The Erie Weekly Observer.

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MORAL INSANITY.

Of all the bipeds that ever were born
'Tween a dewy eve and a frosty morn,
From Bhering's Straits to the end of Cape Horn,
Who have digged potatoes or planted corn,
Or worked all day from early dawn,
Before a furnace fire,
There never was one that I ever knew,
Who made more money, and kept it too,
So ne people called him as rich as a Jew,
Than Daniel Dimes, Esquire.

He made all his money in fancy stocks,
And kept it safe under powder proof locks,
And he never wandered along the docks,
Fearing the thieves of the river:
He rode up town in the Wall street 'bus,
That carried his carcass over the "Russ,
For the crooked sixpence, the hard old —
Always passed it up to the driver

But though Dan Dimes was uncommonly 'near
His wife, I am told, was uncommonly DEAR
For she cost him five thousand dollars a year,
For bonnets, coiffures, and other head gear,
Not to mention her jewels and laces,
Her skirts were of huge dimensions, they say
And when she appeared on a pleasant day,
In her open barouche in famed Broadway
Her languid lolling was such a display,
Fashion christened "her one of the graces"

He lived in a splendid mansion, did Dan,
'Twas furnished on the Parisian plan,
A fitter abode for a god than a man,
So adorned with statues and vases
Dimes lived a fast life in a very fast town,
His parties were always attended by "Brown,
And although his name was a proper noun
It appeared oft in "improper places

It was a terrible shock to the "upper crust
When Daniel failed to come down with the dust
And went to the Tombs, 'cause go he must
It really shocked their vanity.
And when Dan Dimes (who knew to a dot
When he should fail and when he should not)
At just the right time, and just the right spot,
Swindled, and forged, and the Devil knows what
His doctors swore a disease he had got,
And they styled it MORAL INSANITY

And now, Dan, (who is morally insane,
For certain reasons sufficiently plain,
Is smoothing boards with a State jack-plane
In a Sing-Sing prison shop;
And though he flourished in wealth for a while,
And wrote other names in elegant style,
His great mistake, when he'd gotten a pile,
WAS, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP.

—*California State Journal*

A WOMAN OF NERVE.
HOW SHE GOT OUT OF A SCRAPE

A tall, slender figure, with brown hair falling over the shoulders, and a pale, resolute face, clad in a long, flowing, dressing gown, and holding a light high above its head, and looking steadily down at me, as I ascended the stairs—this was what I saw as I went up to my room in the Spread Eagle Inn, Gracechurch street, on the night of the 18th of September, 1848, as I am a Christian!

I stopped short and looked at the figure, as it was looking at me. I had not been drinking. I was not walking in my sleep, and, more than all, I knew the face and form—but what, in the name of common sense, was a young lady doing in the passage of an old inn at that hour, alone and in such a dress? She blushed scarlet as I drew near, and wrapped her dressing gown more closely around her; but the next moment she was as pale as before and spoke to me eagerly and hurriedly, but in a very low voice

"Sir, are you the landlord of this inn?"

"I am not, madam"

"Do you know where he is?"

"Down stairs in the coffee room, I think. But what is the matter? Are you ill? Has anything gone wrong?"

She stamped her foot slightly with impatience, and looked me full in the face. Fine eyes she had—blue and soft in general—but now they were blazing

"Don't stop to ask questions, sir! Bring him here at once, and come back with him yourself. Bring pistols, if you have them. Do you hear? And run for your life—for your life!" she added, leaning over the bannisters, and speaking in the same low, hurried tone

I was away in an instant, though I knew no more of my errand than the man in the moon.—But I should like to see the man who would not have done the same. Apart from the fact that she was claiming my aid and protection, there was something in the ring of the voice, low as it was, and the flash of the eye, that warned me she was not to be trifled with. She would have made a good general, had she been a man, and, I wager my head, not a soldier would have dared to retreat, had she spoken as she did to me that night. But before I finish my story, I must begin it. I am but a blundering fellow. My wife always says, if a mistake can be made, I am sure to make it; and I believe I was going to tell you about the landlord's coming, before I said what he had come for. Now, then, I will commence the thing rightly

