



[From the New York Tribune.]

EVENING.

BY C. D. STUART.

The day is gone! one golden cloud
Floats softly o'er the evening's birth,
And, like a weary pilgrim's shroud,
The twilight droops around the earth.

How fair the moon from out the skies
Flings down her mill and silvery gleams,
And all the stars, like conscious eyes,
Reflect themselves in lakes and streams.

The winds are hushed, the leaves are still,
And not a breath the silence breaks,
Save when some zephyr's gentle thrill,
The dew-drop from the rose-tree shakes.

Yet hear I, far across the vale,
And from the shadows of yon hill,
The Kiddyid pour forth her tale,
And sadly sing the whippoorwill!

Oh, holy, calm! delightful hour!
Who feels not tender for your sake?
As by an angel's quick'ning power—
Moon, stars, and music, blending wake.

Delightful hour! nor night, nor day,
But just that glorious space between
Which mingles both—then melts away,
Like dreams which are not, yet have been.

How fitly life is typed therein,
Where darkness gathers round our way,
While far beyond the light is seen
Which centres in a perfect day.

[From the New York Sunday Times.]

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

In the fall of 1846, I was travelling eastward in a stage-coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, beamed wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was bedewed with a cold perspiration. With a sharp convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their peturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head, to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary it will relieve them" was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded:

"At the age of eighteen, I was light of heart, light of foot, and I fear, (here he smiled,) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other—she was a talker, I was a listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I knew how night passed us. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger

of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice.—I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hairbreadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels—a tiny billet of wood—a stray root of a tempest torn tree—a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublimity existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm! there is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes we have begun the ascent." "It is not said to be dangerous?" "By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But Jesu Marie! but what's that?" and she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst; and with the deep moaning of an animal in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveller, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father hurriedly remarked—

"We are on the mountains!" "I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.

"With instant activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words—

"The coach is being moved backwards!"

"God in heaven! Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards!"

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

"I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage sly in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter, standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer.—I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me as if imploring protection, and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as if an animal in the last throes of dissolution—a harsh, grating jar—a sharp piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand around the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion."

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as he did when we are on the mountain; he pressed his hand across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story:

"On a low couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade and joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness. Gentle hands soothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all

my questionings. I was kindly tended by a girl about fifteen, who refused for several days to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girls face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground.

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

"I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief; but briefly acquaint you, that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the sunny south; and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hour of darkness in solitary prayer. As for me," added the traveller, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the whole story with much attention—"what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

Awfully Sudden Death.

A death under circumstances singularly impressive, and calculated to arrest the attention of the thoughtless, the moralist, and divine, is reported to have lately occurred at the house of Mr. Sparkes, in Nottingham, England. A few friends were spending that evening over what is termed "a friendly game of cards," among whom was the deceased, Mr. Abm. Moss. During the sitting, a stranger-friend, from Birmingham, arrived, who, on observing Moss, said, "Ay, Moss, are you alive? I thought you was dead," and was answered, "Yes, I am alive, but I shouldn't mind dying only the people would say, Poor Moss is dead!" The play proceeded for a short time, with much cheerfulness and humor; when Moss exclaimed, holding up the queen of hearts—"This is my last trick!"—laid down his card—his head—and died! The consternation of the party may be imagined. A surgeon was instantly called in, who opened an artery, a few drops of blood effused, but the vital spark had fled. The following day an inquest was held at the Balloon, and the verdict "Died by the visitation of God" returned. The deceased was 55 years of age, a Jew, a native of Poland, and has been a resident of Nottingham for the last five years, trading in small ware and jewelry; he was highly esteemed for his humor and general good character.

The National Temperance Convention recently assembled in Washington, Resolved, That we have, with great pleasure, heard it stated that his Excellency, Zachary Taylor, since his arrival in Washington, has repeatedly declined to partake of intoxicating beverages; and that we hope to see him ere long in the Temperance ranks, with a total exclusion from the White House of everything that can intoxicate.

Singular Adventure with a Wild Cat in Florida.

