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## FOR THE SPRING-TIME.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY

The fair cloud shadows floating over
The distant mountain side,
The crystal beauty of the lake
Where little fishes glide,

The glancing wings of lovely birds
That seek our wood again,
The sunshine's glow, the west wind's breath
The refreshing rain,

With voices of the forest stirring,
Waked from their winter's sleep,
The blue eyes of the violets,
That in their margins peep

The wind bee, singing to the flowers
It's dreamy strain, and low,
And the water fall that thrills to
With surging, thrilling flow

Have given me back my child to me
With treasures all untold,
When acorn cups were children's
And butter cups were gold

When a mushroom was a palace
An Parian marble fair,
And ferns leaves were [illegible]
As any queen might wear

Round our hearthstone [illegible]
I kiss each rosy face,
Each blessed one of the household
In childhood's nest in the dell

I know where squirrels have their [illegible]
And rabbits kept their stores —
I had seen the fairies carpets
And cradles of the [illegible]

And little wakes of [illegible]
When out amid the wood,
I followed far the parti-hues,
And chased the pleasant [illegible]

I had among the haunts of fays
An ever new delight,
Gazed wonderingly on the dwellings
Of the spider, running spirit

[illegible] children [illegible]
In your gambols, and play,
Goes my heart, all to forgetting
For I was a child to day

Glenwood, Pa., 1858.

## MYRA, THE GIPSY GIRL.

[illegible] palm with the [illegible] show you a white-robed bandit—me,
And I your future will and will reveal to you its mystery.

'Hist!' The low, but deep, earnest exclamation was uttered by a handsome, swarthy man, and he laid his hand warningly upon the shoulder of his companion. The speaker was Morelos, chief of a band of gipsies, who always hovered round in the extensive eastern valley of the Sierra Madre. His companion by his dress and manners showed himself to be a Mexican grandee. A momentary pause, then Morelos began to move forward with rapid steps, and his companion followed him silently. Among giant trees, through tangled underbrush, and across streams, the two men went for nearly a mile. Don Pedraza followed, but his eye expressed distrust, and he kept one hand upon his rapier. Arrived at last in a dense thicket, Morelos stopped and turned to face his companion. Quick as a flash Don Pedraza's sword flew from its scabbard, and he put himself on the defensive.

'Put up your plaything,' said Morelos. 'You wished to speak with me on an important subject, I thought. Here we are free from all prying ears.' So saying, he threw himself carelessly on the grass, while his handsome lip curled scornfully, and his dark eye flashed.

'Ah, well, one cannot be too careful,' said Don Pedraza. 'You are sure we are free from intrusion here, then? Have you a mind to make a little lump of gold?'

'I don't object, provided there is no excitement in the making of it,' said Morelos. 'What am I to do?'

'Only kill a woman,' replied Don Pedraza.

'Sacre!' [illegible] 'I don't like to kill women,' said Morelos. 'Never mind, if you pay enough I will do it.'

'I will give you as much silver and gold as your mule's panniers will hold,' said Don Pedraza; 'one side full of gold, the other of silver.'

'That's generous,' said Morelos. 'I will do it. Now, who must I kill?'

'In your tribe there is an artful gipsy girl, called Myra, I think,' replied Don Pedraza. 'Do you know her?'

The chief's eyes flashed fire but he nodded his head.

'My son Hubert has seen her,' continued Don Pedraza, 'pretends he loves her, and wishes to marry her. It shall not be. She must be poisoned, assassinated, or drowned—I don't care which, provided she is got out of this world, and you must do it.'

'I promised blindly, Don Pedraza,' said Morelos. 'It is forbidden for any of the tribe to kill another, especially a woman, unless in revenge, or to wipe away dishonor. I have no revenge to gratify by killing Myra, and I cannot do it. She is the favorite of the tribe, and must not receive foul play.'

