

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1853.

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Select Poetry.

THE SECOND WIFE.

They told me he had won before
Another's heart than mine,
And laid his first and dearest love
Upon an earlier shrine.

They said my spirit ought to grieve,
If I my lot would cast
With one who held so sacred still
Remembrance of the past.

I heeded not: my bark was launched
With his on life's swift tide,
And earth holds not a happier heart
Than mine—a second bride.

I know that he has loved and lost
What life may never give back,
The flowers that bloom in tearfulness once
Have withered in his track.

I knew that she—the angel-soul—
Looked out from you blue Heaven,
A watcher of the earth-bound soul
From which her own was risen.

Together do we oft recall
This dream of other years,
Nor do I love him less to know
He once had cause for tears.

More blest am I that I have been
My love's appointed task
To wake anew the "rights of home"
In which his soul may bask.

Tales and Sketches.

Translated for the Daily Register.

A NIGHT IN BREZCZEWICZ.

Translated from the German of Tschokko.

JOURNEY TO BREZCZEWICZ.

I doubt not that the year 1796 may have had many terrible nights both for the Italians and Germans. It was Napoleon Bonaparte's first year of victory, and the time of Moreau's retreat. I had then just finished my academical studies at the university of my native city, was doctor of law, and would have undertaken to settle the case of all the emperors and kings of Europe versus the French Republic of that time, if Grotius, Puffendorf and I had only been chosen as umpires.

I was, however, in the meantime merely appointed to the office of Commissioner of Justice in a small town in East Prussia. Much honor for me. To have one foot in office, and the other in the academical lecture-room, is rare good fortune. That I owed to the conquest or creation of a new East Prussia, and the fall of Kosciusko. The late monarch is accused of having committed a crying injustice when he helped to destroy an independent nation, but had it not been for this slight injustice (I cannot call it a crying one), thousands of Prussian students had remained without places. In nature, the death of one thing is the life of another. The herring is made for the stomach of the whale, and the whole animal, vegetable, and even mineral kingdom,—if the latter were not occasionally indigestible, for that of man. Besides it can easily be proved, that a nation that outlives its independence, is as much to blame for its own misfortunes, as a girl who outlives her honor. For whoever can die is invincible. Death is the immutable fulcrum which supports a great and glorious life.

My mother gave me her best blessing, together with clean linen and traveling money; and thus I proceeded towards my brilliant destination in New-East-Prussia, of which place the latest geographers know nothing, although it was by no means a magic or fairy land that comes into existence and disappears at the nod of an Oberon. I will not tire my readers with a long account of the journey. Flat land, flat people, rude post-coaches, rude post-officers, miserable roads, miserable company, and every one as proud on his dung-hill as a Persian Shah on his throne. It is one of nature's best ideas, that she assigns every creature its proper element, in which it can move about with comfort. The fish swims away in the air, and the Polish Jew in the elegance of a boulevard.

Therefore, short and sweet, I arrived one evening just before sun-set at—I believe the place was called Brezczewicz, a friendly town, although the houses were sooty and dirty, the streets unpaved and muddy, and the people not over neat. But a charcoal-burner may look as friendly in his way, as an opera dancer whose capers are applauded by connoisseurs.

I had imagined Brezczewicz, the place of my calling, to be a much more fearful place than it really was; probably that was why it appeared so friendly to me. My first attempt to pronounce the name of the place came near giving me the look-jaw, and that, doubtless, was the origin of my secret fear of the place itself. The name always has an important influence on our notions of things, and as good and bad in the world dwell less in the things themselves, than in our conception of them, an improvement of name is an embellishment of life.

The circumstance that I had never before in my life traveled any further from my native city than I could see from a church-tower, added not a little to my fear of the New-Era-Prussian stage of my future legal life. Although I had learned

from hand-books and geographies that the man-caters live at a considerable distance, yet I was sometimes absolutely astonished that I had not been murdered at least two or three times on the way. Truly you first gain confidence in mankind when, as a stranger or guest, you surrender yourself up to it at discretion. Man-laters are always the most complete and narrow-hearted egotists; egotism is a disease of the soul, which is caused by always remaining in one place. If you wish to cure an egotist, send him on a journey. Change of air does the mind as much good as the body.