Several years ago I went on a turkey hunt in the wilderness of Florida.—Having started a flock of the birds, I picked out a glossy and garrulous old gobbler who sat perched in a convenient position. I slowly raised my rifle to my face, and gently leaned forward, when, to my amazement, I saw him in rapid retreat, already several hundred yards distant. Somebody (not myself) had alarmed him, and as my ideas were pretty fairly divided between Indians and turkeys, I concluded the turkey had been frightened by an Indian, and that said Indian must be in my immediate neighborhood. I cast my eyes towards the hammock on my right, and saw an indistinct form, crawling upon the ground, towards "dry pond." That this was an Indian, I entertained not the slightest doubt. Was he after the turkey, or after me? On that point my mind was not so clear. At all events he did not see me, and there I had a decided advantage of him, and determined to take the first shot, and leave him all the remaining chances of the game.—Like Wellington at Waterloo, I had my enemy before me, but unlike him, I had secured my retreat, and determined to take a lively advantage of it, as soon as necessity dictated such a course—I was not long in suspense—for soon after, the mysterious object of my anxiety emerged from the Palmettoes into the open ground, and instead of an Indian proved to be an enormous Wild Cat.—It was evidently watching my turkey, and endeavoring to intercept it in the Palmettoes, but was discovered and balked in its design. The animal ran rapidly about half way across the "dry pond" and stopped, and placed his forefeet upon a small pine log—I gave him a quick shot, at about 100 yards, and he fled to the hammock below—I reloaded and followed him to the edge of the hammock, but finding no blood, I returned to camp, got two dogs and several men and returned. I felt confident that he was wounded, and supposed he would handle the dogs rudely—but I found him dead within fifty yards of the spot where I had left his track. The ball had penetrated his heart. He was carried home in triumph—his skin stuffed and hung in a conspicuous place, and it was pronounced by the crackers, the largest cat that they had met with in Florida. It is true, I had no turkey for dinner that day—but I had a glorious appetite for my bean soup.

A Magnanimous Murderer.

The following is an extract from one of the four speeches made by Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, in the Senate of the United States, during the session of the 1st ultimo:

It has been barely fifteen years since I was called upon to defend a gifted native of New England against a charge of which he confessed himself guilty; that charge was murder. My client—for such he became—had been guilty according to his own account, as given in autobiography dictated by him, but which I was accused, at the time, of writing, of eight murders and sixty robberies. The testimony against the prisoner was too conclusive to be resisted successfully. He had been convicted; the sentence of death was about to be passed upon him, and he was asked the ordinary question—what he had to say why this dreadful judgement should not be pronounced against him.

He arose gracefully from his seat on the prisoner's bench; he stood erect before the court and audience. His countenance was free from the marks of trepidation, of embarrassment, or of conscious guilt. His mind seemed for a moment solemnly to revert to the strange scenes of romantic and bloody adventure through which he had passed. He turned those fierce eyes of his upon the judge who was presently to consign him to the scaffold, and exclaimed in tones that I never can forget. "Sir, you have asked me a question, and I intend to answer it. You behold before you a man, cut off from the sympathies of his fellow beings, who is yet not unworthy of their esteem and commiseration; who has not slept in a human habitation for full nine years, who has roamed along the banks of the majestic Mississippi and lived alone upon the meat, uncooked, of the wild tenants of the wilderness that he has been able to make his victims; who, not forgetful of classic lore, has perused with delight, amidst the gloom of the unfrequented forest, the pages of Horace, of Tacitus, and Juvenal, who felt for the degraded condition of his race, and sighed to participate in some work of general melioration.

I have slain men with impunity and without remorse, who were, in my judgment, burdensome to the generation with which they stood connected, and

whose death I supposed would prove a blessing to society. I am now charged with murder, and convicted upon evidence which I admit to be strong, and even irresistible, of the slaying of a human being in cold blood. But how was it that I slew this man, for whose blood I am now to be responsible? He was my enemy without provocation.—He pursued me with unsparing malignity. He subjected me to indignities which excited me to madness, and I vowed never to rest satisfied until my persecutor should cease to live. Look upon me; bear witness to the world hereafter that I stand up at this solemn hour calmly and composedly before you. My soul is unconscious of crime. My heart accuses me not of murder; and when, a few days hence, I shall ascend the scaffold to expiate offences of which I am myself not sensible, by undergoing a dishonorable death, I shall be found, I trust, as calm, as self-possessed and unruffled as I now am." So much for the self-esteem of one who was known in his day as "the Rob Roy of the Mississippi." He was hanged like a dog, notwithstanding his firmness of purpose.

The "Field of Glory."

Allison gives a thrilling description of the appearance of the ground on which the famous battle of Eylau was fought, on the morning after the battle:

Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. About fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood.—The wounds were for the most part of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries, which spread grape at half musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an Arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water; or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or loads of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals accumulated the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifling groans of the wounded.—Subdued by the loss of blood, tamed by the cold, exhausted by hunger, the foeman laid side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vine dresser, from the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon in the afternoon, rode through the dreadful field accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serralpala and Sussgraten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death; but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of "Vive l'Empereur" were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of wo.

The Last of A Regiment.