'How now scoundrel!' exclaimed Don Pedraza, his rage making him forget his conciliatory tone. 'Will you dare refuse to get her out of the way? I will hire a rascal less *honorable* than yourself.'

'You will find it very hard,' said Morelos, 'nay, impossible to find one in my tribe willing to kill the beautiful Myra. I said I would not kill her, but I will give you my promise that your son shall never marry her; she shall be hidden from him; he may think her dead, and that will answer the same purpose. Have no fears, Don Pedraza, that I shall fail in my words, for it is to my own advantage to keep one of our tribe from wedding one not of our race. Go, and be sure I will keep my word, as a gipsy only knows how to do,' he muttered, in a deep tone, and at the same time he pushed aside the bushes, pointed to a beaten track, and telling Don Pedraza to follow it closely, said he would reach home.

With many a fearful glance behind, Don Pedraza went on his way. The keen dark eyes of the gipsy chief followed him till he was out of sight; then uttering a low, clear whistle, he again threw himself on the grass. The sounds had scarcely died away, when a rustling was heard in the bushes, and another man made his appearance.

'How did you relish the old man's proposition, Morelos?' added the new comer, with a grin on his wide mouth.

'How!' exclaimed Morelos, 'why, I could scarcely keep my fingers from the old hound's throat! He thought I would kill Myra—beautiful Myra, whom I love like my soul—who is my sun, my moon, ay, everything to me. Out upon the old fool! I'd sooner kill that baby-faced son of his, whom I hate, for he has won the love of Myra from me. Already I see her eyes flash and the color mount in her fair cheek when he approaches. Curse upon him for a false man; my rival and deadly enemy!'

'Well,' said his companion, 'what is the end of all this prating and ranting? What plan have you in your head?'

'Listen!' said Morelos. 'I promised the old don—fool that he is!—that I would prevent his son from marrying the girl; that he should never see her more; and I will keep my word to the letter.' And Morelos clenched his fist and showed his white teeth like a wolf at bay. For a moment he seemed to give himself up to feelings of deadly hate, then resumed in an austere tone, 'The young don comes to our camp. I will drug his wine, and when insensible he will easily fall a prey to the assassin's steel. When he is dead Myra will forget him, and become mine. You understand, the wine must be given to him in the silver charm cup; as an honored guest, he must have the most precious goblet. Moreover the cups must be filled beforehand; and Myra shall give the fatal drink to her lover. We must now away.' So saying the two gipsies arose and left the grove.

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, the branches were again parted, and a girl of almost fairy lightness and beauty appeared. The figure was of the medium height, slender, though exquisitely rounded, and full of activity; the face was rather dark—not as dark as the gipsies usually are, but with the southern tinge.—Her large, dark eyes flashed brightly; and, as she stood, her lips were parted with horror, just showing the white teeth. Her dress was a dark blue skirt, edged with silvery embroidery, with a scarlet waist trimmed with black and gold.—Her long dark hair was braided with coins and ribbons of red and blue. This was Myra, the gipsy girl. She listened awhile, with her hands parting the luxuriant green boughs. All was still and with one bound she stood in the centre of the clearing.

'Holy virgin!' she exclaimed. 'Don Carlos threatened with assassination because he loves me! Yes, he loves me, and I bless him for that; but I hate the chief, and Morelos shall feel that my hate is as deadly as his own.' And she clasped her hands while her beautiful face assumed an expression of deadly determination. 'I will save Don Carlos, or perish. I am to be cupbearer. Morelos, beware!'

The glorious western sun was just setting, throwing a gorgeous, crimson light over a scene calculated for a painter's pencil. In the little shaded dell, almost hid by rocks and trees, was seated a band of swarthy gipsies. Their attitudes were varied, easy, and careless. Men, women and children in knots were scattered over the green plain. One group in the shadow of a rock was conspicuous. Some men and some of the prettiest girls of the tribe were sitting upon a little knoll, and among them sat young Don Carlos Pedraza and the beautiful Myra. They laughed, chatted, and sung. At last Morelos gave orders for wine.

