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POETRY.

From the American Review.

The Raven.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
Then I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore."
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched upon my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Tho' its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unlucky master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster—so, when Hope he would adjure,
Stern Despair returned instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure—
That sad answer, "Nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what the ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-fall tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent thee, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me I implore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadows on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Knickerbocker.

War and Duelling.

A correspondent who is kind enough to speak in terms of commendation of the few observations upon war which we ventured to offer in a recent notice of Mr. Sumner's excellent oration on "*The True Grandeur of Nations*," among other corroborative remarks advances the following: "We may safely calcutate," he writes, "that the last great sweeping wars in which Europe was engaged by Napoleon, cost the human race three millions of victims. The narratives of these butcheries spread over every page of history, are the reading of our schools, and public and private libraries; while the pages which record negotiation and legislative procedure, and the progress of the arts, and the extension of the boundaries of human knowledge, are hurried over, as dull and tiresome reading, the eye of the reader brightens, and his interest warms, the moment the story returns to the narrative of battles. Strange infatuation! Melancholy proof of a physical and animal education! Many painful reflections were raised in my mind, by witnessing the impressions of the people where I happened to sojourn, at the time a fatal duel occurred. A young man of my particular acquaintance had been called out by a practised duellist, and had been severely wounded. After some weeks, which were required for his recovery, the young man repaired to the battle-ground again. His cool and practised antagonist shot him to the heart; and then ran and squared himself in Chesterfieldfieldian attitudes before the expiring sufferer, embracing him, as he weltered in his blood, and begging his forgiveness for what he had done.—when this fact was related, it was generally viewed by the community as a circumstance most honorable to the slayer, as evincing his possession, along with perfect intrepidity and coolness, of the most accomplished traits of gentlemanly manners. Such was the general impression, against which it was in vain to contend. To me, the latter act was unforgiveable, more diabolical, a thousand times more wanton and outrageous than the shot. In the one case, there was excitement, danger, revenge. The other was cool, wanton, sarcastic outrage, and dissembling exultation of a fiend. I give the following record of a duel, at once as a powerful comment upon this horrible custom, and for the forcible and impressive manner in which it is related, it is only necessary to premise, that the duel is stated to have been occasioned by a dispute commenced jestingly, which of the two had the fairest claims to be considered the elected favorite of a country belle.

"Captain," said Mr. Trevor, firmly, extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on. The Captain turned suddenly towards him, with a furious scowl, "I am told you are a dead shot, eh?"

"Well, sir, what of that?" inquired the Captain, haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short-sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well versed in shooting matters."

Every one present started, and looked with surprise and displeasure.

"Why what do you mean by all this?" inquired the Captain with a contemptuous sneer.

"Oh! merely that we ought not to fight on unequal terms; do you think, my good Sir, that I will stand to be shot, without having a chance of returning the favor? I have to say, therefore, that since this quarrel is of your own seeking, I shall insist in our fighting breast to breast, and muzzle, to muzzle across a table. Yes, he continued, elevating his voice, nearly to a shout, we will go down to hell together! That's *some* consolation."

"Infamous! monster!" was echoed from all present. They said they would not hear of such a thing; they would not stand by to see such butchery. Eight or ten left the room abruptly, and did not return. The Captain made no reply to Trevor's proposal, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

"Now, Sir, who is the coward?" inquired Trevor, sarcastically.

"A few moments will show," replied the Captain, stepping forward with no sign of agitation, except a countenance of an ashy hue; "for I accede to your terms, ruffianly and murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and your family forever?" faltered the Captain, who saw of course that certain death was preparing for both. The preparations were soon made, and they consisted, by mutual agreement of the seconds, in loading the pistols with blank cartridges. As the principals were impatient, the pistols were placed in the hands of each in dead silence.

'Are you prepared, Mr. Trevor?' inquired one of the Captain's friends. Being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after the two principals, pistol in hand, approached each other. Though I was almost blinded with agitation, and in common with those around me, anxious respecting the success of the scheme of loading the pistols with blank cartidges, my eyes were riveted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanor. Though stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptom of terror or agitation visible, no swaggering, no affectation of a calmnesss they did not feel.—The countenance of each was deadly pale and damp, but not a muscle trembled.

"Who is to give us the word?" asked the Captain, in a whisper, which, though low, was heard all over the room; "for in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer."

At that moment a noise was heard. It was the surgeon, who had arrived, and now entered breathless.