The Spread Eagle Inn, which is still standing, and may be seen any day, by the curious traveller is a clumsy, ill-lighted house, situated in the heart of the city, yet keeping all its oddities, which were just in the fashion some two or three hundred years ago. It is built around a court yard, shut in by gates, across which galleries are thrown, from one door to the other, with the paved yard below. It has balustrades and staircases containing sufficient oak to build half a modern house with; and deep window seats and big, queer shaped, gloomy rooms, and odd little closets, and landing places and passages, carpets, chairs, and pictures that Mrs. Noah might have kept house with in the ark, to say nothing of the curious old china on the side-boards, and the wine glasses and decanters to match. To an Englishman, it offers the snuggest of homes, and the roast beef and mutton there are unexceptionable; while the waiter is as civil and as steady as if he had been breathing the atmosphere of the old place for years. It makes one feel "respectable," merely to live there for a time; and I, who had been a wild enough college lad, found myself sobering down day by day, as I pored over my manuscripts, or dined quietly, by myself, under the eye of Charles, the waiter, off my slice of mutton and baked potatoes, my pint of porter, and my apple or damson tart. Quite like a family man I felt, at times—though my wife and children were with my ship, that was to come home some day, and bring me an immense fortune. I did not know how long the voyage might take, not knowing even from what port the vessel was to start; and so I lived under the wings of the Spread Eagle, and worked at my manuscript and waited.

It was not, by any means, the only dweller in the eyrie. People were coming and going all the time, but I scarcely ever saw them, or heard their names. The sitting room next mine, on the second floor, would be tenanted one month, by a couple with an indefinite number of children; and the next, it may be by an old gentleman, who made no noise, and rarely spoke, except to tell his servant to bring more wine; then would come a travelling artist, with his sketch books and his great Newfoundland dog, and they would play at rough and-tumble together, after he had done work, till the house shook, and the nervous lady above nearly went into fits; and he would be succeeded by a musician, who would play all day and a part of the night, till the same lady declared she should be ready for Bedlam; but she never was ready, and never went—at least, to my knowledge. For my part, I was always satisfied. When the children were there, and playing so noisily that I could not think, I used to lay down my pen and wonder what their names were, and how they looked, and if they were playing the same games I played in my boyhood (so many years ago!) with my brothers and my cousins. The great dog used often to meet me in the passage and give me a friendly wag of the tail, if I patted his head, and after that his bark was music in my ears; for I defy any one, who has a heart, to make the acquaintance of a dog—a Newfoundland especially—and not love him. And the composer, who played all day the sweet creations of his soul—God knows what loving tender fancies came to me now and then, as the melody wove itself in with what I was writing, almost before I knew it. I am a happy fellow, naturally, and disposed to make the best of everything; but setting this entirely aside, I am sure I was a better and kinder man for the neighbors I had

One day the room was taken, after it had been standing empty for a week, and I heard the voices of an old man, his wife, and the fresh clear tones of a young girl. I often judge people by their voices before I see them, and I pictured the lady to myself, quite correctly. There was a ring in her words, a buoyant, lark-like tone, that gave me the idea of a happy spirit and perfect health. Now and then the voice deepened and softened, and deepened, and I knew that her face had lost its smile, and that she was looking grave—perhaps sad. So I knew that she had suffered, and as day after day went on, and the voice grew familiar, I judged that she had suffered deeply. There was something behind that natural gaiety, known only to herself and God, it may be, and yet it threw a gloom over her whole life, and would always do so. And I thought I should like to see her, and judge if my surmises were correct

I asked the landlord about the party. He looked at the book, and read the names, "Rev Edward Williams and lady. Mrs Arnold, New-York city."

"They are Americans, then?" I exclaimed

"So it seems. They came here three weeks ago, by the packet, and are going to Paris next month. Very nice people they seem, but they have queer ways. All Americans have, I am often told"

"Yes—they seem odd to us no doubt," I said, musingly—scarcely knowing what I had answered. And then I went up to my room, and wondered if Mrs. Arnold was a widow, or if her husband was still living. If so, I felt strongly inclined to strangle or shoot him, without any delay. It is very ridiculous—yet also, quite sincere—the feeling one man has towards another who (as he thinks) has robbed him of something which might have gratified his own life. I am sure many a married woman would laugh heartily if she but knew the fancies that pass through the brain of one of her bachelor friends, who admires her, as he sees her with a child in her arms, or her sweet face looking over her husband's shoulder (stupid man!) as he pores over a dry newspaper, quite unconscious of her presence.