'Myra,' said he, 'you may bring the goblets, and I beg Signor Pedraza will take a cup of wine with us for friendship's sake.'

'Thanks, sir chief, with such an invitation and beautiful cupbearer, I will accept it with pleasure,' said Don Carlos; and he smiled as Myra tripped by him.

She soon returned, bearing the two goblets, one of silver richly chased and studded with gems, the other of rich, scarlet glass. She was about offering the glass goblet to Don Carlos, but Morelos spoke.

'Not so, said he, 'give Don Carlos the silver goblet, and may he find the pleasure and remedy for all ills in it, that I have always found. Here's to the health and increased beauty of the cup bearer.'

As Myra handed the goblet to Carlos she whispered hurriedly, 'Feign sleepiness when you have drunk; but as you value your life do not sleep—watch and be ready.'

Myra then laughed and began to dance and play on her guitar as they drank. Carelessly though she acted, her eye watched every change. She saw, as the chief yawned, so did Don Carlos, and when, after a few attempts at wakefulness, he called for a blanket and rolled himself in it, she knew he had heeded her words. Unsuspected, Myra had drugged all the wine, except that of Don Carlos, and one by one the gipsies fell into a heavy slumber. One hour she watched till all was safe, then rose and roused Don Carlos.

'Arouse thee!' said Myra; 'not one moment is to be lost. Give me your cap and mantle; this night thou wouldst have been killed, stabbed while lost in the torpor induced by drugged wine.—You must fly, and your cap and cloak would deceive the murderers, and Morelos will be slain by his own followings. Up and fly, and when safe, give one thought to the poor gipsy girl Myra, who loved you only too well. Farewell—fly.'

'No! one step will I go without you, dearest Myra,' said Don Carlos.

'That is folly,' exclaimed Myra. 'Go! I am happy to know that I saved you. Go, I implore you.'

'It is no use,' he replied, 'I will not stir till you go with me; if you refuse to accompany me, I will stay here and await my coming fate.'

'If you stay, said Myra, 'both are lost.'

'If you go, Myra, both are saved,' returned Don Carlos. 'I implore you, dearest Myra, to fly with me.'

'I'll follow, but you go now, for to be found here would be death,' said Myra. 'Go, and I will put your mantle and sombrero on Morelos—that done, I will meet you in the glen beside the brook.'

'If you are not there, Myra, in fifteen minutes, I will return.' So saying Don Carlos left the place.

* * * *

'What can you do, child?' asked a tall, elegant lady, of a young girl who stood before her. The lady was very handsome, though her face told of a grief always present, shedding a gentle saddness over her whole life. She was elegantly dressed, and reclined in a richly cushioned chair.

'Alas, lady, it is not much I can do,' replied the girl. 'I can dance, sing, tell fortunes, and embroider. My former life, as you know, has not fitted me for a lady's maid.'

The young girl spoke very sadly; but her rich, sweet voice seemed to wake a cord in the lady's heart for she motioned the girl to sit on a stool by her side.

'Don Carlos told me of your life,' said the lady, 'and though I gave him a promise to do what I could for you, I scarcely expected to see a wild, elf-like being, who scarcely knew how to enter a door. Tell me your name.'

'My name is Myra,' she replied.

'It's a pretty name,' said the lady. 'Who were your parents?'

'I cannot tell you that, lady,' replied Myra. 'The chief of the tribe told me I was brought to them one dark night by one of the tribe, and given to old Stella, and in a few days the man died. Old Stella was ever kind to me, but she died long ago—more than a year; since then I've been my own mistress, going where I pleased, doing as I pleased, if not against the rules of the tribe. A few days before old Stella died, when she was lying sick, I came into the tent, angry with some coarseness of my companions, and exclaimed against them; Stella raised herself from her blanket and said, 'Myra, my child, be careful; your blood will show itself one day.' I never knew what she meant, and when I asked any of my companions they only laughed and mocked, saying she meant I'd fly into a rage some day about nothing. I don't think that is what she meant, but I can't tell. When I asked Stella what her meaning was, she only shook her head. This is all I can tell you of myself. How I came here, how I came to leave the tribe, you know from Don Carlos.'

