[WHOLE NO. 324.

THE CARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,

From various gardens cull'd with care." LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress, When temptations me oppress, And when I my sins confess,

Sweet Spinit, comfort me When I lie within my bed. Sick at heart, and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spiair, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep, And the world is drown'd in sleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, Sweet Spinir, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll, And the furies in a snoat, Come to fright a parting soul,

When the tapers now burn blue, And that number more than true; Sweet Spinit, comfort me

When the priest his last hath pray'd, And I nod to what is said. Because my speech is now decay'd, Sweet Spinit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursu'th, With the sins of all my youth, And half damus me with untruth, Sweet Spinit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries, Fright mine cars, and fright mine eyes, And all terrors me surprise, Sweet Spinit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd, And that open'd which was scal'd, When to THEE I have appeal'd,

THE BEPOSITORY.

THE POLISH LOVERS.

For his only monument shall be the dry wood the gibbett; his only glory shall be the tears of wo-men and the long conversations of his countrymen.

On the beautiful bunks of the Duester, in Podolia, stands the ruins of an ancient castle. The remains of its grandour remind us of former days of happiness and glory, and its ruins of misfor tunes, and of war. Two years since it was still inhabited, but it stands now, a lone and descried monument. The dogs howl at its once hospitable doors, and no sound echoes through its desolate halls but the scream of the owl.

One morning the sun rose brightly, enlightening once more the old mansion, and painting with the golden colours the alleys of the garden. The birds were awake on the trees, praising, in a low voice, the glory of their Maker: but in a summerhouse eat a yet gentler and lovelier bird, the sweet Halina of the castle. Her voice harmonized not with the merry notes of the birds around her, it

was more tender and sorrowful. HALINA'S SONG.

To-morrow shall sparkle the glorious star And to-morrow my love will be on to the war, His dark eye will brighten to meet with the foe, But he leaves my lone heart in the darkness of wo. And to-morrow, perhaps, he will rest in the grave,

And no one will weep o'er the tomb of the brave; Ohl this sad heart shall bleed for the doom of my love But never from the grave can his ashes remove.

Perchance on that banner the last gift of mine, His last sigh shall linger, his last glance shall shine, When he sleeps in the tomb o'er his ashes 'twill wave A relict of love, on the tomb of the brave.

And yet he will perish, and perish for thee, Oh! Poland! my mother, that thou may st be free, I will conquer my sorrows and think but of thine; And my love and my life I lay on they shrine. As she finished, she hung her guitar on a rose

bush, saying: "Alas! my songe float away without an echo, his sweet voice will never more accompany me." She heard a rustling among the leaves, and turning quickly round, she beheld the figure of her lover, a youth dressed in the uniform of a Polish lancer.

"To-morrow," said he, "I go: it is the day appointed for our insurrection. Dearest, we shall meet no more; but, romember your Casimir, who loft you, only for his country.".

"Farewell, my beloved," said Halina, as she gave him a banner, "take this and fight under its shadow: it is a gift to Poland, from her unhappy

She sighed deeply, but she wept not. Although she sacrificed to her country, her Casimir, her ideal, her world, she wept not-she was a Pole.

"This flag," replied he, "the work of thy gentle fingers, shall be my avenging angel in the day of battle. And when I return it shall be dyed with the blood of the Russians. Oh! I will never be unworthy of the gift."

"And let it be, also, your guardian angel, for in its embroidery are enchained many drops of my soul, many tears. They will guard you in the hour of danger. May the blood of the enemy, not thine, dye this flag, and, at thy return, I will crown thee with laurels. But if thou shouldst perish

The words died upon her lips, and the burning tears rolled down her angelic face. And now, she was a woman.

Again he embraced her, and hinding the blossed flag to his lance, disappeared like a vision. Halible, seemed waving its last farewell to its sweet frame, he knew not of his dreadful death.

Again it was morning. But the air was chilly and dark; clouds overhung the old mansion like messengers of ill; rain poured heavily down, as it even the heavens were weeping. Haling thought ful and weary, was again in the summer-house, for, what was storm or sunshine to her without her beloved? And so calm and holy an air pervaded that spot, that she sought it daily. The balsam of love seemed still to linger in the air she had breath ed with Casimir; the trees seemed still to echo the adien he had once uttered beneath their shade.-In the half-year that had clapsed in his absence,

ull had changed but the summer house, and the | warrior was buried under his gibbet. The minisbondage. The revolution passed away like the sic; the muffled drum and the tolling bell, sounded visions of a young dreaming soul.

