BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.

VOL. IX.--NO. 36.]

TVBSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER

[WHOLE NO: 452.

THE GARLAND.



From various gardens cull'd with care."

A PARODY On the "OAK," of George P. Morris.

WEITTEN ON HEARING OF THE INTENDED DESCRA-TION BUNKED HILL.

Workmen, spare that ground ! Touch not a single clod! For every turf around
By patriot feet was trod.
T was there our gallant band Did war's dark torrent stein ; Here, let old Bunker stand

That old illustrious hill. Whose glory and renown The earth and ocean fill-And would you dig it down?

Workmen, Jay down your spades

And let the hill alone;

"T would raise the sleeping shades

To touch a single stone.

When war had just begun Our fathers sought its site; Trenched on its top, they won, Here too, renown in fight:
WARREN, the brave. fell here;
And some of Freedom's band—
Workmen, heed the patriot's tear,
And lot old Bunker stand.

Our heart strings round thee cling, Close at thy soil, old hill! And here may freemen bring, Their votive off rings still.
Old hill! the storm still brave!
And, workmen, leave the spot If patriot tears can save Your tears shall barm it not.

AMD BREDSILLORA.

A Day among the Mountains. A DAY among the mountains-far in the hills is a passage in a man's life touching and mem: orable. The scene is strong with the original, primeval impress of nature, untouched by man or sence of the Almighty, stripped of all flatteries and disguises; the bold outlines and peaks of the His handwriting, legible in their majestic charac-Such as we now see them, they were beheld by the 'world's grey fathers,' bond and free, in the earliest periods of creation. The eagle still builds his nest among the cliffs; the torrent still flashes down the ravine; the birch-tree, or the pine, waves over the precipice; and the lake, visited by the red deer and the solitary water fowl, still beats its banks, reflecting the grey rock and the cloud: all scoms an alieu, an encumberance to the scene. the mountains, like the banners of heaven, were impregnable.

Many an eye, now dim, has gazed on them in from hearts smote with reverence, or fear, or penitence, the late remorse of love,' or of humble ad. oration, has been broathed at their base! They remain, from age to age, types of the Everlasting, fulfilling their high destiny of awakening, purify- found it ing, and exalting the human mind.

A range of mountains is sometimes as varied in shape, color, and shade, as a forest of old trees. Let us place ourselves in the heart of the Glenin Iverness-shire. First, you have, directly above the black foaming stream, or the glen of soft green herbage, a ridge of brown breathery heights, not range, with a bluer aspect; a third, scarred with snow, and serrated, perhaps, or peaked at their summits; then a multitudinous mass, stretching away in the distance, of cones, pyramids, or domes, darkly blue, or ruddy with sunshine, the shadows chasing one another across their huge limbs, revenling, now and then, the tail of a cataract, a lake, or the relies of a pine forest, once mighty in its gloomy expanse of shade, in the olden time.

A panorama of mountains, as if instinct with life and motion! To call such a scene dull or uniform-such a vast assemblage of Titanic forms, warring with the elements, or reflecting their splendor -- as unlovely or unattractive, is a sacrilege and desecration of the noblest objects in cre-

There are Glens in the Highlands of Scotland possessing, in their sheltered seclusion, all the richness and warmth of an Italian scene. Glan Urquhart has been termed the Tempe of Scotland; and Glen Morriston, with its numerous falls and pools, and its richly wooded sides, is scarcely inferior. In a sunny day you feel as if in a wild Elysium. Bees, birds, and waters, sing and murmur around you, and you seem to have the whole to yourself!