'Were you sorry to leave, Myra,' asked the lady. 'Would you have remained with the tribe if you could have done so with safety?'

'Oh, no, lady; no, if I can only become good and useful,' replied Myra. 'I have always hated the life I led. I never would lie and steal as the other girls did. I could not do it, and Stella never made me. When my companions teased me, Stella would send them away. Do you think, lady, I shall ever grow like you—so good?'

'Yes, child, and better far,' replied the lady. 'I will teach you as I would my own child. Go now with Jeanette, and she will give you other clothes, and when you have rested you may come to me again.'

Myra kissed the lady's hand, and followed the old nurse from the room, wondering if she would ever be so graceful and lovely as Donna Lina Hermosa.

'What freak now, Linda?' said Don Hermosa, entering the room smilingly. 'Are you going to undertake to tame a real wild Zingari girl?'

'Yes,' replied Donna Lina; 'but she doesn't seem so wild; and, Rodrigo, there is something in her large, dark eyes, and rich voice, which reminds me of our lost child. Had she lived she would have been just the age of this young girl, and could surely not be more beautiful. Already I feel as if the gipsy girl were sent me as a blessing from Heaven. Then, too, your young friend, Don Carlos, loves her, and I will try and make her worthy of him, for you know I am not one to thwart a loving heart.'

So it was settled that Myra was to become an inmate of Don Rodrigo's palace. She soon became Donna Lina's especial charge, and by her docility, intelligence, and gentle temper, endeared herself to all around her.

One day Donna Lina was reclining on her couch, and Myra sitting on her low seat beside her, when she asked her if she would sing and dance for her, as she did in the days of her roving life. Myra smiled, though her face was mantled with a rich blush, and she rather reluctantly took her guitar, for the remembrance of her gipsy life now filled her with feelings of shame; and one who had seen her in her former life would scarcely recognise her now. Her face had lost much of the darkness incident to an exposed life, her luxuriant black hair was no longer ornamented with coins and gay ribbons, but braided neatly, and wound round her small, well shaped head. The lithe, full form was set off by a closely fitting dress of blue silk, and her small hands were shaded by lace ruffles.

'Go, dear Myra, and put on your quaint dress, that I may see you as you looked when timid and blushing you came to me,' said Donna Lina.

Myra obeyed, and went out of the room. She soon returned, and after a little hesitation began to dance with all her former *abandon* and life. Backwards, forwards, on her toes, on one foot, like some creature of air she bounded. In one of her bounds a little chain which she always wore round her neck became unfastened, and a glittering trinket fell at the feet of Donna Lina, who stopped and picked it up. No sooner did she see it than she screamed, and fainted away. A moment, and Myra and old Jeanette were by her side, endeavoring to revive her; but Jeanette pushed Myra away.

'Go, you wild, good for nothing girl!' said she. 'Did you know no better than when my dear lady is so weak, to put on your disgraceful gipsy dress, and make such a noise in her room?'

'She told me to do so,' said Myra.

Just then Donna Lina opened her eyes and sat up. Opening her hand she showed an elegant gold locket, studded with emeralds and pearls.

'Where, Myra, did you get this?' she asked in a low voice.

'Dear lady, I have always worn that, night and day,' replied Myra. 'One day I wished to take it off, but Stella told me not to do so, for it was a charm, and would one day bring me great good fortune. When I asked who gave it to me she bade me hold my tongue.'

'Do you know what it contains?' asked Donna Lina.

'Contains?' said Myra. 'No, I did not know it would open.'