"Step out, and give the word at once," said Mr. Trevor, impatiently.

Both the Captain and Mr. Trevor returned, and shook hands, with a melancholy smile, and then took their places. The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped toward them, and closing his eyes with his hands, said in a tremulous tone, Raise your pistols"—the muzzles were instantly touching one another's breast—"and when I have counted three, fire!—One, two, three!"

They fired; both recoiled several paces with the shock, and their friends rushed forward.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed both, in a breath. "Who has dared to mock us in this way! There were no balls in the pistols!" exclaimed Trevor, fiercely.

The seconds explained the well intended artifice, and were cursed by both for their pains. It was in vain we all implored them to be reconciled, as each had done amply sufficient to vindicate his honor.—Trevor almost gnashed his teeth with fury. There was something fiendish, I thought, in the expression of his countenance. "It is easily remedied," said the Captain, as his eye caught several small-swords hanging in their view. He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly, "There can be no deception *here*, at any rate," said he.

Each put themselves in posture. We fell back, horror-stricken at the relentless spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the better swordsman. I only recollect seeing a rapid glancing of their weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire, and a hurrying about in all directions, which lasted for several moments, when one of them fell. It was the Captain; for the strong and skilful arm of Trevor had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His heart was cloven. The unfortunate young man fell without uttering a groan. His sword dropped from his grasp. He pressed his right hand to his breast, and with a quivering motion of his lips, as if struggling to speak, expired.

"Oh! my great God!" eqclaimed Trevor, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon him.—"What have I done? Can all this be real?" He cotinued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hand clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upward for several minutes. The unhappy survivor lingered an exile in a foreign land five years, and died of a broken heart.

What admirable characters, adds our correspondent, these young men would have formed, had their noble stamina developed under a right education, and trajned to true views of moral greatness! As it was, it were difficult to tell whether such a quarrel, for such a cause, and terminated in such a way, was the conduct of maniacs or fiends. To me it seems fairly divided between the two. It is gratifying to be enabled to believe that the war-spirit and the duelling spirit are on the decline, throughout the civilized world. The Duke of Wellington himself is represented as having lately said, in reply to a toast which referred enthusiastically to the laurels he had gained, that he could not deny the possession of them; but while he did not underrate their value, it was his earnest prayer that the world would never again behold such a wreath; purchased with so much misery, so much anguish to the great family of man. In every leaf of the soldier's laurel were blood and tears. He had seen a great deal of the horrors of conquest, and it was his prayers that his country, at least, would forever be spared a renewal of the misery. In a word, he trusted that war had had its day. And as to duelling, it is now abolished, by penalties of utter disgrace, from the British army and navy; while the social position of the officer who may decline making haste to shed blood is protected against animadversion or evil-speaking, by positive enactment; and this example, I have no doubt will at no distant day be followed throughout the United States.

CHARITIES THAT SWEETEN LIFE.

Pleasant Words! Do you know, reader, how potent a spell lies in a pleasant word? Have you not often thought of its power to sooth—to charm—to delight when all things else fail?—As you have passed on through the journey of life, have you not seen it smoothing many a ruffle brow, and calming many an aching bosom? Have you not noticed it in the house and by the way—at the fireside and in the place of business? And have you not felt that pleasant words are among the "charities that sweeten life?" Ah! yes, and their influence has come over your own soul.

When you come from the counting room or workshop care worn and weary—when your brow has been furrowed and your thoughts perplexed—when troubles of the present and anxieties for the future have crowded every peaceful feeling from your heart, and when you almost dreaded to return to your own fireside, lest the sight of dear ones there should increase your distress—tell us what has been the influence of a pleasant word at such a time. Tell us how that, ere you opened your door, the sound of glad voices reached your ear and as you entered, how the troubles of your soul were laid at rest, and cares, for the present and for the future, fled before the pleasant words of your smiling children and the gentle greeting of your wife.

Or, when the ire of your spirit has been roused, and indignant feelings have reigned supreme in your breast—when the angry threat was just rising to your lips, or the malignant wish about to burst from your heart—what mighty spell caused the storm so suddenly to subside, and spoke the turbulent waves so quietly to rest?—Was it the whisper of a pleasant word that restored calmness to your tempest-tossed soul? Did the soft answer turn away your wrath?

