parties are satisfied with their bargain, but are considerably nettled at the manner in which they were launched upon the sea of matrimony.