While I sat thinking thus of Mr Arnold, Mrs Arnold, in the next room, began to sing. There was a good piano in No 42, and I had often heard it played before. But this evening she only sung a few ... songs, and I felt sure she was alone. Her touch upon the keys was soft and dreamy; sometimes she was playing with one hand, and then would ... though I had not heard her leave her seat. I would have given worlds to have been ... at that hour of twilight.—But ... and the ... wall of my room was ... her singing. "Then ... and then the ... more ... enough to go ... my hat and ... The door of No 42 ... that way open, and from my ... of the passage I could see into the room plainly, for the boy had just lit the gas, and drawn the curtains. She was sitting at the piano, dressed in deep mourning ... wedding ring and its heavy guard ... hand. 'Thank heaven!' ... I thought, and then the ... laughed at my absurdity. She had the evening paper in her hand, yet though her head was bent, I could see her face quite well. In only one thing was she different from the counterpart in my brain—she was not beautiful, as I had fancied she must be. She was tall and straight, and elegant in form, and her face was one of those which change and vary with every shade of feeling; but only redeemed from plainness by a pair of deep set and beautiful shaped eyes, whose color, I found, when she threw the paper aside, was that dark lovely blue, one scarcely ever sees, except in the sky of a summer night. Just the eyes I had dreamed of all my life—and yet, there was not the slightest chance that they would ever look at me, as they had doubtless looked at Mr. Arnold, deceased, a thousand times. She was a girlish widow—yet there was something in her manner which betrayed the married woman—an ease and *aplomb,* which rarely or never shows itself in a young girl, especially if she has been reared carefully by a mother's hand.

I might have stood in the passage all night, criticising her, had she not entered it herself, suddenly (for her movements were all as quick as flashes of light) and taking me so by surprise, that I am sure she would have seen me staring in at her, had she not luckily for me, caught her foot in the mat as she crossed the threshold.—She stumbled, and would have fallen, but I sprang to her assistance and caught her, and felt her heart beating quickly against my arm. She panted with the sudden start it had given her, but stood up in a second, and just glancing at me as I stood beside her in the dark passage, said quietly, "Thank you, Charles. I might have hurt myself very much, if you had not saved me. And by the way, I wish you would have that stupid thing taken away. My uncle fell over it last night, and I suppose it will be my aunt's turn next."

She ran lightly up the stairs to her sleeping-room, laughing to herself as she went. She had mistaken me for the waiter! But I did not care (though I fancied there was some difference in our height and air) since it had given me the pleasure of hearing my own name, and spoken by her lips. I declare solemnly, to this day, that when Mrs Cathcart (my wife) calls me Charles, an odd feeling comes over me, and I see the hall of the Spread Eagle, and Mrs. Arnold running up the stairs, while I stand in a state of maudlin admiration below. So much for the power of association

I went to the Opera that evening. I usually spent my evenings there, or at the theatre, because I had no acquaintances in the city, and it was dull sitting in my room alone. They played the "Bohemian Girl," I remember, and the tenor sung Mrs. Arnold's song, "Then you'll remember me." And the lights, and the music, and the crowd seemed to pass away, and leave me listening to her again, touching the piano softly, and half singing, half humming the words, as if she trusted herself to utter them aloud, they would surely bring tears with them. I thought of her constantly till the opera was over, and the house empty; I thought of her over my hot supper at Very's; and I thought of her as I went home along the deserted streets. I looked up at her window to see the light there, as I entered the court yard. It was burning brightly enough, and I entered the house, and sat down in the coffee room a few moments with the landlord, who was a great friend of mine, in his way. I did not talk to him, nor he to me—we were neither of us talking men, and seldom had many words together. But he peered over the morning paper steadily, intent upon political news; and I held mine upside down before me, and felt with a thrill of bashful satisfaction, that I was no longer indifferent to the advice of Mr. Weller, senior—"Samivel! Samivell beware of the vidders!" No; a widow had changed me in the twinkling of an eye, and I was in love, as hopelessly, as unreasonably, and as foolishly as any sober man of thirty could well be!

