NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

VOL. IV. MONTROSE PA., THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1847. NO. 41.

The Democrat

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY FULLER & HEMPSTED.

TERMS.

$1.50 a year, if paid in advance, or $2,00 if paid at the close of the year.

25 cts. charged for postage if carried at the publishers expense.

Discontinuances optional except when arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS one dollar per square of twelve lines, or less, for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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POETRY.

For the Democrat.

SAN JACINTO.

BY IRA L. LITTLE.

The storm was sweeping madly by,
Dark, darkly loomed the threatening sky,
And fiercely flashed the lightning red
When Houston forth his warriors led.
Along the high and rugged steep
Their glancing lines were seen to sweep,
With forms low bent and muffled tramp
They gained at length the foeman's camp;
When louder, louder, louder still
Arose their cry so wild and shrill,
Revenge! Revenge! for comrads slain
On dark Goliad's bloody plain.
Revenge! Revenge! for friends laid low
Beneath the walls of Alamo!

Quick, quick, from sleep the foeman sprang
Around their shriek of terror rang,
And each unknowning what to do,
With frantic blows his brother slew,
And loudly mid the charging band,
Echoed brave Houston's stern command.
On! comrads on! the coward's flee!
Strike! strike! for Texan liberty!
Another blow, the deed is done—
The rout's complete—the victory's won!
Then fierce they heard his sabre clang
As on each Mexic sword it rang,
And deep they trod in warm heart's blood
As forth it poured in crimson flood.

The sun that morn shone o'er the plain,
On broken arms and mangled slain,
While swifter, swifter, swifter still,
The foe came rushing down the hill;
Wild, wildly broke each serried rank
As panic spread from flank to flank,
Many a groan in anguish uttered,
With execrations fiercely muttered,
Showed Santa Anna coward chief,
In flight could find no sure relief.
And when before that angry band
We humbly laid his glittering brand,
With gleeful shouts the air was riven
That rolled and echoed thro' blue heaven.

The bounding doe and stately stag
Stop'd mute upon the mountain crag;
The eagle flew with muffled beast
'Round and 'round her cloud-caped nest;
The fish-hawk screamed high in the air
The wild horse rose from out his lair:
The Buffalo, with stately tread,
Raised high his head—then madly fled;
As thro' the wilds that joy-shout rang
Loud, louder than the combat's clang,
It rolled along the mountain height,
Thro' lowland vales it took its flight.
And Echo answered with wild glee,
"Hurah! hurah! our country's free!"

Franklin Academy, Sept. 30th, 1847.

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Union Magazine.

THE EMIGRANT BOY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

In the old town of Rudesheim, on the Rhine, is one of those dilapidated castles which impart such picturesque beauty to the scenery of Germany. Among the ruins, Karl Schelling, a poor, hard-working peasant, made for himself a home. With him dwelt his good wife Liesbet, and two blue-eyed children, named Fritz and Gretchen. A few cooking utensils, and wooden stools, constituted all their furniture; and one brown and white goat, was all they had to remind them of flocks and herds. But these poor children led a happier life than those small imitations of humanity, who are bred up in city palaces, and drilled to walk through existence in languid drawing-room paces. From moss grown arches in the old ruins, they could watch boats and vessels gliding over the sparkling Rhine, and see broad meadows golden with the sunshine. On the terrace of the castle, the wind had planted many flowers. It was richly carpeted with various kinds of moss, tufts of grass, blue bells and little pinks. Here Karl often carried his goat to feed, and left the children to tend upon him. There had been a stork's nest on the roof from time immemorial; and the little ones were early taught to reverence the birds as omens of blessings. Their simple young souls were quite unconscious of poverty. The splendid Rhine, with all its islands—the broad pastures lands, with herds peacefully grazing—houses nestling among woody hills—all seemed to belong to them; and, in reality, they possessed them more truly than many a rich man, who

> "One moment gazes on the flowers,
> The next they are forgot:
> And eateth of his rarest fruits
> As though he ate them not."

On their little heaps of straw, brother and sister slept soundly in each other's arms; and if the hooting of an owl chanced to wake them, some bright star looked in with friendly eye, through chinks in the wall, and said, "Go to sleep, little ones; for all little children are dear to the good God."