.: !'Far in the sun and summer gale," Woods and verdure only meet the eye. The -peasants' nests-repose in light; and you conly feeling is hushed, that the sky could not bend over a more delicious prospect. Even Johnson, with all his town-bred and old English prejudices, acknowledged-he could not but feel-the influturesque sentences he ever wrote has thus recorded his sensations:

"As the day advanced towards noon, we enter. ed a narrow valley, not very flowery, but sufficient. ly verdant. I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance would have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air was soft, and all was rudeness, silence and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertain-

Near this spot Johnson spent a night : his entertainment was of course humble; but the daughter of his host was not inclegant either in mein or dress,' and delighted her guest by telling him how much he honored her country by coming to sur-

"She had been at Iverness to gain the common female qualifications, and had, like her father, the

English pronunciation. I presented her with a book which I happened to have about me, and should not be pleased to think that she forgets

This latter spring' in the affections of the old moralist is a pleasing episode in his tour. The book, as the faithful Boswell records, was-Cocker's Arithmetic! "Why, sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible.' The maxim is just, but, like many others, easier to believe than to follow. We prefer Shakspeare, or Bacon's Essay's, or Wordsworth's Excursion, or a spell at the first six books of Paradise Lost,

"Pasturing on from verdant stage to stage." But what has become of Johnson's Ganymedethe object of his rejuvenescence among the Highland Hills? Dust, dust, most probably, and slumbering far from her own green glen in the West, in a still more Western region-the wilds of America. The site of the cottage where Johnson rested cannot now be ascertained—the plough has passed over it; and it is believed that, shortly after the date of his journey, the innkeeper and his family emigrated, with many of their country. men, to Canada.

Somewhat more than half way to the Fall, we come to the in, or change-house of Whitebridge, a small but decent hostelrie, which is welcome as the shining forehead of a star in that gloomy wild. Having seen your horse cared for-and outs as well as hay can be had-you should walk over the hids to the South, a distance of five miles, to see the Vale of Killin, a Highland Paradise, which has not unaptly been termed 'The Happy Valley.' It is an extensive shieling, encompassed by steep mountains, producing the richest pasture, and requented for summer grazing by all the crofters and their cattle. Many a Celtic beauty here trims her snood, and trills a song to please her swain. The plan, two miles in length, is dotted all over with temporary buts; some hundreds of cows are kept from June till August, and the land flows with milk, if not with honey. The verdant turf is sucred from the plough, rastroque intacta; a his works. We seem to stand directly in the pro- high mursl rock bulwarks it on one side, with lesser subsidiaries of the same character; and a lake, with a stream cozing out of it, waters and encloses hills, cleaving the silent motionless air, appear as the other side. Fragments of Celtic song and music have been preserved by this rural carnival tor, and appalling in their sternness and solitude. in the Vulc of Killin; and an eminent composer of these national melodies derived some of his sweetest strains from this pastoral source. We passed some hours in the Happy Valley,"

'As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood.' mong the Jairy charms of the place; and should not be pleased, as Johnson says, to think that certain inmates of the summer huts should forget us! Scenery of a sterner character awaits us,-for Pyrenean mountains and the Po;" but he soon utterly carcless and unconscious of man, who the lofty, light gray rocks, partly yellow with lichens, which enclose the river Foyers, now come The conquerors of the world subdued nations; but in sight. Some fields of arable ground intervene, and nothing can be more disimilar than the com- tion the scenes of Paradise, and blessed with visplexion of that mossy stream immediately above the Palls, and the appearence it presents below wards he led his divine eremite into the wilder. silent wonder and admiration; many a prayer, them. "It was the excessive leveliness of some of nees, where the woods and mountains appeared the scenery there," says Professor Wilson, "that uggested to us the thought of going to look what kind of a stream the Foyers was above the Falls. We went, and in the quiet of a summer evening familiar with all human learning, but not as one

'Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.' It winds peacefully among corn fields, green garry country, or the wild Monaliadh mountains, delights in contrasts. Smiles mingle with tears, seeming contradictions are part of her system. Shakespeare knew well the power of contrast very imposing in form or altitude; then a lofter (What in the whole areana of nature did he not the murder of Duncan with the sweetly touching description of the castle, where the temple-haunting marlet loved to build; and when he makes Shylock redeem his nature from utter sordidness

> "Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. Shylock. Out upon ber! Thou torturest me,

and cruelty by one burst of tenderness and feeling.