When I first saw Brezczewicz from the top of the post-coach,—it looked in the distance like a dung-hill rising out of the plain; but Berlin and Paris would not appear much more imposing to one navigating among the clouds—my heart beat violently. There was the end of my journey, the commencement of my public career, and the end of it too perhaps, if the Poles, metamorphosed into New-East-Prussians, should, in some uproar, take it into their heads to make way with me as a lureling of their oppressors. I knew not a soul there, with the exception of a University friend, named Burkhardt, who had only a short time before been appointed chief tax-gatherer. He knew of my arrival, and had hired lodgings for me, and prepared every thing ready for my reception, because I had requested him to do so. This Burkhardt, in whom I had never taken much interest, with whom I had never had much intercourse at the University, and whom, by the advice of my mother, I had rather avoided, because he had the reputation among the students of being a hard drinker, a gambler, and a quarrelsome fellow, gained, in my esteem and friendship, the nearer I approached Brezczewicz.—On the way, I swore to love him and be faithful to him till death. He was indeed, the only one of my acquaintances in the (to me) entirely strange Polish town; he seemed like a shipwrecked companion, who, by clinging to a plank, had gained a desert island.

I am not really superstitious, but sometimes I cannot help paying regard to omens. When none will appear I make them for myself. I believe every one does so when the mind is at leisure, it is a diversion that amuses one for the moment. Thus I proposed to myself to observe carefully the first person I should see issue from the door of the town: if it should be a young girl I would take it as a sign of good luck, if one of the other sex, as an evil forboding. I had hardly completed this arrangement in my mind when I caught sight of the door from which came forth what appeared to be a very well built young Brezczewicz woman. Excellent! I could have down down with my tired limbs, bruised as they were by the abominable Prussian post-coach to have worshipped this Polish charmer. I looked sharply at her, in order to impress myself the more with her features, and wiped away the last mole from my forehead—for I am somewhat near sighted.

However, as we approached each other, I soon perceived that the Venus of Brezczewicz was not at all good looking. Slender she was, to be sure, but almost like a skeleton, dried up, bent over, and, O horror! absolutely without any nose, which member she must have lost by some unfortunate accident. I could have sworn it was a death's head had not something red protruded from beneath the teeth of it. I could hardly believe my eyes. But when I looked closer at it through the glass, I perceived that the patriotic Polish woman was running out her tongue at me as a sign of contempt. I quickly withdrew my hat and thanked her very politely for the compliment. Mine was probably as unexpected to her, as hers was to me. She quickly drew in her tongue and laughed so immoderately, that she came near choking to death.

Under such pleasant circumstances I entered the town. The coach stopped before the post-house. The Prussian eagle, newly painted over the door was almost covered with blotches of mud, thrown at it probably by some patriotic street boy. The claws of the royal bird were caught buried in the dirt; either because the said celebrated bird of prey does as much mischief with its claws as with its beak, or because the Poles wished to signify thereby that the Prussians had gained no more in New-East-Prussia than the painted eagle held in its claws.

THE OLD STAROSTY.

I very politely requested the postmaster to direct me to the residence of the tax-gatherer Burkhardt. The man did not seem to hear well, for he did not answer. But as afterwards held conversation with a letter carrier, I concluded that his dumbness arose from his wishing to convince me, by the universal post office incivility, that I was in no other place than one of the best regulated post offices. After the sixth time of asking he snubbed me with a sharp ill-natured "what do you want?" I propounded the same question for the seventh time with the utmost of Berlin, or Leipzig courtesy.

"In the old Starosty," snarled he.
"Excuse me, but if I may be allowed to ask, will you have the goodness to tell me where I shall find the old Starosty?"
"I have't time. Peter show him the way."

Peter showed me the way. The post master who had no time to answer me, stuck his head out the window with his pipe in his mouth, to look after me as I was going down the street.—Curiosity probably. With all my inborn politeness, I was yet furious in my heart at such indecent treatment. I clenched my fist threateningly in my coat pocket and thought:
"Only wait, Herr Post-master! if you ever happen to fall into the claws of justice whose well-appointed royal commissioner I have the honor to be, we shall see what you will get for your churlishness! you will remember my legal tricks as long as you live."

Peter a rugged Pole, who showed me the way,

understood and spoke German with much difficulty, my conversation with him was, therefore, so confused and horrid, that I shall never forget it as long as I live. The fellow looked frightfully besides, with his yellow peaked face and black bristly hair.

"My friend," said I, as we were wading through the deep mud, "can you tell me whether you know Herr Burkhardt?"
—The old Starosty answered Peter.
"Just so my friend, but you know I wish to see the tax-gatherer, Herr Burkhardt."