Again Halina wept bitterly, but her tears were for her native country-she was a Pole.

And yet when she thought of one brave defend of passion may have mingled with those of patriotsni-she was a woman.

At this moment a stranger appeared among the trees. Halinu's heart, the watch of her soul, that seemed to tell of the approaching hour of happinoss, beat stronger and stronger as he approached with torn garment and a pilgrim's staff in his

"Oh, my Casimir-they have not enchained my Casimir-but why is he in this garb?"

"It is the dress of a Polish pilgrum-not so fair as the warrior's, but not the less honorable. Our swords are broken, but our hearts are not. I have come, my Halina, to behold you once more-but, alas! to say again, farewell. I will depart on a pilgrimage, rather than bow my proud heart to the despot. Yes, we will wander through the world, and invoke justice and vengeance. Let the nations of Europe see the projects of tyrants, and tremble from our example. Adien! yet,again we shall meet in happier days. The hope is not gone." "But echoanswered in a sepulchral tone, "gone."

"And will you leave me again?" said she. "Oh! weep not, my Halina, that I go, what will be our life without freedom?" - "

They conversed yet awhile. That which they spoke I will not repeat; I will not intrude into that sanctuary of the heart-not violate that mass of the feelings. How many thoughts they had to communicate in one hour-that hour of farewell. Halina, at longth, dried her tears, dispelled the cloom from her brow, and smiled once more on her lover. With those lips it seemed that a heaven opened on his view, something uncurthly glowed in her eyes; he forgot the world, life, and Poland herself, in that moment of ecstacy. He took her in his arms, kissed her till his soul scemed stamped in that last embrace; he kissed her once more, and once more, again and again.

But the sound of farewell struck on her ear, and

Our patriots, though exiled, still nourished the hope of delivering their native country. Their project was to commence a war, similar to the Guerrilas in Spain, to be a prelude to the general nsurrection, and, at least, to preserve, always, the spirit of tovolution and freedom in the country, and to show the nations of Europe, that the Poles could nover be wholly enchained. This was called the war of the Partisans. Their number, however, was too small, though their sacrifices were so great. They were obliged to hide themselves in the woods, or to fight but very small detachments of the Russian troops,

Nicholas, to defeat their projects, and deprive them of the sympathy of Europe proclaimed them as robbers, and punished them as such. The gibbot was, and is, alas! until this time, the recompense of the Polish patriots.

A small detachment of Partisans attacked the city of Jozefaw, in the palatinate of Lublin. They knew not the state of the enemy, till the lightnings of the firing revealed their numbers. They continued, however, slowly to retreat, constantly and tearlessly firing. The Russians fell in great numbors, and three only of the Partisans, were missing. They, being wounded, fell into the hands of the

"Ha! we have some of those bird-catchers" at last," said they, as they advanced to the prostrate forms of those who had fallen, content to revenge the death of so many of their companions on these. But two were already dead of their wounds, and in the third, the remains of organic life still lingered, but his brow was pale and spectre like; no soul beamed from his eye. He seemed like the magic lantern, with no light within.

And this was Casimir; but, alas! how changed! "And what shall we do with this fellow?" said the Cossach; "his last hour seems near, and yet the Poles are the very devils, he may yet revive and murder us."

"God and St. Nicholas preserve us from rt;" cried the other, and addressing the captain: "it is better to kill him; one blow of my lance will

"But the order of his Majesty is that they shall he hung. We will build here a gibbet, and show the people of Jozefaw how our emperor can pun-

At an early hour the next morning, the multitude had assembled to witness the death of a patriot. But they came not from curiosity not even willingly, to witness that horrible spectacle, but by the stern orders of the despot.

No tumult was heard, a solemn and mysterious silence reigned over the crowd. All thoughts dwelt on the glorious remembrances of two years before; and they looked at the here as a hely offering, a sacrifice on the altar of freedom. Sad, horrible offering! the offering of blood and life!