Thus, with scanty food and coarse clothes, plenty of pure air and blue sky, Fritz and his sister went hand in hand over their rugged but flower-strewn path of life, till he was nearly seven years old. Then came uncle Heinrich, his mother's brother, and said the boy could be useful to him at the mill, where he worked; and if the parents were willing to bind him to his service, he would supply him with food and clothing, and give him an outfit when he became of age. Tears were in Liesbet's eyes; for she thought how lonely it would seem to her and little Gretchen, when they should no longer hear Fritz mocking the birds, or singing aloud to the high heaven. And they were very poor, and the child must earn his bread. So, with much sorrow to part with father and mother, and Gretchen, the goat and the stock, and with some gladness to go to new scenes, Fritz departed from the oldnest that had served him for a home. Mounted with uncle Heinrich, on the miller's donkey, he rambled along through rocky paths, by deep ravines and castle-crowned hills, with here and there glimpses of the noble river, flowing on bright and strong, reflecting images of spires, cottages, and vine-covered slopes. When he arrived at his new home, the good grandmother gave him a right friendly welcome, and promised to set on her knitting-needles a striped blue cap for him to wear. Uncle Heinrich was kind in his rough way; but he thought it an excellent plan for boys to eat little and work hard. Fritz, remembering one blossom-carpet of the old castle, was always delighted to spy a clump of flowers. His uncle told him they looked well enough, but he wondered anybody should ever plant them, since they were not useful either to eat or to wear; and that when he grew older, he would doubtless think more of pence than posies. Thus the child began to be ashamed, as of something wrong, when he was caught digging a flower. But his laborious and economical relative taught him many and thrifty ways, which afterwards had great influence on his success in life; and fortunately a love for the beautiful could not be pressed out of him. Kind, all-embracing nature took him in her arms, and whispered many things to preserve him from becoming a mere animal.—All day long he was hard at work; but the blossoming tree was his friend, and the bright little mill stream chatted cosily, and smiled when the good grandmother gave it his clothes to wash. The miller's donkey, ambling along through sun-lighted paths over the hills, was a picture to him. From his small garret window he could see the mill wheels scattering bright drops in the moonlight; and he fell asleep to the gentle lullaby of ever-flowing water. Other education than this he had not.

> "His only preacher had been woods and rills;
> The solace that is in the starry sky,
> The strength that is among the lonely hills."

An aged neighbor, contemporary with the grandmother, took a great liking to Fritz: and on Sundays, when no work could be done, he was often allowed to go and take dinner or supper there. The old man had traversed nearly all Germany as a pedlar, and had come to die in the old homestead near the mill, where he had worked when a boy. He knew by heart all the wild fairy legends of the country, and, in his character of pedlar-guest, had acquired a habit of relating them in a manner peculiarly adapted to children.—In the course of his travels, he had bought many curious articles which seemed very remarkable to the inexperienced eye of Fritz—such as curious smoking pipes and drinking cups, and images in all the various costumes of Germany. But what most attracted his attention was an ancient clock, brought from Copenhagen when the pedlar's father was a young man. When this clock was in its right mind, it could play twelve tunes, about as "Molly put the kettle on." But the friction of many years had so worn the cogs of the wheels, that it was frightfully out of tune. This did not trouble the boy's strong nerves, and he was prodigiously amused with the sputtering, seething, jumping, jabbering sounds it made, when set in motion. To each of the crazy old tunes he gave some droll names. "There goes the Spitting Cat," he would say; "Now let us hear the Old Hen."

Father Rudolph called the ricketty old machine his Blacking Box; because he had bought it with the proceeds of peculiar kind of blacking, of his own manufacture. He was always praising this blacking; and one day he said, "I have never told any one the secret of making it; but if you are a good boy, Fritz, I will show you how it is done." The child could not otherwise than respect what had procured such a wonderful clock; and when he fell asleep that night, there floated through his mind undefined visions of being able, some time or other, to purchase such a comical machine for himself. This seemed a very unimportant incident of his childhood; but it was the introduction of a thread that re-appeared again in his web of life.

Fritz passed at the old mill four years of health, happiness, and hard labor. For three years, Father Rudolph was an unfailing source of entertainment. Alternately with his comic old songs, and wild legends of faries and goblins, he imparted much of a travellers discursive observation, and thorough practical knowledge concerning the glossy jet blacking. At last he fell asleep, and the boy heard that pleasant old voice no more, except in the echoing caves of memory. The good grandmother survived the companion of her youth only a few months. The ancient ballads she used to croon at her spinning-wheel, had caught something of the monotonous flow of the water, which forever accompanied them; and Fritz, as he passed up and down from the mill to the brook, missed the quaint old melodies, as he would have missed the rustling of the leaves, the chirping of crickets, or any other dear old familiar sound. He missed, too, her kind motherly ways, and the little comforts with which her care supplied him. With the exception of his rough, but really kind-hearted uncle, he was now alone in the world. He had visited Rudesheim but once, and had then greatly amused Gretchen with his imitations of the crazy clock. But his parents had removed to a remote district, and he knew not when he should see Gretchen again. As none of them could read or write, there came no tidings to cheer the long years of separation. How his heart yearned at times for the good mother and the joyous little sister!