I must now proceed to state that Mrs. Arnold's room was on the second floor, just above No. 40, and looking out upon Grace church street itself. To it she went quietly on that eventful evening, at the hour of ten, just at the time when I was sitting in my box at the Opera thinking of her. Something made her wakeful. She sat down at her toilet table and talked awhile to the housekeeper, who had come up with clean pillow-cases, and asked many questions about the house and the family. How they broached the topic, I do not know—but after a time, they began to think, and to speak about that strange phenomenon, called 'spiritual rappings.' The Cock Lane ghost was brought upon the carpet, and various other stories told, till Mrs. Arnold grew nervous, and laughingly declared she would hear no more. Then the housekeeper bade her good night, and she locked her door, and began to prepare for bed.

The room was large, rather dark, and full of corners and recesses. The light of the two wax candles on the toilet table only served to make these corners visible in their shadowy gloom.—The bed was high, and hung about with dark crimson curtains; the furniture of the room was dark, too; and the cushions of the chairs and the covers of the tables red also. It is a color which needs much light to set it off to advantage; it looked dismal enough to her just then. At one end of the room a door led into a kind of large closet, which was unfurnished, and looked out into the court yard; but this door opened out into Mrs. Arnold's room, and locked on that side. Sometimes linen was kept there; and the housekeeper had evidently been there that evening, for the key was in the lock, and the door a little ajar. Mrs. Arnold would have preferred it, but she was too timid to cross her room just then.

She undressed slowly, singing in a low voice, the song I had heard her sing that evening. As she bent down to unlace her boot, she happened to cast her eyes towards the closet (she had a vision like an eagle) and to her surprise and terror, she saw it move distinctly—only the lower part of the door, for she had presence of mind enough not to start, and the bed concealed the upper part, as she was stooping. The legend of that woman who saw the great boot of a man under her bed, yet had courage to stay in the room all the evening, going on with her ordinary household duties within reach of the assassin's knife, till her husband came, and she was safe, flashed across her mind, and taught her how to act. She yawned luxuriously, interrupted her singing one moment, and then went on with a steady voice. After she had prepared for bed, she folded her dressing-gown around her, brushed her hair before the glass. In that mirror she saw how and then, as if her visitor was getting impatient; and once it creaked. She started, naturally, and threw her slipper against the wall, as if to frighten away the mice, and resumed her occupation. When that was over, she went to her jewel case, which stood upon the toilet-table, and turned its bright contents out in a heap before her. She held a spray of diamonds against her hair, as if to try its effect; she clasped and unclasped her bracelets, and toyed with her rings. Meanwhile the door creaked again, and letting an unset diamond fall to the ground, and stooping to pick it up, she saw with a rapid glance, that a burly, ill-looking man was peering at her from behind the curtains of the bed. He started back, thinking himself discovered, and in that moment of horrible anxiety—that moment which, for aught she knew, might be her last—what did she do? She could hear his breathing distinctly, sharpened as all her senses were, and almost felt the cold steel in her heart; and so she made herself a mocking curtsey in the glass, and held the diamond spray above her forehead.

'Dutchess of Nemours!' she said, softly—'And why not?' I should look well with a coronet. I wish my husband was dead!'

She leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed to think. A subdued rustling told her that the robber was retreating. The door swung softly together—she saw in the glass—and her resolution was taken.

'Two diamond rings and a diamond spray,' she said, counting the gems aloud, as she put them in their case. 'A ruby and an amethyst bracelet, a ruby ring, and a garnet ——— But where is the garnet necklace, by the way? How stupid of me to mislay it! And my husband's gift, too! I wonder if I have put it in my trunk?'

The trunk stood very near the door of the closet! She went and unlocked it, and tumbled its contents out upon the floor, bending over it with her light, while that man was within two feet of her! I wonder how she had the nerve to do it. Indeed, she said afterwards that she knew he was bending down too, and looking over her shoulder at the trinkets as she turned over with a steady hand; and that her greatest difficulty was to keep from breaking out into hysterical laughter, and so betraying that she knew of his presence.

The bracelet was not there. She pushed the things aside impatiently, shut down the trunk, and placed the candle on the lid. Then she stood up, with her finger on her lip, and her head bent down

'Where can the necklace be?'

She turned, as if to go by the closet, towards a chest of drawers, that stood in the corner of the room; made one step past it; whirled suddenly; and, pushing both hands upon the door with all her might, locked and double locked it in a second. She heard a terrific oath inside as the robber threw himself against it, too late; and, snatching up her candle sped out for help. She found me as I have described, while I was coming up the staircase, and she stood at the head of it.