—The old Starosty.
"Yes; well; but what have I to do in your old Starosty?"
"Die!"

"The devil take it! I have no idea of that."
"Die, dead, killed!"
"Why? what have I done then?"
"Prussian, not Pole!"
"I am a Prussian."

"I know it."
"Why must I die, then? What do you mean?"
"So and so and so!" said the fellow, thrusting his clenched fist out towards me as if he had a dagger in it, then pointing to his breast and rolling up his eyes in a ghastly manner. I began to feel rather uneasy. Peter could not have been crazy, for how could crazy people be employed at the post office?

"We do not seem to understand each other very well, charming friend." I commenced again: "What do you mean by dying?"
"To make dead, kill," and he squinted at me slyly.

"What! dead?"
"When night is—"
"Night? To-night? You are not in your right wits."

"Good for Pole, for Prussian not good."
I shook my head and was silent. It was plain that we did not understand each other. And yet there was something horrible in what the insolent fellow said. For I was well aware that the Poles hated the Germans, or what was the same thing, the Prussians. I had heard of cases in which this hatred had brought about deeds of violence. What, if the fellow had wished to warn me? What, if the blunderhead had, by reason of his arrogance, betrayed a deadly plot to murder all the Prussians in the night? I became reflective, and had concluded to communicate the matter to my friend and countryman, Burkhardt, when we arrived at the so-called old Starosty. It was a tall old stone building, in a quiet, retired street. Before we came up to it I observed that those who passed it, cast fearful stolen glances at the dark grey building. My guide did so also. He said not a word more, but pointed with his finger to the front door, and ran away as if he had been shot at.

Altogether my entrance and reception in Brezczewicz had not been very agreeable or inviting. The first persons that greeted me, the unpolite lady in the door-way, the uncivil postmaster, and the gibberish talking Prussianized Pole had taken from me all liking for my new place of abode and my office. I thought myself fortunate, finally, to reach a man who had at least once before breathed the same air with me. Herr Burkhardt had not enjoyed the best reputation at home, to be sure; but how much our opinions of men are altered by change of circumstance? Is not character the effect of circumstance? The weak man in agony becomes a giant, the cowardly man on the battle-field becomes a hero, and Hercules among women a spinner of flax. Whatever may have been the past character of the chief tax-gatherer, a good-natured tippler was much better than a noseless skeleton with a tongue run out, a light-minded gambler than an insulting postmaster, and a courageous fighter and bully was much better company than a dissatisfied Pole. Indeed, the last named of Burkhardt's vices served rather as a recommendation of him to me, for—between ourselves—my gentle, modest, bashful character, which Manna had so often praised, might in case of insurrection, cause my most ignominious destruction. There are virtues that become vices in another place, and vices which become virtues. Everything is not the same always, although it remains the same.

As I entered the so-called old Starosty through the spacious door, I was very much perplexed as to where I should find my dear old friend Burkhardt. The house was very large. The shriek of the door, as it swung open, seemed to fill the whole building, yet no one came to see who was there. I boldly ascended the broad stairs.

As I observed a chamber door at the left, I knocked softly on it. No one answered with a friendly "come in." I knocked louder. All was silent. My knocking awakened the echoes in the third and fourth stories of the house. I became impatient. I longed to embrace my dear heart's friend, Burkhardt. I opened the door, entered, and saw in the middle of the room a coffin. It would have been impossible, to be sure, for the person that lay in it, to have welcomed me with a friendly "come in."

I am, by nature, very polite to the living; much more so to the dead. I was about to withdraw as quietly as possible, when I perceived that the sleeper in the coffin was no other than the chief tax-gatherer, Burkhardt. There he lay, careless of his wine-glass and cards, and looking so earnest and solemn that I hardly presumed to think of his favorite amusements. In his countenance was a foreboding to human life, as if he had never had anything to do with it. I believe that when the unseen Almighty hand lifts the veil from before the other world, the outward eye breaks and the inward eye receives sight, all earthly life must appear trifling and insignificant enough, and the attention be entirely drawn away from it.

Much shocked, I slunk out of the chamber of death into the dark lonely passage-way. And now the horror of life, at the sight of death, first

came over me, so that I could not conceive how I had had the courage to look the dead body so long in the face. At the same time, I was frightened at my own situation. There I was, hundreds of miles away from home, in a place the name of which I had never heard until I was appointed commissioner of justice in it, in order to Prussianize it. The only person I knew in it was dead, and I was left entirely to myself. The question was, where shall I lay my head? where shall the dead man ordered my lodgings?