Reader we might write a volume on this delightful theme. Go where we will, abide where we may, we feel its power.—In every place we find some, who have but to speak and gloom, unbidden and unwelcome guest, departs in haste, and the raging waves of passion are hushed as by His voice who once said—"Peace, be still." But they are few. Among the multitudes of the earth, how small the number who habitually and from principle speak pleasantly. You have met them. Now and then they have crossed your path, and I doubt not your whole soul has blessed them as it ought, for the words which were balm to your wounded spirit. And did you not wish you were like them? Did you not feel that earth would be a paradise indeed if all the tones of that matchless instrument, the human voice, were in harmony with the kind thoughts of a thoroughly good heart? But while you thus wished did you resolve to add one to their number? Did you determine to imitate their example? Would that I could persuade you that it is your duty so to do—that henceforth you should make it a study. You think it a small matter requiring little effort. But I assure you it might cost you many a struggle ere you could learn to speak in pleasantness to all whom you might chance to meet even in one short day; and if you accomplished it perhaps it would be a better day's work than ever you did, and you might lay your head on the pillow of rest at night with feelings akin to those of spirits around the throne.

Oh, learn ye this art yourselves, all ye who have felt its kindly influence from others. Speak plensant words to all around you, and your path shall ever be lighted by the smiles of those who welcome your coming and mourn your departing footsteps.

Mothers, speak pleasantly to the little ones who cluster around you—speak *ever* pleasantly, and be assured that answering tones of joy and dispositions formed to constant kindness shall be your reward.

Sister, brother, friend—would you render life one sunny day, would you gather around you those who will cheer you in the darkest hour? Let the law of kindness rule your tongue and your words be as pleasant as the "dews of Hermon," and as pleasant as the "dew that descended on the mountains of Zion."—*Sears' M.*

Kissing.—The other evening a lady who pretended to be asleep until her beau had well kissed her, woke up as if in the greatest amazement, and said, "I think you ought to be ashamed."

Three New Metals.—Silliman's Journal notices the discovery of three new metals, *Pelopium*, *Nicobium* and *Ruthenium*.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down. But observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged not for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me, and could'st thou not have endured him one night, when he gave no trouble? Upon this saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. "Go thou and do likewise," and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON.

While Col. Washington was on a visit to New York in 1771, it was boasted at the table of the British Governor that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service; in fact the most superb looking fellows ever landed upon the shores of the new world. "I wage your Excellency a pair of gloves," said Mrs. Morris, an American lady, "that I will show a finer man in the procession to-morrow, than your Excellency can select from your famous regiment." "Done Madam," replied the Governor. The morrow came, the 4th of June, and the procession, in honor of the birth-day of the king, advanced through Broadway to the strains of military music. As the troops defiled before the Governor he pointed out to the lady several officers by name, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In the rear of the troops came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. Immediately on their approach the attention of the Governor was seen to be directed towards a martial figure, that marched with a grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scenes around him. The lady now archly observed, "I perceive your Excellency's eyes are turned to the right object; what say you to your wager, now, sir?" "Lost Madam," replied the gallant Governor. When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Col. Washington was in New York."—*Curtis's Reminiscences.*

An Angel.—The Duke of Roquelaure, while on a journey, met at a ball at Toulouse a young lady of surprising beauty.—He could not forget her, and sent back by a confidential friend to say she was the posessor of his heart, and he would give fifty thousand louisd'ors for one hair from her eyebrow. "Make my compliments to the Duke," replied the lively lady, "and tell him I do not deal in retail; but since I have been so happy as to please him, he may have the whole for that sum."

Why do Nations to War?—Dr. Franklin answers this question in a single sentence. "The foolish part of mankind (says the Doctor) will make war from time to time with each other, not having sense enough otherwise to settle their difficulties."

Presence of Mind—A boy returning home from Montreal, with the price of a pair of oxen, was lately accosted by a highwayman, who presented pistols, with the usual order, "stand and deliver!" The boy becoming alarmed, pulled from his pocket the purse containing the money, which fortunately dropped on the road; the robber immediately jumped out of his sleigh, which was then some yards in advance of the purse, and ran back for his longed-for treasure, when the boy, with great presence of mind, took hold of the reins, and drove off as fast as he could, with both horses and sleigh. The robber then fired his pistol, the contents of which passed through the back of the sleigh between the boy's legs. The boy reached home in safety, and after examining the sleigh, found in the box of it, which was locked, the sum of three thousand francs.