In three moments after she had spoken to me, I came back with the landlord, the waiter Charles, the head hostler, and 'boots' They were all strong men; and the landlord had his pistols. Boots, I remember, carried the poker, and I snatched up a great carving-knife from the side-board. What did that woman do when she saw our procession, but burst out laughing!

'You come as if you were going to join the army at Flanders,' she said, after she had related her dangerous adventure. 'I have locked the man up safely, and you will frighten him to death with your savage looks.'

I colored up to the roots of my hair, and gave my carving-knife to Charles, and sneaked behind the rest. I believe, at that moment, I hated her.

It was a great sight to see her marching before us, with her light in her hand. An English woman would have fainted at being seen in dishabille by five men; but she, with the *frank,* free bravery of an American lassie, let the circumstances explain the dress, and marshalled us quietly into the room. There was her book upon the toilet table, and there were the jewels glittering in their case—the contents of her trunk as she had left them, on the floor, and the closet locked and silent.

She put the key in the landlord's hand.

'Help the gentleman out?' she said, lazily.

I think she was the bravest woman I have ever seen, and I could not help looking at her with admiration and respect. She took a great shawl from the table and wrapped it around her form, shivering slightly, and then stood a little aside and waited.

We heard the man breathing heavily, as the key turned in the lock, and the moment the door was open, he made a savage rush out, knocking the landlord and Charles down, as if they had been two boys. But 'boots' and I caught him; and the hostler snatched a leather strap from Mrs. Arnold's trunk, and we had him bound in a moment. She sat in her easy chair, looking on quietly, as if she had been at a play, and when his eyes met hers, she smiled.

'You see I was too much for you,' she said quietly.

He growled out, 'You are a clever woman, by jingo! I did not think there was a woman as could bring Bill Nevins to this.'

'Thank you, my friend; I never had a greater compliment paid me.'

We led him from the room, and the landlord turned to her and said:

"Of course you will wish to go to Mrs. William's room, or I can give you one near the housekeeper's?"

'No; I think I'll stay here,' she said, in her short, quiet, decided way.

"I suppose you have not left any of your friends behind you, my man?' she added, turning to the prisoner.

The fellow grinned and pulled at his forelock, saying: "No, my lady; I was alone'

'That will do then. Good night, gentlemen! Accept my thanks now, and I will offer them more suitably when I am not quite so sleepy.'

She bowed us out of the room, and locked the door behind us. Every one was loud in her praise, but me; and as for the prisoner, he swore with a more emphatic oath than I should like to record, that six months or a year was nothing after that; and that if he thought all American women were like her, he would cross the ocean to find one in his own station, the moment he was set free. But I was silent. And when the housebreaker had been consigned to the tender mercies of the police, and the hotel was silent, I scarcely knew what to think. Such courage almost frightened me; and yet I remembered how pale she looked, and that she leaned against the mantelpiece at first, as if to support herself; so I forgave her bravery, and thought only of the beauty of her eyes and the sweetness of her voice, and sank away to sleep at last, with the firm resolution that another day should not pass over my head before I had told her how I had learned to love her.

But the next day brought its own events, and what was worse, its own personages, with it. A carriage stopped before the door as I entered from my morning walk; a tall, bearded man, with an honest, handsome face, darted into the house and up the stairs, three at a time. There was a cry of surprise on the second landing—a murmur, and a sudden mingling of voices, that roused my curiosity to the highest pitch. I ran up to my own room, and passing the half-open door of No. 42, there was my divinity in the arms of the stranger (confound him!) calling him *George,* and kissing him in a way that made me long to poison him. Down stairs I went, three at a time, and collared the landlord in the hall.

'Who is that man?'

'Just come? In 42?' he gasped, half choked and *quite surprised.* 'Yes!'

'Captain Arnold—Mrs. Arnold's husband.—Just come from a voyage to India. I say, sir, no more midnight adventures now, I suppose? You never will have the chance to play the part of a guardian angel again—eh, sir?—think so, sir?'

My hand dropped from his collar, and consigning him and Captain Arnold to perdition, I walked out to the rooms of a friend, and deliberately got drunk! More than that, I managed to keep drunk for nearly a week; and when I came to my sober senses once more, Mrs Arnold and her party had gone. I hear she is in America now, in New York. And I have no doubt she will read this story, and laugh till her lovely blue eyes fill with tears, over my folly, over my folly. She will show it to her husband, too, and he will laugh. Niver mind! I must take care that Mrs Cathcart shall never see it; she at least must never know what a tremendous falsehood I told when I swore, on my bended knees that I had never loved any woman before (she wouldn't marry me on any other conditions)—and thereby alone can my piece of mind be ensured.