Tubal; it was my torquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeye." Ali Pacha was a man of extremely mild man-

ners and appearance, though he went on sacking, burning, and slaying, wherever it suited his purose. Oliver Cromwell played some fantastic tricks, in mirth, with the pen and ink which he took up to sign the death-warrant of Charles. Napoleon indicted orders for the theatres of Paris, amidst the mounting flames and crashing ruins of Moscow; and such moral contrasts, such blendings of opposite qualities, are constantly going on and pervading all nature. The river Foyers, then,

without further dalliance or digression, presents "The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." It is precipitated at the Great Full through a narow aperture, and descends in one body, thundering down in foam. The descent has been descriground is too scanty and uneven for tillage, but bed as two hundred feet: it is not quite one hun. the pasture is luxuriant. The goats and cattle dred, by measurement. But so vast is the cavern graze among the rocks; the cotteges on the heights that lowers around, perpetually wet, and drenchmajestic temple. We saw the Falls in perfection owing to the previous rains. The whole depths of the Vale was filled with spray, rising like an ence of such a scene; and in one of the most pic- exhalation; and the sun's rays, shining through the vapor, made a splendid rainbow-a double yet beauty fears not to dwell even there, and the arch, one high up, stretching from the top of the gloomy cavity to the surface of the waters-the other directly over the foaming surge below, mixing with it, as it seemed, yet preserving its beautiful distinctness and continuity-

'A sun-burst in the storm of death." But let us listen to the noblest description of a waterfull that ever was written. Substitute Foy. ers for Velino—the word is not quite so euphonous -and the stanzas apply as well to the great Scottish Fall as to the Cascata del marmore' of Tenri:

The roar of waters!--from the headlong hight

The fall of waters! where they hold of waters! The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The fashing mass foums, shaking the abyss; The hell of waters! where they how and hiss, and boil in endless torture; while the sweat Of their great agony, wrong out from this Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet, That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again. Returns in an unceasing shower, which round

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain, Is an eternal April to the ground, Making it all one emeruld. How profound

The gulf 1 and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirous bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and reut With his fierce footstops, yield in chasms a fearful ven

'To the broad column which rolls on, and shows More like the fountain of an infant sea

Torn from the womb of mountains by the three's
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale, Look back!
Lo, where it comes like an eternity,

As if to sweep down all things in its track, barming the eye with dread-a matchless cataract

"Horribly beautiful! But on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glattering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a deadth-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn

By the distracted waters, bears serene Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene, Love watching Madness with unalterable mein." Of all our living poets, Wordsworth is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the mountains. By contemplating antiquities, the mind itself becomes antique,' says Livy; and by gazing for half a century on the calm and majestic aspect of his native value and rocks, Wordsworth has imbibed, in his inmost soul, their sublime and natural simplicity. Their various forms and colors seem painted on the retina of his mind, as with pencil of sun-beams. The very diffusiveness of his style and diction is in perfect keeping: it breathes of the long-drawn solitary vale, stretching away, in its entire calmness, under a trail of bright and sunny clouds. There is no intrusion of incongruous thoughts or objects-no affected point or epigram. All nature seems to listen while he speaks, as one commissioned to deliver her oracles and responses to the human heart Campbell spent some of his early and fresh years among the wild secluded scenes of the Hebrides but he was then a student, treasuring up knowledge, rather than writing from a full mind of what he witnessed and felt. Traces of his residence in the Highlands abound in his works; they are beautiful, but transient-delicately distinct and vivid, as the features cut out on an ancient cameo, but not coloring the whole of his mind, or influencing the direction of his genius, as in the case of Wordsworth. His stanzas on revisiting the river Clyde are conceived in a fine vein of meditated poetry; but what are they compared with Wordsworth's lines on revisiting Tintern Abbey ! The older bards of England saw mountain scenery hiefly through the spectacles of books. Spenser must be excepted; for, pastoral like, he describes himself as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the shade of green alders, by the shore of Mulla. Shakspeare drew Arden forest from his recollection of Charlecote Park : but assuredly, he never sojourned among the hills.