Donna Lina then touched a spring, and it opened, disclosing two miniatures, one of herself, the other a portrait of Don Rodrigo. At sight of these she clasped the wondering girl in her arms, covering her with passionate kisses.

'My child! my child!' she sobbed. 'My heart told me you were not drowned, as was supposed. All is clear now—you were stolen from me by the gipsies. I always thought so, for your body never could be found. When Don Carlos brought you to me, my heart felt a strange thrill. I longed then to clasp you to my heart, so long desolate. How can I thank Don Carlos?'

'For what?' said a voice, and the handsome figure of Don Rodrigo, accompanied by Carlos, appeared at the door.

The story was soon told, and the happy Myra was folded in the arms of her father.

'For this you were wondering how you should pay Don Carlos, was it?' asked Don Hermosa, when his feelings would let him speak.

'Yes, I asked the question, but it was an idle one—for I know. His eyes speak for him.—Yes, Carlos my friend,' said Lina Hermosa, turning with a bright smile to the young man, 'I know, too, that it would give my child happiness. She is yours, but you must spare her to us for a long while yet.'

And rising, Donna Lina took her husband's arm, and walked from the room, leaving the lovers to their new found happiness.

Just a year from that time, Don Carlos Pedraza wedded Myra Hermosa. It was her father and mother's wish that she should retain the pretty name given her by the gipsies. The wedding was a splendid one, and when in the midst of the festivities an old, withered gipsy made her appearance, begging to tell the fortune of the bride, she was permitted to do so, and went away loaded with gold, rejoicing, but never suspecting that the delicate, jewelled hand of the blushing bride was the hand of her old pupil, MYRA, THE GIPSY GIRL.

FRUIT PROSPECTS AT THE WEST.—The Pittsburgh *Gazette* says:

The Board of Managers of the Allegany County Agricultural Society, at their meeting on Wednesday, gave in the result of their individual examination of the fruit crop, since the late frosts. The body is a very intelligent one, and competent to express an intelligent opinion upon this or any other matter. The unanimous opinion of the members of the board is that *the fruit crop is killed in this region.* Peaches, pears, plums, and cherries entirely, and apples, gooseberries and grapes in part. We are very sorry to be assured of this fact, but consider this conclusive testimony.

And the Evansville (Ia.) *Journal.*

We learn from all our visitors from the surrounding country, that the blossoms and fruit of the peach, apple, cherry and grape vines, were all destroyed by the frost on Monday night.—Only a few trees—that were protected by buildings or stood in the shade of the forest—were but partialy injured. On all others the fruit seems to have been entirely cut off, and our hopes of rich treats from the orchards during the coming summer, are blasted. In some places immediately on the river, a few trees have apparently escaped.

A NICE BIT OF SURGERY.—A man was stabbed in Boston a day or two since, and singularly enough, the knife passed exactly between the heart and liver without touching either, or any vital artery.

James Dean is reported to have died of a legacy at St. Louis. He had the misfortune recently to receive a fortune from a deceased relative in England, and lived so fast that he used up himself and the fortune in a few months, leaving his family destitute.

(From the Presbyterian.)

## A VISIT TO DELHI.

We are indebted to George H. Stuart, Esq., for the subjoined well written letter from the Rev. John S. Woodside, a missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, giving an interesting account of a visit to the city of Delhi—a name, with that of Cawnpore, rendered but too familiar by its inhuman atrocities.

DEHRA DOON, INDIA, January 25th, 1858.

*My Dear Mr. Stuart:*—Returning from the late meeting of our Mission at Amballa, I diverged from the direct road to pay a visit to the famous, or perhaps I should say *infamous* city of Delhi. It may not be uninteresting to you to hear something of the state of affairs there at the time of my visit, and I therefore purpose devoting this letter to that subject. My reasons for the journey were, (1.) A natural desire to see the various objects to which my attention had been directed with such intensity during the long dreary time of the seige. (2.) A wish to see some friends who had over and over again invited me to visit Delhi and share their hospitality while there. (3.) I had been appointed by the Mission a member of a Committee to take measures for the collection of destitute orphan children for the purpose of bringing them under Christian instruction, and I thought Delhi a good field in which to operate.