A MURDER REVEALED BY A DREAM.—A miraculous discovery of a horrible murder is related by a Belgian journal of a *recent date,* of which we make a summary: Two brothers, Jews, set out from Gyek with a view of placing their two daughters at a boarding school in the town of Grosswardein. *During the night of* their absence, the *youngest daughter, aged ten,* who was left at home, woke up her mother suddenly during the night, and crying bitterly, declared that she saw her father and uncle, and all being murdered. The mother, *for some time,* took no notice of the child's declaration, but, as she persisted, and would not be pacified, she began to be alarmed herself, and the next morning took the child before the mayor of the town, to whom she declared her dream, *stating at the* same time that the murderers were two men living in the neighborhood, whom she deliberately pointed out, and further added *that the murder* was committed at the entrance of the *forest,* on the road to Grosswardein.

The Mayor, after receiving this revelation, thought it prudent to make inquiry after the *two neighbors indicated by the child,* when singular enough, they were discovered to be absent from home. This suspicious circumstance induced the Mayor to dispatch some officers to the forest alluded to by the child, who discovered the horrible spectacle of five bodies extended on the ground, which were those of the two *brothers, the two daughters,* and the driver of the vehicle in which they all took their departure. The corpses appeared to have all been set on fire, so as to destroy their identity, and the vehicle was *nowhere discovered.* This horrible tragedy led the officers to examine the whole neighborhood, when they fortunately pounced upon the *two neighbors* at a fair not far distant, as they were in the very act of changing some notes on which some *spots of blood were visible.* On being seized they immediately confessed their crime, and on the child's dream being revealed to them, acknowledged the finger of Providence displayed in *their capture.* This *wonderful* dream on the part of the child, and its fulfillment, excited an immense *sensation in the neighborhood.*

☞ The Warren, Ohio, *Chronicle,* notices a funny case. A youthful pair—John and Susan—were determined to get married. *Parents refused consent.* The family record in the Bible said Susan was not eighteen. Susan told John that the *Bible was not true, she was eighteen.*—*John believed Susan, and swore before* the Probate Court that Susan was eighteen. The father of Susan had John arrested for perjury. Trial was had. Father and mother testified that Susan was not eighteen, and the mother said *she was* there when Susan was born, and she knew all about it. It looked squally for John. Penitentiary yawned for the victim. Susan stepped up and testified that she told John she was eighteen. Court discharged John, and Susan jumped up and kissed him before the people—she did.

O Tar! The Printer's Christmas.

"Is the editor within!"

"Your servant, sir."

"A package. Charges, thirty-eight cents."

Happened to have just that amount. Paid expressman, and then with a nervous hand, proceeded to examine the mysterious box. The cover is removed, when our eyes are gladdened with the sight of a fine, fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champaigne; and the next and *last,* a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar" What in the world is O Tar? It must mean Old Tar; but what in the world induced any one to send us either *old* or *new* Tar; We havn't got any wagon, and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it. We will sell it to the livery man. Called on him and he said he did not use tar, but grease on his wagons. *Brought it back to the office,* in not very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us—Resolved finally to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell it wasn't tar. Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then drew up a resolution declaring, in the most emphatic terms, that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then entered the resolution among the regular proceedings, to make it sure that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and felt very happy. Tasted again, and soon became very rich and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate our office to Jabe and buy out the *New York Ledger.* Gave the "devil" a $20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him a round hundred for New Years. Bought a $5,000 pair of nags and a sleigh cushioned with scarlet velvet, and decorated with gold and pearls. Ordered from the south, a darkey driver and postman, whose faces shine like a glass bottle under a direct sun ray. Went over to the "Union" and told Fred to send every poor family in town a barrel of Julean Mills flour, and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in market and ordered it sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town a thousand dollars—adopted fourteen orphan girls, and fifteen orphan boys—run around and paid all debts (what printer on earth ever done that?)—kissed (before we thought) a pretty girl who called to wish us a merry Christmas (*somebody* looked unpleasant when this happened)—settled the matter by ordering a thousand dollar shawl, and a set of furs costing an equal amount—put on our slippers (imagining that we heard music,) did hear *music,* for *somebody* came near being kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been drinking!—*Sandy Hill Herald*