The deed was done; and he, so young, so proud, so beautiful, had died the ignominious death of the na gazed after him, till the faithful flug, only vist. gibbet. Well for him, that with his weakened

Proud spirit! with plumes so light; soarings so high; and thoughts so pure! Thou wast destined

The crowd was yet silently struggling to hide their emotions, though for some, sighs were heard, and from some, tears, burning tears, scorning the commands of the despot, rolled free and unsubdued to the urn of national sorrow and distress. But one loud voice was heard from the crowd; it was a long, piercing, sorrowful cry-a woman's

cry; from whose breast it may be imagined. On the evening of the same day, the body of the

*Bird-catchers-the name given by the Russians to

not his dirge; warriors bore him not to his last rest.

But prayers arose from the grave of the hero, upon his dust, though warriors shed them not. A beautiful form knelt there—the form of his belover of that country, and of his uncertain fate, tears | ed; a beautiful spirit sighed there--the spirit of | lieved him! his beloved. The pale moon rose and set, and still she knelt on his grave.

At morning some peasantry came to look at the grave of the Partisan; she was yet kneeling, but prle and cold. The beautiful flower of Podolia was blighted and dead, like the spectre of a rose on the grave of a warrior; but her spirit, free and light, had already joined the strong soul of Casimir. Such was the fate of the Polish Lovers.

Childhood-A Bomestic Scene.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER. The day was well nigh o'er, The sun, near the horizon, dimly shone; And the long shadows of the door-yard trees, Athwart the yard were thrown. Before our humble door,

Upon the soft, end grass,
With bosom open to the evening breeze
Which now and then did pass,
Musing, and dreaming of the spirit's birth,
And its relations to this beautiful earth, I lay alone—
Borne on Imagination's airy pinions,

Far from the world's turmoil, and sordid man's do Eve came on gently: and her step was seen Stirring the blossoms on the velvet green,

And warning home the laden bee. Yet labouring busily. And delicate fingers plucked the leaves aloft,
And whirl'd them round and round

In eddies to the ground, Where I, an humble PAN, with many a wreath wa Presently on my car, Rang full and deep, Joyous, and musical, and clear,

A sound, which made my father-heart to leap, And sent the warm blood to my cheek and brow, Which with the recollection warm e'en now. It ceased, that thrilling tone: And with it passed my bright but dreamy train Of thought—and I was but a man again, Earthly, and weak, and lone So slight a touch can jar the spirit's springs—
And c'en a word, or tone, or look, clip Fancy's wings.

Once more-once more, it rang upon my ear-But blent with other sounds, as clear And musical as it:
A childish jest—and then a shout,

From one, or two, or three, rang out, Full, free and wild-Of childish laughter rent the dewy air! And now my eye a glimpse caught of the fair And lovely one: It was my own dear child! She and her little friends, hard at their play, Upon the grassy slope, that softly stretch'd away.

Again—again—
From the descending plain,
Up rise those gleeful notes: but chief that voice Which first broke on my ear, And made my heart rejoice,
Ascends, full, strong, and clear—
Approaching nigh, and nigher,
As the strain grows high, and higher; Then, like a water-circle, flowing to every point, and grown and fainter, till the last ton

Lost, as far-journeying birds fade in the purple sky. Bonnets were in the air, And bonnet-ribands scattered on the ground; Small shoes and pantalettes lay thick around,

And tiny feet were bare: And frocks were soil'd and aprons rent; But still they kept their frolic mood, And laugh'd and romp'd; and when I went And closer by them steed, How hard each little elf did try To win the most of my regard; And striving still more hard: The spirit, so it seem'd to me, The same in the great world we see,

Spurring the warrior on to victory,
And urging on the bard:
Each had success as much at heart,

As he who plays in war or politics his part. "My child!--my child!" She comes to me: Her cheeks are flushed, her hair is wild,

Her pulse is bounding free. With laugh and shout she comes—but see! Half way she stops, as still as death; Her look is sad—she hardly draws a breath.

"My child! my own dear child!
Tell me what aileth thee?"
"Father!"—she pointed to the moon,
On the horizon's shatter'd bound— Her other hand now pointed to the West, Where the dim sun was sinking to his rest. "Father! are those the eyes of God

Looking upon us here?"

Her knee bent slowly to the dewy sod—

And then came tear on tear:
A gush of mingled feeling—wonder, and joy, and fear.

FROM THE JACKSONVILLE COURIER. ISOLATED AFFECTION. BY W. G. SIMMS.

"True love, still born of heaven, is blessed with wings, And tired of earth, it plumes them back again, And thus we lose it."