INDIA MAIL CART.

Accordingly, on the evening of the day on which our Mission broke up its session I left Amballa by mail cart, bound for the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire. The distance between the two cities is 120 miles. This we performed in fourteen hours which in India is considered very rapid traveling. The mail cart however, is anything but a comfortable conveyance. It is constructed in the rudest manner, being a sort of oblong iron box, set upon a pair of shafts and wheels of the coarsest manufacture, without springs or any other appliances that would tend to the comfort of the traveller. It is true, there is an iron railing across the centre and around the edges of some, by which the passenger is enabled to hold on; but in some even this is wanting. The cart has accommodation for *two* passengers besides the driver and groom. They sit two before, with their faces to the horse; and two behind, with their backs to the others.—When the cart is raised, it forms an inclined plane, sloping backwards, so that the party on the back seat finds it rather difficult, even with the help of the iron rail by his side and behind him, to keep his position. It was my lot to ride behind and I assure you during those fourteen hours, I had little comfort, so far as the cart went. My fellow traveler whom I never met before, was an officer of the Delhi army. He was intimately acquainted with several of my missionary friends, and consequently we were at once on *terms of cordial familiarity.* He generously offered to exchange seats with me at the end of every other stage, but I soon found that he was very much fatigued, (having traveled for several days in the same way,) and I therefore preferred holding on to my own berth. It was a lovely moonlight night, the road most of the way excellent, the horses when once started, went at a furious pace, and, notwithstanding my position on the back seat, the night passed pleasantly, and at eight o'clock the following morning I reached my destination in safety, and with very little sense of fatigue.

REMNANTS OF THE CARNAGE.

The first part of the journey presented little that was interesting, but as we approached Delhi, I could see by the light of the moon, the mud walls and charred timbers of burned depopulated villages; the places that had been inhabited by the rapacious Goojurs, who plundered the Europeans in May last. These wretched creatures had evidently been in league with the mutineers before the Delhi massacre, for at the first signal of revolt, on the morning of the 11th of May, they rushed in thousands from their villages to join in the general destruction.—When the avenging army marched against the city, down the road by which I traveled, these villages were destroyed, and their inhabitants scattered to the four winds. As we approached closer, the sides of the road and the adjoining fields were strewed with the skeletons of horses, bullocks, and camels, affording sad evidence of the havoc which the war had made among these useful animals. The bones of most had been picked clean by the vulture, the jackal, and the pariah dog; but many seemed almost intact, the skin having dried over the bones on the side exposed to the sun though the inward parts had all been carried off. The numbers of these guant remnants of the last carnage quite astonished me; and I felt that war is an awful scourge even to the poor dumb animals that so patiently minister to the necessities and caprices of man.—But how much more awful to think of the numbers of our own race intent upon each other's destruction, that must have fallen! What have we sin has made among God's creatures! When "shall violence be no more heard in our land, wasting destruction within our borders?" Never till "salvation be our walls, and praise our gates." Such were my reflections on approaching the blood stained suburbs of Delhi.