Married—*Almost!*—During the progress of a Wedding party in Orleans county, recently, a couple, who might have been from Albion, concluded to get married, and thus double the dose for the company present. A Justice was called, his fees paid, and the parties arranged for the performance of the ceremonies. The officer of the law was about to commence the discharge of his duties, when the lady, as if moved by an electric shock, exclaimed,—"Oh! what will Joe say?"—and darted from the room.—*Troy Budget.*

The House of Delegates of Maryland has passed the bill from the Senate, providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, with an amendment submitting the proposition to a vote of the people at the next election. The Senate will no doubt concur in the amendment, which the people will ratify and confirm at the first opportunity, with a unanimity unparalelled in Maryland.

Parental Example.—Though parental example may sometimes fail, there are few so wayward as to receive no benefit from its influence. Children are often too shrewd and sensitive on this point. They observe things that are supposed to be unknown, and receive impressions of which their parents are unconscious. If precept be unaccompanied by good temper and mutual respect, children will soon find a plea for their own petulance and ill-nature. If the kind looks and endearments of parents, be too often changed for gloomy frowns, and bittter invectives, the former will produce but a feeble and transient influence while the effects of the latter may be permanent and invincible.

Impertinence Punished.—We find in the Courier des Etats Unis an account of a curious incident which occurred at a charity fair in Paris.

A young lady, Miss A——, celebrated for her beauty and her wit, presided at one of the tables. Among the throng which passed around the fair vender of elegant fancy article, was a young gentleman of much assurance, who gazed upon the lady with offensive freedom, and affected to admire the various articles exposed for sale, but who bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy, sir?" asked Miss —— with a smile of peculiar meaning.

"Oh," replied the exquisite, with a languishing look, "what I most wish to purchase is unhappily not for sale."

"Perhaps it is," said the lady.

"Oh, no, I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless," said Miss A——, "let me know what you wish to buy."

"Well, then, since you insist upon it, I should like a ringlet of your glossy black hair."

The lady manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that the price was *five hundred francs!*

Her bold admirer was thunderstruck at the demand, but dare not demur, as by this time a crowd had collected and were listening to the conversation. He took the hair, paid over the five hundred francs, and with an air of mortification and sadness, left the hall.

Famine in Ireland.—The London Times of the 6th of February, says:—

"There appears to be no longer a doubt that an almost universal famine is about to visit Ireland. Such is the dire reality which has been looming upon us through the midst of Irish rumor and English incredulity these four or five months, and which is now too distinct and too palpable to be any longer denied. But the worst feature of the case is the almost utter absence of resource. A dreadful visitation of nature is aggravated by the imperfect character of our social institutions. It is impossible to hit on a remedy which shall not run into abuse, pass into a vicious precedent, and, perhaps to a great extent, nullify itself and perpetuate the misery it affects to cure.

"The commissioners to investigate the condition of Ireland say it appears "from undoubted authority, that of 32 counties in Ireland, not one has escaped failure of the potato crop—of 130 poor law unions, not one is exempt—of 2,058 electoral divisions, above 1,400 are certainly reported as having suffered."

Gin Drinking.—A London paper says, that to supply one "gin palace" in that city, nine horses, drawing three large wagons loaded with the baneful poison, are seen at regular periods progressing in a sort of procession, and that it is boasted by a keeper of one of these "palaces," which brings ruin upon the poor, that on Saturday night a guinea a minute has been taken across the bar. What a prolific source of misery and crime.

Good Joke.—The *Knickerbocker* tells a very good joke now and then. The substance of the last one is, that a Hoosier saw a man in Broadway with an enormous moustache and stared at him fixedly, until the victim angrily exclaimed,

"What are you looking at?"

"There!" shouted the Hoosier, "I know you had a mouth. Let's drink or fight—I don't care which, myself!"

They drank.

"A Year's Notice."—A down-east editor wonders why his subscribers, who are so rampant for Oregon, will not walk up and pay their subscription, after having had more than "a years notice," to the effect that the payment would be very desirable.

Good Time for Publishers.—The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was *fifty dollars* a year—price for advertising, *ten* dollars the first week, and *seven* dollars for each subsequent insertion. The paper was issued weekly.

Water Cure.—The Water Cure Journal of Dr. Shew, of New York, in an article on using cold water on consumption, gives this caution—"It is to be remembered that we cannot march every person, and that we may *kill* many by the attempt!" This is comfortable to the patients.

A Cowardly Villain.—A scoundrel named Little, lately ruined a pretty young girl in N. Hudson, with a pistol and nearly killed her. He tried to kill her; she slapped his face—and he stabbed her.