Whilst lost in such reflections, the rusty front door hinges screamed so piercingly that the noise almost tore every nerve in my body. A shabby, grey fellow, dressed in livery, sprang up stairs, stared at me with perfect astonishment, and finally addressed me. My knees trembled. I let the fellow talk as long as he chose, for fright had deprived me of language. Besides, the language he spoke, I never had possessed, for it was the Polish.

As he said that I did not understand him, and now translated himself into German, which he spoke fluently as any Berliner, I took courage, told him my name, business, and all the adventures I had had since my entrance into the detestable town, the name of which it still made me choke to pronounce. He soon became courteous, took off his hat, and related to me, very circumstantially, all that here follows, with commendable brevity:

Nearly that he himself was called Lebrecht; had been a faithful servant and interpreter to the late chief tax-gatherer, until yesterday evening, which had pleased heaven to promote that good gentleman from this temporal life to a better state of existence. The promotion had to be sure been entirely against the desire of the deceased, who had rather have remained by his post of tax-gatherer, but he had yesterday engaged in play with several Polish noblemen, the wine glass had awakened Prussian pride in him, and Saracenic patriotism in the Poles, a lively exchange of words, and finally blows had followed, whereupon the Saracenic had given the deceased a repulse from three to four steps in the heart, although one would have been quite sufficient to have caused death. In order to avoid any disagreeable encounter with New-East-Prussian justice, he victors had escaped in the same night, no one knew where. Shortly before his departure to the better world, the deceased had hired and fitted up several apartments for the expected Commissioner of Justice, that is for me, furnished them with every thing necessary, and even engaged a well-experienced German cook, who was ready to enter service any moment, so that I was well provided for. The Poles, the narrator remarked incidentally, were sworn enemies to the Prussians, and I would therefore be obliged to accustom myself to such tokens of division as the dumb eloquence of the lady in the gate-way had expressed to me. He pronounced Peter to be a simperton, to be sure, but supposed he had only wished to inform me of the death of the Chief tax-gatherer, to do which, he had not possessed a sufficient supply of words. From which circumstance a mutual misunderstanding must have taken place. He the narrator, nevertheless advised me to be very cautious, as the Poles were truly in a state of suppressed rage. He had determined to leave the place himself, as soon as his unfortunate master was buried.

After giving me this information, he conducted me down the broad stone steps, to show me my new habitation. We passed through a suit of large empty rooms and finally arrived at one in which there was a bed, shaded by ancient yellow damask curtains, an old table with half-gilded legs, and a half dozen dusty chairs. A prodigious mirror frame, covered with gilded ornament, hung against the wall, of which the faded tapestry, representing scenes in the old Testament, was half muffled away. King Solomon, seated on his throne to judge, had lost his head, and the sinful hands of the lascivious old man in Susanna's bath had rotted away from him. The dreariness of the place made me shudder. I had much rather have chosen an inn for the place of my abode. O, had I only done it! But I said nothing—partly from bashfulness, and partly to show that I was not afraid of being in the same house with a dead body; for I doubted not that Lebrecht, and perhaps also the well-experienced cook would keep me company in the night. Lebrecht quickly lighted two candles that already stood on the table, and then he went away to give drink and then went away to fetch cold water, bread, wine and other necessaries for my supper, to order my trunk to be brought from the post office, and to notify the well-experienced cook of my arrival. The trunk came, the supper also, but Lebrecht, as soon as I had given him as much money as he had spent for me, wished me good night and took leave.

I first understood him when he had disappeared, the fellow made off so nimbly as soon as he had got the money. I started up frightened to follow him and beg of him not to leave me, but shame held me back. Should I make the miserable man a witness of my fearfulness? I doubted not that he would pass the night up stairs in one of his murdered masters rooms. But suddenly I heard the hinges of the outer door creak so much pitifully. The noise pierced the very marrow of my bones. I rushed to the window and saw the fellow flying down the street, as if death was after him. He soon disappeared in the darkness; I was left all alone with the dead body in the old Starosty.

THE SENTINEL.

I do not believe in ghosts, but I fear them at night. Very natural. Who believes everything possible? Yet every one hopes and fears every thing possible.