A NEW RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—Some time since a paragraph appeared in a New South Wales journal relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a *new race of blacks,* "*who had* no hair on the top of their heads, in the place where the wool ought to grow." The account of this most extraordinary discovery, says the Bomba Telegraph, has been corroborated by an eye witness, a Mr. Thomson, who has arrived from where there oboriginals ruralize. They are, says he, of a copper color, and are tall and athletic, much superior in every respect to their dark skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be the "glory of women." Mr. Thomson, it appears was at camp on the Upper Balonne with others, on ground hitherto untrodden by a white man, when he was surprised by a visit from these bald pated copper colored beings.—They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing was noticed in their conduct of an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while, a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picking up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles further in the interior, but they signified their intention of bringing some stones at their next visit. Mr. Thomson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If the story is true, the age of wonders truly has not ceased

A CHARITABLE GAME OF BRAG.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following pleasant Christmas incident:

A poor woman, seemingly a worthy object of charity, applied to a party of gentlemen on Third street, as they came out of a drinking saloon, for aid for her sick and starving family, and offering to introduce all them into her poverty stricken home if they would accompany her.—Eyeing *her for an instant, one of them,* whom we shall call Bob, turned to his companions and said, with more emphasis than grace—

"She is poor, boys, and I pity her two dollars and a half"—drawing out a gold piece of that denomination, and presenting it. "How much do you pity her, Dick?"

"I'll see your $2,50, and go half a dollar better," quoth Dick.

"By h——n," says Jim, "I'll see your three dollars, and go two dollars better"

"My call," rejoined Bob, 'show your hand,' at the same time planking down two dollars and a half more to make good the bluff.

The poor woman, overwhelmed with gratitude, tearfully endeavored to express her thanks; but the trio, evidently not accustomed to female tears, beat a hasty retreat.

CHASED BY AN INDIAN.—A man who has been chased by an Indian, makes the following *matter-of-fact observation:*—"*Much has been* said by poets and romantic young ladies about the picturesque aspect and the noble form of an untamed warrior of the prairie, and far be it *from me to gainsay them.* An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture, or at a safe distance; but when this 'noble spectacle' is moving his moccasins in your direction, and you have to do some tall walking *in order to keep the capillary substance* on the summit of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian spirit, composed and most serene, with which he would ask another 'spectacle' for a little more of that 'baked dog.' I *used* to think like the poets; *now* the sight of an Indian gives me a cramp in the stomach."

☞ Miss Caroline Ellis and Norman Barber, were at a donation party in Brandon, N. Y., and "for the fun of the thing," went though the ceremony of being married. Mr. Wm. Spicer officiated. As Mr. Spicer had no especial license to pronounce the decree of man and wife, it was supposed that the ceremony would not hold; but the Courts of that State decided otherwise, and the parties are about to avail themselves of an application to the Legislature for a divorce.

☞ A rash young man has threatened to apply the Maine liquor law to his sweet-heart—she intoxicates him so.

☞ "What's the use," asked an idle fellow, of a man's working *himself* to death to get a living?"

☞ "You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.

BY C. D. STUART.

Not to be blest with warrior strength,
To wield the sword and wear the glaive,
Or raise to conqueror's fame at length,
Proclaims the good or makes the brave.

To have the power to bide the scorn,
And rise above the hate and strife,
Of those to wealth and title born,
Is the crown'd courage of our life.

What are the sword's that prop a king
The banners in his army's van—
To strength of soul, that dares to spring
And show the monarch in the man!

Kings and the mightiest men of arms,
Strong as the heads of realms they bide,
Sport as they may with fortune's charms,
They are like leaves upon the tide.

In dim of old sepulchres they lie,
The feast of silence and decay,
While the true world-heart beateth high
And thrones itself upon to day.

Give me the man whose hands have tossed
The corn seed to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crown'd with toil!

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "... THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

'Have you got through?' asked the man at the door, rapping impatiently

'No, no' said I, as directed.

'He resumed his tramping up and down, and I went back to my patient. She beckoned me to come close, and whispered—

'Save my child! the living one I mean! hide her! oh, hide her from him! When he demands the babe, give him the poor little dead one—he cannot hurt that! And he will not know there was another. Oh! hide and save my child.'