"More fresh and green, but he discoursed as the poet and the scholar. familiar from habitual study with the volume of nature. Dryden and Pope were yet more artifi-

populous city pent,' she irradiates with visions of grief with gladness, mercy with severity. Such nature, finer than even a Claude or Salvator Rosa could transfer to canvass. Southey visited the Fall of Fovers, in company with the late Mr. Telford; the one surveying like know !) in hightening effect, when he prefaced an engineer, and the other like a poet, the line of

the Caledonian Canal, with its tributary streams and valley. The laureate does not seem to have been inspired by the Fall. Burns burst forth into voluntary numbers on witnessing the scene; but Burns did not always shoot with the bow of Ulysses, and his heart was amidst his Lowland bracs even when he stood on the Green Point of Fovers.

"Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends, And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends. Viewless Echo's ear! A poor and cold conceit, bard of Doon, to represent the thunder of the tor rent in that depth profound. But the poet ends igorously and picturesquely-

"Dim seen, thre' rising mists and ceaseless showers.
The heary cavern, wide surrounding lowers,
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils."

"The Fall of Foyers," says Wilson, "is the most magnificient cataract, out of all sight and hearing, in Britian. The din is quite loud enough in ordinary weather; and it is only in ordinary weather that you can approach the place, from which you have a full view of its grandour. When the Fall is in flood, to say nothing of being drenched to the skin, you are so blinded by the girl to leave mamma, and entrust herself to the sharp spray smoke, and so deafened by the dash. ing and clashing, and tumbling and rumbling thunder, that your condition is far from enviable. as you cling, donely lover of nature, to a shelf, by no means eminent for safety, above the horrid ing the spectators with spray, so awful is the noise, gulf. In ordinary Highland weather-meaning clude in your heart, where every harsh and world- so striking and rugged the rocks, that you feel the thereby weather neither very wet nor very dryspirit of solitude could not have chosen a more it is worth walking a thousand miles for one hour to behold the Fall of Foyers. The spacious cavi- or the engine house, must be devoted to a charm. ty is enclosed by complicated cliffs and perpendicular precipices' of immense height; and though for a while it wears to the eye a savage aspect, horror is softened by what appears to be masses of tall shrubs, or single shrubs almost like trees. And they are trees, which on the level plain would wreathing smiles and glowing eyes strove to wreath look even stately; but as they ascend, ledge above ledge, the walls of that awful chasm, it takes the eye time to see them as they really are, while on our first discernment of their character, serenely standing among the tumult, they are felt on such

> Emerging from the cavity of the Fall, by the zigzag path cut out of the crags, and overhung with birch, mountain-ash, and alder tress, we see, from the natural terrace or elevation of the road, the spacious bosom of Loch Ness, into which the troubled Fall has poured its waters-the blue mountain of Mealfourvonie, shaped like a domea St. Paul's in the wild-and, descending towards the South, groves of weeping birch and green fields, won from the waste,

"On which the power of cultivation lies."

A landscape of soft screne beauty has succeeded sun is shining joyously over all the wide scene- singular merit. [U. S. Gaz. lake, verdure, wood, and rock. The road onwards to Iverness is one of singular beauty. High rocks are on one side, and the lake on the other; both fringed luxuriently with birch, sparkling and fragrant, like an avenue leading to some baronial mansion.

We pursued our way in silence along the shores of the magnificent lake, catching glimpses now and then, through the trees, of its bright waters, and rejoicing that we could still derive so much happiness from a Day among the Mountaine.

WOMAN'S PIRMINESS.

"If she will, she will-You may depend on 't; If she wont, she wont— And there 's an end on 't!"

A case of a novel character occurred yesterday n the United States Circuit Court at Providence. The Providence Courier says:—A young lady of very interesting appearance, and respectable character, was brought up by the marshal for refusing to be sworn, and to give her testimony before the grand jury. Justice Story addressed her in a very eloquent and respectful manner; and with the kindness of a father, urged upon her the duty and the necessity of persons giving testimony to promote the cause of justice, and the public safety .-He informed her, that, however painful to him the law left no discretion for him to exercise; and that, if she persisted in her refusal, the only course he could pursue, was, to commit her to jail, and to keep her there till she should consent to take the

True to her woman's nature, she replied instanter, and without hesitation, that she would go to fail rather than be sworn, and was condemned accordingly. It seems that a young gentleman whose addresses she was not inclined to favor, had written her two letters, which she suffered to remain in the post office. Another young gentleman took one of the letters from the post office and delivered it to the lady, who received it with the seal broken, and the young lady was summoned by the letter writer, as a witness against the letter bearer, and from some cause best known to herself, she refused to make oath.