About five miles from the city stands Badi Ki Sera, the place where the first battle was fought on the eighth of June. The position held by the mutineers was a most advantageous one, but nothing could resist the impetuosity of the British charge. The cowardly Sepoys, though in overwhelming numbers, here abandoned sixteen guns and fled pell mell into the city. I was particularly struck with the appearance of the trees on each side of the road. Nothing but stunted remnants, despoiled of their foliage and smaller branches are anywhere to be seen: as if some tremendous storm had passed over, destroying everything in its course. The branches had been cut for firewood and provender for elephants, camels, &c. Passing Badi Ki Sera, we came in full view of the ridge on which the English picquets had been placed, and the ground in the rear occupied by the camp during the past summer; and in the distance rose the minarets and domes, turrets and palaces of the city. Our road lay through the Subzi Mandi, a large straggling suberb of alternate gardens, surrounded by high stone walls and low flat roofed houses. Here was the scene of the principal conflicts—the twenty eight battles that were fought previous to the final struggle in September. The walls and houses were everywhere destroyed, the trees were felled, and everything around gave evidence of the terrible passion that had been let loose. This suberb had invariably given cover to the mutineers in their attacks on the English position.—They had over and and over again been driven out of it, but as the English were not in sufficient strength to retain possession of it, it continued a source of annoyance to the end. It was in one part of this suberb that the fourth assaulting column was defeated on the day of the assault; but this circumstance was of little moment as the other three columns made good their position within the city walls.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN DELHI.

We entered by the Lahore gate of the city, and the first object that met my gaze, as I passed in the gate, was a European soldier in the act of belaboring with a good thick cudgel, a poor, unfortunate native who had attempted to pass into the city without a permit. This was at once demonstrative of the power that now held sway within. From the Lahore gate we passed down the Urdubazzar and Chaudi chouk, two wide streets, or rather continuations of the same street, about a mile in length and thirty yards wide; and I was dropped from the mail cart at the Lahore gate of the Palace. My friends were quartered in apartments immediately over this gate, and I soon found myself with them at a comfortable breakfast, in a room on the third story, and which commanded a magnificent view of the interior buildings of the palace on one side, with the river in the distance, and the city of Delhi on the other. I was rather shocked, however, when my hosts pointed to some stains of blood on the wall, told me that the apartments we then occupied, were the same in which the Rev. Mr. Jennings had lived, and in which he, his daughter, and Miss Clifford had been murdered on the 11th of May last. These were among the first victims of the bloody thirsty mutineers; no, not the mutineers, for these helpless ladies were murdered by the people of the Palace, who, when the mutineers entered Delhi, at once commenced the work of destruction and death, showing that they were all prepared, and only awaited the first move on the part of the army, to enable them to carry out their bloody purposes. Everywhere throughout this calamitous season have the Mohammedans shown the most savage thirst for blood. In another part of the palace enclosure 49 ladies and children were massacred in cold blood ten days before the outbreak. During this massacre the king sat in state opposite a great gateway which opened on the scene of the slaughter, and one of his sons was the first to fire on the wretched victims.

The very day of my arrival I went all over the ground that had been occupied by the English army, and examined the positions selected for the breaching batteries, &c. I then examined in detail the effects of their fire on the different parts of the defences. It is only on the ground itself that one can obtain anything like an adequate idea of the difficulties to be overcome in such operations as were carried on here, and after seeing all I was amazed at the boldness of that handful of Europeans in attemping to enter Delhi. The defences are most formidable, and the numbers of the defenders of the city were at least ten to one of the attacking army. The English artillery had, however, done tremendous execution. The Cashmere and Moree Bastions were heaps of rubbish, and all along the side of the city exposed to the fire, there was fearful evidence of the havoc made by the breaching batteries. The guns of the mutineers had suffered very severely. Very few of them were left whole. So well directed had been the English fire, that a great many of the guns were rendered quite useless—their muzzles being knocked off, their staunchions broken, or their carriages destroyed. During the six days after the English entered the city, their position was most critical. Many of the European soldiers gave themselves up to drink; as the enemy, knowing their thirst for such things, had left large quantities of brandy, champagne, &c.; at every corner, street after street, nay, even house after house had to be contended for. In these parts of the city the walls everywhere show even now how terrible the struggle must have been.

THE CITY DESERTED AND DESOLATE.