President Bonaparte, of France, has granted a pension to a widow with five children, whose case is an interesting one. She is the widow of the only man in the Fusilier regiment who was not killed in the retreat from Moscow. One day Capt. Jamontier came to announce to Napoleon the arrival of Marshal Ney and his corps. Napoleon ordered him to rejoin his regiment. An hour or two afterwards, Napoleon perceived Capt. Jamontier standing near a soldier whose singular dress attracted the Emperor's notice; his head was covered with a sort of Cossack bonnet, and instead of his uniform, a torn vest, which scarcely covered his shoulders. The Captain and the soldier were marching steadily on. Napoleon called to him in a note of impatience and ill humor.

"Sir, I have not lost an instant in obeying your orders."

"What do you say? You don't understand me?"

"Siar, I am with my regiment."

"Your regiment?"

"Yes, sire, the regiment of Fusileers of the imperial guard."

"But where is it, then?"

"Then a hoarse voice cried—

"Present, my Emperor!"

The voice was that of the soldier near Jamontier; and the widow succored by Louis Napoleon, is the widow of this soldier.

It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath was uttered that does not vibrate through all time, in the wide spreading current of sounds—not a prayer whispered that its record is not also to be found stamped on the laws of nature, by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

A Funny Mistake.

Our friends P and S—one evening met at the house of an acquaintance, some young ladies, for whom both gentlemen entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends, thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feeling to the fair object of their regard, moved seats at the same instant, and placed themselves as they supposed by the lady's side; but she had also moved and the gentlemen were in reality seated next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft little hand of the charmer, and when after a while they ventured to give a tender pressure, each was enraptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may well be imagined that the moments flew rapidly, in their silent interchange of mutual affection. But the rest wondering at the unusual silence of the gentleman, one of them noiselessly slipped out and suddenly returned with a light—there sat our friends P and S, most lovingly squeezing each other's hand—and supreme delight beaming in their eyes.—Their consternation and the ecstasy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen stopped, and P was afterward heard to say that he thought all the while S—'s hand felt hard.—*Gloucester News.*

INTERESTING CASES OF SURGERY.—An operation of a very tedious kind was performed a few days since upon the wrist of a woman by Dr. Van Buren, one of the visiting physicians of Bellevue Hospital in this city—the patient being entirely unconscious during the whole operation. We understood that this was the first instance of an operation of this kind having been performed in this country—the extraction we believe of the radius bone. It was very skillfully performed, but an unprofessional observer, although apprized that the patient was under the influence of chloroform, could divest himself of painful sympathy with the apparent sufferer. At the conclusion of the operation, Dr. Van Buren briefly explained its nature, and Dr. Mott also made a few remarks.

Dr. Isaac Green, also one of the visiting physicians, then performed an operation upon the eye of an aged woman, no chloroform being used, and afterwards amputated the leg of a young man suffering from the disease of the knee joint. Chloroform was administered after the patient was laid upon the operating table, and for a short time produced a high state of excitement. Soon, however, he became perfectly silent and passive, as though in a profound sleep, exhibiting no sign of feeling even when Green drove the knife through the limb, both above and below the bone, and cut through the flesh in a slanting direction. We observed that during the administering of the chloroform, a physician on each side kept his fingers on the pulse of the patient. Dr. Green performed his task with consummate skill, precision and coolness. We understand that not in a single instance has chloroform proved fatal or injurious at Bellevue Hospital, although constantly in use there.—*Wilson & Co's Dispatch.*

"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL."—A venerable matron residing with one of her daughters in the southerly part of our city, celebrates this day—the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. She is the widow of a worthy Justice of the Peace in Worcester county, whose arduous duties, both civil and military, in the "times that tried men's souls," were promptly and effectively performed.—She has been the mother of nine children—four sons and five daughters—six of whom are now living; seventy-two grand-children, sixty-two of whom are now living, one hundred and forty-two great grand-children, one hundred and twenty-five of whom are now living; and as far as can be ascertained ten great-great-grand-children, all living. The incompleteness of the statistics of the latter generation arises from the fact of the emigration some years ago, to Wisconsin, of some of the great-grand-children, of whose families full particulars are not known. The aged lady retains to a remarkable degree her varied faculties—time alone, independent of all disease, almost imperceptibly debilitating a mind and constitution remarkably vigorous and active.—*Boston Traveller.*

A SPLENDID COMPLIMENT.—"When the streets of Indianapolis were a perfect glare of ice, a lady pedestrian lost her balance and fell. A genuine son of the Green Isle, on assisting to raise the lady, exclaimed, 'Faith, ye must be a lovely good lady, for don't the Blessed Book teach us that it is the wicked that stand on slippery places!'"