Since the above was in type, we learn that the young lady has been liberated, and has returned to her friends .- Boston Transcript.

The Beauty of Nature.

The lowest order of description, perhaps, is that of external objects-and even in this how fow persons succeed! Here, certainly, judgement and Even Malone could not trace his steps beyond the taste, qualities purely mental, are employed; but Severn or the Tweed. Milton bad passed "the returned to blow a dolorous and a jarring blast.' The tempest past over; and he sat in his little par-You see all before you-you have not, as in the lor, in the Artillery Walk, painting in imaginadescription of internal objects, to seek out invisible connections, forms, and colors, and give palpaions of angels ascending and descending: afterother. But though apparently easy, how often difficult to accomplish! A friend of ours, not deficient in the power of expression, has often mentioned, as a proof of the extraordinary beauty cia .- but how rich are the gifts that genius confers of nature and the truth is a striking one that glades sloping from the birchen heights, and fairy on her votaries! Their solitude sho peoples with he stopped for nearly an hour one night, looking nooks of pasture bounded by hedge rows. Nature forms of loveliness and delight-their abodes, in at the moon shining through a broad rift in the clouds. The place was of all others the most fovorable to stir the imagination, and mould its working into words. He stood on the summit of huge rock called the Tunnel, on the beautiful road leading from Killarney to Konmare-the lake below was without a wave, and the universal stillness uninterrupted, save by the welcome melody of a distant bugle starting the cchoes of the Engle's Nest. Before him the magnificent range of the Rocks was covered with a mass of dark vapor, whose blackness was, however, beautifully relieved by the delicate chasing of silver around its edges. Suddenly the thick darkness gave way, and the full moon burst out in a flood of glory, realising Homer's noble description of an Asiatio night: 😘

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night, O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light— When not a breath disturbs the deep screne, And not a cloud o'ereasts the solemn scene— Around her throne the vivid planets roll, And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole; O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed, And tip with silver every mountain-head.

This was a sufficiently inspiring sight, and he ondeavored to frame, with the objects before him, a description such as would convey a correct matter. of-fact notion of the scene, but was obliged to aban. don the attempt in despair.

How A MAN PRELS WHEN ABOUT TO GET MARRIED .- It is said to be a serious thing for a keeping of the man of her heart. No doubt it is so, but we promise to show that even the sterner

some misgivings and trepidation. In the first place, then, the victim of matrimony with whom he has so long held close communion -his evenings, instead of being spent at the club ing young creature, whose guiltless heart must all. He knows that after he has became bound in

welcome visitant in those circles, where, while free, He knows that while a bachelor is welcome wherever he goes,' a married men is regarded as one dead-and crossed off the books, no longer 'available' to the fair. In addition to all these un-

a family. Thon 'Throng the busy shapes into his mind,'

happy circumstances, he has become the head of

of silks and calicoes, doctors' bills, and duns of debt that he never reaped the benefit of. Like the horse in the mill, he has tasks to perform for others. He is no longer free to embrace poverty or wealth. No wonder that the young bachelor looks end, when the time of his embralment approaches. No wonder that, with an angel at his side, he

The following is from a London edition of a to the Alpine grandeur of the Fall. Its murmurs Proverbial Philosophy, a book of thought and are pares a broken fortune to a falling column; the are still heard, but its terrors have vanished: the gument, by M. F. Tupper, Esq., M. A., a work of lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to

LOVE.

There is a fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garden of the heart. Its root lieth deep: it is a delicate, yet lasting a

Tasa.

he lilac crocus of autumn; Loveliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;

Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy reathings of the south: Its sun is the brightness of affection; and it

bloometh in the borders of hope. Its companions are gentle flowers, and the brian withered by its side.