'Master, I was used to queer doings, but this was a little the queerest. But if I was to conceal that second child in order to save it, it was necessary *to stop its mouth, for it was squalling* like a wild cat. So I took a vial of paragoric from my pocket and give it a drop, and it went off to sleep like an angel. I wrapped it up warm and lay it along with my shawl and bonnet, in a dark corner. Just then the man rapped again

'Come in, master,' said I

'No, bring me the babe,' he said.

'I took up the dead infant. Its mother kissed its brow and dropped tears upon its little cold face; and I carried it to the man outside.

'Is it asleep?' the willian asked me

'Yes, master,' said I, as I put it, well wrapped up, in his arms, 'very sound asleep'

'So much the better,' said the knave, walking away.

'I bolted the door and went back to my patient. With her free hand she seized mine and *pressed it to her lips, and then held up her left hand, pointed to the wedding ring upon her third* finger.

'Draw it off and keep it,' she said; 'conceal the child under your shawl, and take her with you when you go; save her and your fortune shall be made.'

'I declare, master, I hadn't time to think, before I heard one of them wretches rap at the door.

'Come! get ready to go,' he said.

'She also beckoned me. I hastened to her. With eager whispers and imploring gestures she prayed me to take her ring and save her child

'But you,' said I—'who is to attend you?'

'I do not know nor care! Save her!'

'The rapping continued. I ran to the corner where I had left my things. I put on my bonnet, made a sort of sling around my neck of the silk handkerchief, opened the large part of it like a hammock and laid the little sleeping babe there. Then I folded my big shawl around my breast and nobody was any the wiser. The rapping was very impatient.

'I am coming,' said I.

'*Remember,*' whispered the poor girl.

'I will,' said I, and went and opened the door. There stood t'other willian with his head covered with black crape. I dreamt of nothing but blackheaded demons for six months afterward.

'Are you ready?' says he

'Yes, your worship,' says I

'Come along, then.'

'And binding another silk handkerchief round my eyes, he lead me along.

'Instead of my mule a carriage stood near the horse block.

'Get in,' says he, holding the pistil to my ears by way of an argument:

I got in. He jumped up upon the driver's seat, and we drove like the wind. In another direction from which we come, in course, for there was no carriage road there. The carriage whirled along at such a rate as made me quite giddy At last it stopped again. The man in the mask got down and opened the door

'Where are you taking me?' says I

'Be quiet,' says he, 'or——' and with that he put the pistil to my cheek, ordered me to get out, take the bandage from my eyes, and walk before him. I did so, and saw dimly that we were in a part of the country that I was never at before. We were in a dark road through a thick forest. On the left side of the road, in a clearing, stood an old house; a dim light was burning in a lower window.

'Go on in there,' said the willian, putting the *pistil to the back of my head.* As the door stood ajar I went in to a narrow, dark passage, the man all the while at my back. He opened a door on the left side, and made me go into a dark room. Just then the unfortunate child, that had been moving restlessly began to wail! Well it might, poor starved thing!

'What's that?' *says the miscreant,* under his breath and stopping short.

'It aint nothing, sir,' says I, and 'hush-h-h' to the baby. But the poor little wretch raised a squall.

'*What is the meaning of this?*' says he.—'Where did that child come from? Why the demon don't you speak?' and with that he seized me again by the scruff of the neck and shook me.

'Oh, Master, for the love of heaven don't,' says I, 'this only a poor, unfortunate infant as its parients wanted to get outen the way, and hired me to take care on. And I have had it wrapped up under my shawl all the time 'cept when I was in your house, when I put it to sleep in the corner.

'Humph! and you had that child concealed under your shawl when I first stopped you in the woods?'

'In course, Master,' says I.

'Whose is it?'

'Master,' says I, 'it's—it's a dead secret, 'for I haddent another lie ready.

'He broke out into a rude, scornful laugh, and seemed not half to believe me and yet not to care about questioning me too closely. He *made me sit down* then in the dark, and went out and turned the key on me. I wet my finger with the paragoric *and put it to the baby's lips* to quiet its *pains of hunger.* Then I heard a whispering in the next room. Now my eyesight never was good, but to make up for it I believe I had the sharpest ears that ever was, and I don't think anybody could have heard that whispering but me. I saw a little glimmer of light through the chinks that showed me where the door was,