DEEP in the bosom of a southern forest, there lonely region. Its leaves were of the purest white, for the first time unfolding to the world around, and revealing, as they did so, the fine and delicate

equally alone. But it was not destined to be alone always .-There came to it one morning in May, a golden butterfly-a rover among the flowers-an ancient robber of their sweets. Gayly he plied his flight throughout the torest, now here and now there, sporting about in a sort of errant unconsciousness. It was not long before he inhaled the odor-it was not long before he saw the pure white leaves. and looked down with an anxious eye, upon the rich droppings of purple and violet, which nestled in the bosom of the flower.

Flying around in mazy, but still contracting circles, he gazed upon the loveliness of the flower. and grew more and more enamored at each moment of his survey. "Surely," he thought, "this is a flower by itself-love's own flower-dwelling in secret-blooming only, and budding for his eyes, and denied to all beside. It was my good fortune to have round it-I will drink-I will nestle in its bosom-I will enjoy its charms as I have I it is described as being 19 feet long and weighed enjoyed a thousand others."

Even with the thought came the quick resolusoul that dreamed within. Hope had ceased to ters of God offered no prayers for his soul; no sa- tion, and another moment found him lying-lying linger in Poland; the land of Kosciusko was in ble plumes waved over his coree; no martial mu- close and pressed upon the bosom of the flower.--There was a slight effort to escape from the emholy, they fell on the altar of patrictism—she wept though the priest offered them not; and tears fell inhaled, as so much honey, by the pressing lips of who alone make the history of an age. I do more;

brace, and day after day, more fondly than ever, the lovely flower looked to receive him. She surrendered her very soul to his keeping, and her pure white leaves grew tinged with his golden ringlets, while his kisses stained with yellow the otherwise delicate leveliness of her lips. But she heeded not this, so long as the embrace was still tervent-the kiss still warm-the return of the butterfly still certain.

But when was love certain?-not often, where the lover is a butterfly. There came a change over the habits of the butterfly. He gradually fell off in his attentions. His passion grow cool, and the ease of his conquest led him to undervalue its acquisition. Each day he came later and later, and his stay with the lovely flower grew more and more shortened on each return. Her feelings perceived the estrangement long befere her rea-

son had taught her to think upon or understand it At length she murmured her reproaches-and the grievance must be great when love will venturo so far. "Wherefore," she said, "Oh, wherefore hast thou lingered away so long? Why dost thou not now, as before, vie with the sunlight in thy advances? I have looked for thee from the dawning, yet I have looked for thee in vain. The yellow beetle has been all the morning buzzing about me, but I frowned upon his approaches .-The green grasshopper had a song under my bush, and told me a dull story of the love which he had for me in his bosom; and more than once, the glittering humming-bird has sought my embracos, but I shut my leaves against him. Thou hast been slow to seek me-thou whom I have looked to see,"

Gaily then the butterfly replied to these reproaches, nor, as he spoke, heeded the increasing paleness of the flower, "Over a thousand forests I've been flying, each as beautiful as this: on a thousand flowers I have been tending-none less lovely to the sight than thou. How couldst thou dream that, with a golden ringlet, broad and free and beautiful, like mine, in a single spot I still should linger, of the world unknowing aught? No. no-mine is an excursive spirit, for a thousand free affections made: wouldst thou have me, like groping spiders, working still to girdle in myself?"

It was a murmuring and sad reply of the now isolated flower, and lived not long after it had made it. "Ah, now I know mine error-having no wings myself to mate with the lover who had .-Alas! that I have loved so fondly and foolishly for while thou hast gone over a thousand forests, seeing a thousand flowers, I have only known, only looked, only lived, for a single butterfly."

The false one was away, after this, to another forest; for his ear loved not reproaches, and he had sense, if not feeling enough, to see that they were uttered justly. The flower noted its departure, and its last sigh was an audible warning to the young bud which it left behind it. The woodspirit heard the sigh and the warning-and when the bud began to expand in the pleasant sunshine, he persuaded the black browed spider to spin his web, and frame his nest, in the thick bushes that hung around it; and many were the wanton butterflies, after this, who, coming to prey upon the innocent affection, became entangled, and justly perished in the guardian net-work thus raised up to protect it.

Ned of the Toddin-an affecting story of an Idiot.