I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of itë smîle : The violet rejoiced beneath it; the rose stooped

own and kissed it. And I thought some cherub had planted there truant flower of Eden.

As a bird bringeth forth seeds that they may flourish in a kindly soil; I saw, and asked not its name, I knew no lan-

guage was so wealthy, Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.

And yet what shall I say ? Is a sordid man cavable of -Love 7 Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel

te purity? Longing for another's happiness, yet often desroying its own : Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain

of tenderness and joy; Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among

Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with truth and sincerity. If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth

ot ngain; If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be earnt no more : Yet often will thought look back, and weep over

arly affection; And the dim notes of the pleasant song will be neard as a reproachful spirit, Mouning in Æolian strains over the desert of

he heart, Where the hot sirocces of the world have with- the best terms they cam-Louis. Jour. ered its basis.

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH. As an instance of the ruling passion, strong in leath, it is related of Chesterfield that, being on his deathbed and visited by his physician, Dayrolles, the last words he uttered, upon seeing that gentleman enter his chamber, were to his servant thus-"Give Dayrolles a chair !! Mal apropos who has attempted the description of outward ob- to this ('speaking of guns!') we remember the jects does not know from experience that the page dying remark of a famous punster in Boston by often halts from the mere want of expression? the name of Sigourney. As Sigourney was expiring in the presence of his doctor, a servant entered and called the physician out, saving in a low voice, "A man has fallen down the well!" But bility to siry nothings. All you have to do is to Sigourney overhoard the appalling information, casioned no little surprise. But on his friends express in forcible words the effect produced on and painfully lifting up his head, inquired with a inquiring the cause of this extraordinary the imagination by a group of objects standing be- scarce audible whisper-"I say, Doctor-did he conduct, he explained it in a very satisfaccick the bucket 2

> A HEASON FOR COING TO CHURCH. Burger. Here is a version of it :

"All the night long I have not elent a wink. On Sunday morning said a languid fair; "Fis hard-but I will creep to church, I think, And possibly may dose a little there."

THE DECLARATION. "My charmer! I would die for thee, If thou would'st only live for me!" "Ah! do !" replied the dark-eyed elf, "I never liked to die myself."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT .- One of our brother editors very wisely says, that if beauty be woman's weapon, it must be feathered by the Graces, pointed by the eye of Discretion and shot by the hand of Virtue.

ELOQUENCE OF WOMEN .- Addison had a very exalted opinion of the elequence of women. He feat of the Administration: says----Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British --- fishery."

Positiveness .- Sterne says, positiveness is most absurd foible; for if in the right, it lessens our victory; if in the wrong, it adds shame to our defeat.

A PRUDENT SERVANT .- The following singular circumstance is said to have lately occurred at Baden. A young Austrian count having had uncommon good luck at roulette, brought home and sex cannot surrender up their singleness without | carefully locked up thirty thousand florins, (about sixty-five thousand francs.) When he rose in the morning, not only his gold was gone, but, to feels that he must surrender up the companions his astonishment, his old faithful servant, Fritz, was missing also. In about a week's time, to his surpriso, Fritz made his appearance. "And where do you come from !" said the count .- "From Vienna." "What have you been there for, and ed political tyrant than Gen. Jackson never find very different entertainment from that to what's become of my money?" "Why, sir, I which he has been accustomed. But this is not thought you would play again, and loose your money; so I took it home, and here's your faththe silken cord of matrimony, he is no longer a er's receipt for it."

> A THUR GENTLEMAN .- "Massah Dash," says cuifee, "he be one real gemman: he gib me half by the U.S. Bank of Pennsylvania, payable a dollar for brush his boots, three quarter dollar to hold his hoss, and whole dollar for callin' him gemman; and he be real gemman and no mistake."

DIFFERENT MODES OF PURISHMENT. - In the French navy, they punish refractory sailors by stopping their claret. The English and Ameri- period to run. can officers, on the contrary, punish by drawing the claret from their sailors.

BEAUTIPUL COMPARISON. An eastern editor in describing a country dence, says The gorheaving bosoms of the village bolles, like polished branches chopped off by the loces. rubies resting on the delicate surface of---apple dumptings !"