The death stillness, the ragged old tapestry of the vast gloomy apartment I was in, the dead man over my head, the national hatred of the

Poles—all conspired to give me the blues. I could not eat although I was hungry, and as tired as I was, I could not sleep. I went to the window to see if in case of necessity I could gain the street by that way, for I feared I should lose myself in the labyrinth of chambers and passage ways of the huge building, but it was barricaded by strong iron bars.

But now the whole Starosty seemed to become alive in a moment. I heard voices, the opening and shutting of doors, and steps far and near.—What could it all mean? An inward voice warned me and said: it is only too true, the simple Peter, really betrayed a horrid plot to murder all the Prussians in the night! They are looking for you! Save yourself! I saw the blood-thirsty villains arranging with each other the manner of my death: the cold sweat stood on my forehead; I heard them coming nearer and nearer; they were already in the anti-room that led to my apartment; they lowered their voices, and whispered softly: I rushed to the door and bolted it, and in the same moment some one tried to open from the outside. I hardly dare breathe lest I should betray myself. I perceived by the language of the whisperers that they were Poles. I had unfortunately learned just enough Polish words to know that they were speaking of blood, death, and Prussians. My knees trembled.—Once more they tried to open the door of my room, but it seemed as if they were afraid of making a noise. I heard them slink away.

Whether the Poles wished to take my life or only my money; whether they wished to carry out their design without raising an alarm; or in some other way, I concluded at all events, to put out my lights, that they should not see into my room from the street, and thus recognize me. How could I know but that one of the villains might see me and shoot at me through the window.

The night is no man's friend, therefore man is a born enemy to darkness, and even children that have never heard of ghosts and apparitions are afraid in the dark of something they do not know. I had hardly sat down in the darkness to await the further adventures of the night when the most horrible possibilities presented themselves to my frightened imagination. An enemy or misfortune that one sees and knows, is not half so horrible as one to which one is compelled to give himself up blindly. In vain I tried to divert myself, in vain I threw myself on the bed and determined to sleep, I could be easy nowhere. The bed had a disagreeable, musty smell about it, and I sat up I was terrified from time to time by a kind of rattling noise, as if some living creature were moving near me. The figure of the murdered tax-gatherer, with his cold, stiff features, seemed to be hovering about me always, and I would finally have given all I was possessed of to have been in the open air, or among good, friendly people.

It struck twelve o'clock, the ghastly hour. I yearned at every stroke. To be sure, I blamed myself for being superstitious and a coward, but that did not help the matter. Finally I could stand it no longer; whether actuated by desperation or heroism, I know not, but I sprang up, groped through the darkness, reached the door and unbolted it, resolved to gain the open air if it should cost me my life. But when the door was opened—heavens what a sight! I reeled backwards in a paroxysm of terror. Such I had not expected to see!

AGONY OF DEATH.

By the dim light of an old lamp, placed on a small table at one side, I saw the murdered tax-gatherer lying in his coffin, on the floor in the middle of the ante-room, just as I had seen him the evening before, only that this time the dark stains of blood on his shirt, which had before been hidden by the bears cloth were in plain sight. I tried to collect myself: to convince myself that this apparition was only a hallucination of sight. I approached it. But when my foot struck against the coffin, which gave out a dull sound, and it seemed as if the corpse tried to move and open its eyes, my consciousness almost disappeared. I fled with terror back into my room and tumbled head-long into the bed.

In the meantime a loud noise proceeded from the coffin as if some one were raising himself with much difficulty, and then falling down again; I thought that the tax-gatherer must have arisen from the dead. I heard a dull growling, and soon after I saw the figure of the murdered man standing in the doorway of my room, holding a candle in his hand, and then he went away to fetch cold water, bread, wine and other necessaries for my supper, to order my trunk to be brought from the post office, and to notify the well-experienced cook of my arrival. The trunk came, the supper also, but Lebrecht, as soon as I had given him as much money as he had spent for me, wished me good night and took leave.

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myself that the whole night of horrors, with all its apparitions, was a dream and nothing but a dream, had not a new occurrence assured me that I was wide awake.

DAY-LIGHT.

Namely, the coming of day.—I could not see it to be sure, for my dying friend covered my eyes tightly with his shoulder blade, but I knew it from the noise of people going and coming in the street. Suddenly I heard steps and men's voices. I could not understand what was said, for it was Polish, but I heard a sound as if the coffin was being moved. "No doubt," thought I, "they will look for the dead man, and soon deliver me!" and so they did, but in a way that I had not expected.