Some houses are in ruins. And all along certain streets the bullet marks on the walls appear as close as the stars in the firmament on a clear night. But it was not these marks of active operations that struck me most. It was the general appearance of this immense city. When the English army entered at one side the inhabitants fled at the other, leaving every house empty. I believe only a few wretched cringing Hindoos remained behind. The vast mass of about two hundred thousand souls fled from the place, carrying whatever they could with them. The whole city was then systematically plundered by the army. Indiscriminate robbery was prevented as far as possible, but it was difficult to prevent the wild soldiers of the Punjab from gratifying their natural thirst for plunder. Hence, although prize agents were appointed to collect all property, to be equally divided among the soldiers, there was nevertheless a great deal taken by private individuals. Even during the period of my visit, which was nearly three months after the assault, the prize agents and their hands were busily engaged in digging, and otherwise searching for treasure, &c.

In consequence of the desertion and plunder of the city, its aspect was most melancholy. I walked through long streets and could see nothing but desolation. Occasionally, a starved looking cat would be seen crawling over a flat roof, or stealing round the corner of some dark alley. When I thought of all that had been enacted within these accursed walls during the previous six months, together with all the enormities committed there from time immemorial, I felt that its present desolation was but the award of justice for all that its wicked inhabitants had done. I visited the house that for nearly forty years had been occupied by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, (Mr Caldwell's father-in-law) and in which his wife and two daughters were brutally murdered. I saw the front in which my guide told me Mr Thompson used to "make the Christians," and the little chapel in which he preached many a vernacular sermon, as few could preach. Around these premises I found portions of our tracts and books strewed in the mud, but I could find no trace of any native christian, or any one of those who had lived in Mr. Thompson's family. I felt sad to look on these, the only remaining emblems of the mission so long conducted there; but I knew that it was easy for our Heavenly Master to raise up even there abundant witnesses to the truth as it is in Jesus.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN SAM?—*Has* any one seen him, sure enough? We are in earnest in this inquiry. The "lusty young *giant*" of three years since; that miraculous young man whose clothes were made of star-spangled banners; who took exclusive possession of our national fowl, and was wont to take his morning rides upon the back of that great old bird—where is he? He used to be "around," and we received weekly notifications of the whereabouts of his "footprints," but now alas! we see nothing about "Sam" in any of the "intense American" prints. Miraculous young orators who, three years ago were wont to "stir up the great American heart" with their eulogies of "Sam," are now as silent as the harp which is supposed to be hanging on Tara's walls. "Oh no, they never mention him!"

Where is Sam? That remarkable young man who essayed to rule America! who had such a fear of the Pope and Catholic school marms, who was great on Smelling Committees and Washington Monuments—has anybody seen him? Will none of those old fogies who so suddenly discovered "Sam" was the boy for their money; who believed that the office should seek the man, and who had their eyes opned all of a sudden to the new and startling doctrine that Americans should rule America; will none of these old grandames tell us the present locality of the young giant? He can't be dead, for there is abundant testimony that he is immortal.—Didn't Garrett Davis say so, and don't Garrett know? Don't the Louisville *Journal* say so? and who can gainsay what appears in the Louisville *Journal?* He can't be dead. Oh, no. He has a great work to perform yet. He has to change the naturalization laws, elect Fillmore President, suppress Popery, put Americans on guard, and rule America. Garrett Davis and the Louisville *Journal* said Sam would do this and Sam will do it or burst. But the question comes up again, where is Sam? Is he sleeping? Has he gone North to see his brudder Sambo? or is he unwell himself? Has any borry seen him?—*Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.*

## Great Clock.

Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg:

"The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet and about 30 feet wide and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man with a wand and sword is conducting round the building. The clock is struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or a little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter, on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time, comes out an *old* man with a mallet and places himself in front of him.

"As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on readily to perform his part, at the regular time. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: there is a high cross, with the image of Christ on it.—The instant twelve is struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571 and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair."

HOW JOHN PHŒNIX GOT INTO THE LADIES' CAR.—John Phœnix, the inimitable wit, th