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON .- Ovid finely com austain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such, that he had no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum.

FORGY ATMOSPHERS, -"Smoking in Holland," ays the Boston Post, "is so common, that, when a party meet in a room and any one present is wanted, the waiter goes round with a pair of bellows and blows the smoke from before each face. that he may distinguish the individual called for."

SHORT AND SWEET .- A correspondent in Tex. s writes as follows: "You wish to know all the news. All I can tell is this Lamar is to be Presodent, and I am married."

DIFFERENT WATS OF DOING THE SAME THING. Pray excuse me," said a well-dressed young man to a young lady in the second ties of boxes at the theatre, "I wish to go up stairs and get some refreshment-don't leave your seat.". A sailor scated in the box near his sweetheart, and disnosed to do the same thing, rose and said. "Harkee, Moll, I'm going aloft to wet my whistle, don't fall overboard while I am gone."

A NEW WAY TO QUENOR THIRST .- In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the spirit."-"Grog, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer: "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says, also, 'hoe! every one that thirstoth!'"

The Hopkinsville Gazette says, that a splendid scheme of swindling is now in operation at a little place called Feliciana, in this State, West of the Tennessee river. A large quantity of notes have been struck, purporting to be bank notes on the South Western Real Estate Bank of Kentucky, signed F. Cayce, Pres't N. Moss, Cash'r. Agents are said to be bustly engaged in all directions, putting them in circulation upon

At a late meeting of the Synod of Ohio, the Presbyteries of Athens and Maria seceded from the Synod: "These Presbyteries belong to the new school. The Presbyteries of Wooster, Columbus, Lancaster and Richland adhere to the old school.

Teo Boop To BE LOST .- During the choice of representatives in Roxbury on Wednesday, the lamp lighter of the town was observed to be actively engaged in aiding the election of A. H. Everett. As he was known to be a staunch Whig, his proceedings octory manner. "Gentlemen." said he. "I know what I am about. For this Everett is so anxious for an office, that nothing is too the German poet, satirizes the sleepers at church low for him, and if I don't succeed in getting in an opigram which we have not seen translated. him in as representative, he will next be trying to get my office of town lump-lighter away from me; and so I am helping him now all I can in self-defence." [Bost. Atlas.

> The last case of absence of mind, is that of the Loco Focos of New York. Thinking that they were rowing the Whigs up Salt river, they woke up and found that the Whigs had landed them at the source of that celebrated stream.

But the very latest case, is that of a Leco-Foco paper in Boston that actually believes his party has achieved a great victory in Massachusetts!

THE WHIG SHOWER!-The New York Evening Post, (Loco Foco) thus announced to its partizan readers the overwhelming de-

"Is that shower over yet?" said Charles Fox to a friend, whom he had left six months before at Killarney, under the rainy sky of Ireland. "Is that shower over yet?" say we to ourselves, as we unfold one after another the journals from the country, and the letters of our correspondents, announcing majorities for the Whig ticket in the interior counties. No, the shower is not over yet; it rains cats and done in the western counties of the State, and Seward is Governor by a majority of ten thousand."

"THE CASE IS WITH THE JURY."-The Globe speaks of Gen. Jackson's "noble lib. erality!!" General Jackson will die some of these days, and we cannot say then what we think of him, because the newspapers will all talk about "demortuis," &c. While we have the chance, then, we may as well contrast our opinion with that of the Globe; which is, that a meaner and more contractlived. Let the unprejudiced and impartial historian fifty years hence say which opinion is correct .- Alex. Gazette.

RAISING THE WIND. The notes of the Planters Bank of Musissippi, guaranteed in 1840, '41, and '42, and drawing interest at the rate of seven per cent, were vesterday offered in Wall street at par to the amount of a million and a half of dollars, and we understand some of them were sold, buyers selecting these having the longest

The Whigs, at their late celebration here, raised their flag to the summit of a tall and beautiful oak, which they called the tree of liberty. In the course of the following night geous strings of glass beads now glisten on the all the bark was stripped off the tree and its

> What mean the loco-foco curs by barking op the stree of liberty?"-Printles.