From the interesting letters of Espriella, just published by Dearborn, we make this extract:-A long time ago there was in these parts a poor idiot, who, being quite Larmless was, permitted to wander whither he would and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Toddin, and I have just heard a tale which has thrilled every nerve in me from head to foot. He lived with his mother, and there was no other in the family: it is remarked that idiots are always particularly beloved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependent as infancy -This poor fellow, in return, was equally fond of his mother: love towards her was the only feeling grew a beautiful flower; the sweetest flower in that | which he was capable of, and that feeling was proportionately strong. The mother fell sick and died: of death, poor wretch, he know nothing; and it was in vain to hope to make him compre- in farm work, was trimmed and ordered to take droppings of violet and purple, which before, like hend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict so much hidden wealth, had lain in its bosom. Its and they were obliged to put her into the coffin injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any odor was fresh and exquisite, and no flower in all unknown to him, and carry her to the grave when, I thing unless she directed him; the lady well know that forest, could come near it for sweetness or as they imagined, he had been decoyed away to a ling that, although no footman could make a better for beauty. In excellence, as in condition, it was distance. Ned of the Toddin, however, suspected appearance as a piece of still life, some awkardthat something was designed, watched them secretly; and as soon as it was dark, opened, the Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly grave, took out the body and carried it home .--the cottage to lookafter him: they found the dead a while he found sufficient amusement in looking body seated in her own place in the chimney cor. at the grand set out, and staring at the guests,ner, a large fire blazing, which he had made to When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to warm her, and the idiot son with a large dish of | which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry pap offering to feed her. "Eat mother!" he was about nearer objects. saying, "you used to like it!" Presently wondering at her silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel it, and said,

> LONGEVITY OF FISHES .- Fishes are among the most long lived animals. A pike was taken in 1754, at Kaiserslautern, which had a ring fasten. ed to the gill covers, from which it appears to have been put in the pond of that castle, by order

a thousand years; and I say to myself, all this is with eternity. Having represented to myself viea, a viea! my lady; egod, I've cautch'en! real objects, I form ideas of imaginary ones. I go from our age to the time of publishing the Gospel, from thence to the publication of the lawfrom the law to the flood-from the flood to the creation-I join this epoch to the present time, and imagine Adam still living. Had Adam lived dreaming that they were those of his own beast, till now, had he passed all this time in fire on a rack, what idea must we form of his condition? that I am in some track;" when the second cir-At what price would we agree to expose ourselves to misery so great? What imperial glory would appear glorious were it to be followed by so much and with the conclusion of every round the marks wo? Yet this is not eternity, all this is nothing increased, till he was certain he must be in some compared with eternity?

I go faither still. I proceed from imagination to imagination—from one supposition to another. I take the greatest number of years that can be his own error. imagined. I form of all these one fixed number and stay my imagination. After this, I suppose God to create a world like this which we inhabit; I suppose him creating it by forming one atom after another and employing in the production of each atom the time fixed in calculation just now mentioned. What numberless ages would the creation of such a world, in such a manner require? Then, I suppose the Creator to arrange those atoms, and to pursue the same plan in arranging them as in creating them. What numberless ages would such an arrangement require! Finally, I suppose him to dissolve and annihilate the whole, and observe the same method in this dissolution, as he observed in the creation and disposition of the whole. What an immense duration would be consumed. Yet this is but a speck compared to eternity.

Rules for Conversation.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1. In stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit the important one of never entering into argument with another. 2. I never saw an instance of one or two disputants convincing the other by argument. I

have seen many of them getting warm, become rude, and shooting one another. 3. Convincing is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning, either in solitude or weighing

4. It was one of the rules which above all others made Dr. Franklin the most amiable of men in society, "never to contradict any body." If he was urged to announce an opinion, he did it rather

by asking questions, as for information, or by suggesting doubts. 5. When I hear another express an opinion which is not mine, I say to myself, he has a right to his opinion, as I to mine; why should I question 11? His error does me no injury, and shall I become a Don Quixotte, to bring all men by force

of argument to an opinion? 6. It a fact be mis-stated, it is probable he is gratified by a belief of it, and I have no right to deprive him of the gratification.

7. If he wants information, he will ask it, and then I will give it in measured terms.

8. It he still believes his own story, and shows desire to dispute the fact with me, I hear him, and say nothing. It is his affair, not mine, if he prefers an error.