Some one beat the dead or dying man, with a long cane most unmercifully, so that he sprang up and stood upright on his legs before the bed. My unfortunate person received also some of the blows, which were so hard that I could not help crying out aloud, and jumping up behind the dead man. As I looked about me and saw every thing by day light, perceived that the room was full of men, mostly Poles. The blows had been dealt out by the Commissioner of the Police, who was superintending the burial of the tax-gatherer. The latter still lay dead in his coffin in the ante-room. The evening before, several intoxicated Poles had been ordered to remove the corpse into what had formerly been the Porter's-room, but they had thought fit to put it in my ante-room instead, and leave one of their drunken companions to sleep watch. The latter had probably fallen asleep, and awakened by the noise I made in the night, had gone instinctively to my bed, and there slept away the fumes of liquor.

The adventures of that horrible night had such an effect on me that I fell into a burning fever, which lasted seven weeks long. Even now—thanks to the Polish insurrection! I am no longer Commissioner of Justice at Brezczewicz.—I cannot think of them without shuddering. Yet I like to relate them. They may amuse some and instruct others. It is not well to fear what we do not believe.

"Gems" from Fanny Fern.

Our wives are never weary but they are tired to death, never warm but they roast, never chaff, but they are frozen. If they have a pain, it is deathly. If they have a scratch on the finger, their hands are all raw. If there is a spot on our linen they tell us we are covered with ink, and a soiled dress is utterly ruined. When a friend goes home with us to try pot-luck, if the fire has been out once it has been out forty times; if the beef is brown it is burnt to a cinder; if the soup is too savory it is salt as brine.—Virginia Messenger.

O, nonsense! Be thankful you have any sort of a wife. How many poor, dilapidated wretches, who never got anything but "the mitten," are at this minute sewing up the toes in their stockings, pinning up the rents in their coat flaps, hemming their own handkerchiefs, paring off the ragged edges of their wristbands, and making the gaps in their elbows. There they sit, all alone, in an upper story chamber, staring straight into the ashes, and wishing a wife would come to them, as easy as old Adam got his, without any circumlocution or nonsense! O, you don't know how to value your privileges! Every wife ought to go away once a week and stay seven days! to give you a realizing sense of your independence. Wouldn't you miss her, hey? I might write your name in the dust on your parlor table. Nobody to pity you when your left ear aches. No bright eyes opposite to look at when you sit down to your badly got-up dinner. Can't find your striped vest, or your favorite neck tie. One of your "fine fellows" comes in and smokes with you. You tell him with a hysterical laugh, and a ferocious attempt to be witty, that you are "your own master now,"—all the while keeping your hand in the neighborhood of your mouth, to check an incipient yawn. He sees it's all a farce, and goes off, wishing you "pretty wife" had been at home. Well, you take up a book,—nobody there to help you appreciate a fine sentiment. You throw it down in disgust, light your candle and go up stairs. There is a guitar, and a pretty work box, and a fairy thimble; there's a pair of little Cinderella slippers kicking around the floor—the lacings that have crossed that arching instep tangled round your feet like so many serpents;—you go to the closet to hang up your coat—there's a nice dress, with the very best of her plump arm in the sleeves, but there's nobody in it! Clock strikes eleven—O, what a miserable wretch you are! Don't you begin to think with the poet—"Blessings brighten as they take their flight!" hey?

ASTONISHED AT HIMSELF.—When Lord Clive was called to answer before Parliament for his pecuniary conduct in India, he boldly admitted the matters charged upon him, and added, to the Chairman of the Committee of Investigation, that when he reflected upon the opportunities for gain he possessed, "By—, sir, I am astonished at my own moderation!" It was the candor of Clive—his boldness—his bravery—and his independence—which led many to defend his conduct.—Tried before the Commons, his case and his character became so identified—so interwoven—the one with the other—that the verdict finally rendered was a thorough mixture of commendation and of censure—of applause for his bravery, and of complaint of his acquisitions. He now maintains an honorable place in the history of his country.

Lady readers may be interested to know that the Queen, on her late visit to Dublin, wore her bonnet on her head.

A young man in Washington, D. C., lately gave his wife a whipping because she wouldn't say her prayers.

Several times I was inclined to regard every thing that had happened to me since my arrival in Brezczewicz as a horrid dream, but my consciousness of my misery, in all its detail, was too great. Yet I should finally have convinced