9. There are two classes of disputants most frequently to be met with among us. The first is of of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him young students just entered the threshold of sci. a linr. ence; with first views of its outlines, not yet filled uo with the details and modifications which a turther progress would bring to their knowledge.

10. The other consists of the ill tempered and rude men in society, who have taken up a passion for politics.

11. Good humor and politeness never introduce into mixed society a question on which they fore. see there will be a difference of opinion.

Catching a Flea.

An English lady who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her hus. band's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so, that there might seem no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only ness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. drilled and repeatedly enjoined took his post at Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the head of the table behind his mistress: and for

French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower "Why d'ye look so pale, mother? why be you so than accords either with the English climate or with old English notions; a time when, as Landon expressed it the usurped dominion of neck, had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height of lowness in that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, and of Frederick II, in 1487, a period of 267 years. | not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquirer had markably ticklish in the throat, that aftied these, seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

It was at a time when our ladies followed the

The guests were too much engaged with the bosi-I take whatever I can conceive most long and | ness and courteries of the table, to see what must durable. I heap imagination on imagination, and have been worth seeing, the transfiguration proconjecture. First, I consider these long lives, duced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when braces of the intruder—the flower murmured its which all wish, and few obtain. I observe those he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself dissent, but murmur died away into a sigh, was old men, who live for four or five generations, and attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the butterfly. He sung to the flower a story of his I turn to ancient chronicles, I go back to the pa- the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger love-and, oh! saddest of all, the young flower be. | triarchal age, and consider life as extending thro' | and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, And day after day he came to the stolen em- not eternity—all this is but a point compared to the still greater amusement of the party—'a

> Anecdote.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells ne of a horseman, who having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished. seeing the marks of a horse's hoof, and never he rejoiced, and said-"This at least shows me cuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said-"Now, surely I am in a beaten way well known thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but he was all the while riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of

Anecdote of Napoleon.

When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment.-One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up somo coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hand spread over his eyes .--The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at least the little attendant presented his tray, exclaiming, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions, "Eat sire-

it will do you good." The emperor looked at him, and asked, "Do you not belong to Gonesse?" (a village near

Paris.) "No, sire, I come from Pierrefite." "Where your parents have a cottage and some neres of land?"

"Yes, sire." "There is true happiness," replied that extraordinary being, who was still emperor of France, and king of Italy.

MATTER AND NO MATTER .- Two metaphysicians debated the question whether the soul is matter or no matter. "I will prove to you," said one "that within ourselves, dispassionately what we hear it is matter. Suppose you were to knock out my from others, standing uncommitted in argument | brains?" "That," said the other, "certainly would

> EFFECTS OF LEAP YEAR .- Encouragement to of matrimony on Thursday evening last in this city, by the Rev. Mr. La Clause, the Rev. Asher Gilbert of Troy, aged 80 years, to Mrs. Mary Comstock of Putnam county, aged 75 years, late widow of Daniel Comstock, deceased,making the fourth time Mrs. Comstock has been led to the hymenial altar .- Barnstable Jour.

Unwise Men. The angry man-who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbour. The envious man-who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber-who for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac-whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man-who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser-who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer-who tells tales for the sake

EPITAPHS.

ON A BLACKSMITH. My sledge and hammer lie declined, My bellows too have lost their wind, My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd, My vice is in the dust all laid, My coal is spent, my iron gone. My nails are drove, my work is done, My fire dried corps lies here at rest, My soul, smoke like, soars to behest.

ON A STAY MAKER. Alive unnumber'd stays he made, (He work'd industrious night and day); E'n dead he still pursues his trade, For here his ____ bones will make a stay.

ON ELIZABETH KENT. Elizabeth Kent when her glass was spen. She kick'd up her heels and away she went.

Quoth Tom to Bet, "I've thump'd my brain An hour and above,

And for my lite I cannot find A simile for love." "La! what a dolt! sir, love is like

The measles, or being hung; Folks never have it twice, you know, And always catch it young." "O mother," said a very little child, "Mr 8does love aunt Lucy-he sits by her-he whis-

pers to her-and he hugs her." "Why Edward,

your aunt does not suffer that, does she?" "Suffer

it, yes mother, she loves it." In the very warm weather, a gentleman observed to a friend, who paid him a morning visit, "It is so hot that one is quite melted." "True," said his friend, "so that in paying you a visit, I have

literally dropped in." An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms inclead of round his throat, "For," said Pat, "I am so re-