But when uncle Heinrich announced his intention of removing to America, the prospect of new adventures, and the youthful tendency to look on the bright side of things, overbalanced the pain of parting from the father-land. It is true, the last night he slept at the old mill, the moonlight had a farewell sadness in its glance, and the little stream murmured more plaintively as it flowed. Fritz thought perhaps they knew he was going away. They certainly seemed to sigh forth, "We shall see thee no more, thou bright, strong child. We remain, but thou art passing away."

When the emigrants came to the sea-port, every thing was new and exciting to the juvenile imagination of Fritz. The ships out in the harbor looked like great white birds, sailing through the air. How pleasant it must be thus to glide over the wide waters! But between a ship in the distance, and the ship we are in, there exists the usual difference between the ideal and the actual. There was little romance in the crowded cabin, with hundreds of poor emigrants, eating, drinking, and smoking, amid the odor of bilge-water and the dreadful nausea of the sea. Fritz longed for the pure atmosphere and the fresh-flowing brook, at the mill. However, there was always America in prospect, painted to his imagination like Islands of the Blest. Uncle Heinrich said he should grow rich there; and a fairy whispered in his ear that he himself might one day possess a Copenhagen clock, bright and new, that would play its tunes decently and in order!—"No, no," said Fritz to the Fairy, "I had rather buy Father Rudolph's clock; it is such a funny old thing." "Very well," replied the fairy, "be diligent and saving, and perhaps I will one day bring Father Rudolph's clock to crow and sputter to thee in the New World."

But these golden dreams of the future received a sad check. One day there was a cry of "A man overboard!" It occasioned more terror, because a shark had been following in the wake of the vessel for several days. Boats were lowered instantly; but a crimson tinge on the surface of the water, showed that their efforts were useless. It was not till minutes after the confusion subsided, that Fritz perceived his uncle Heinrich was missing. Terrible had been that crimson stain on the water; but now, when he knew that it was the life-blood of his last and only friend, it made him faint and dizzy, as if it were flowing from his own veins.

Uncle Heinrich's hard-earned savings were fastened with the belt he wore; and a bundle of coarse clothes, with a few tools, were all that remained of his worldly possessions. The captain had compassion on the desolate child, and charged nothing for his passage or his food.—When the vessel came in sight of port, the passengers, the much poorer of them poor, raised a small sum for him by contribution. But who can describe the utter loneliness of the emigrant boy, when he had parted from his shipmates, and was driven through the crowded streets of New York, with not meeting a single face he had ever seen before? Lights shone in the cellar basements, where families supped together; but his good-hearted mother and his blue-eyed Gretchen—where were they? Oh, it was very sad to be so entirely alone, in such a wide, wide world! Sometimes he saw a boy turn round to stare at his queer cap, and outlandish frock; but he could not understand what he said, when he sung out, "There goes what they call the flying Dutchman." Day after day he tried for work, but could obtain none. His funds were running very low, and his heart was extremely heavy. As he stood leaning against a post one day, a goat walked slowly towards him from a neighboring court. How his heart leaped up to greet her! With her came back images of the castle on the Rhine, the blooming terrace, his kind father, his blessed mother, and his darling little sister. He patted the goat's head, and kissed her, and looked deep into her eyes, as he had done with the companion of his boyhood. A stranger came to lead the animal away; and when she was gone, poor Fritz sobbed as if his heart would break. 'I have not even a goat for a friend now," thought he. 'I wish I could get back to the old mill again. I am afraid I shall starve in this foreign land, where there is no body to bury me."

In the midst of these gloomy cogitations, there was an alarm of fire; and the watchmen sprung their rattles. Instantly a ray of hope darted through his soul. The sound reminded him of Father Rudolph's Blacking Box;—for one of its tipsy tunes began with a flourish exactly like it. "I will save every cent I can, and buy materials to make blacking," thought he. "I will sleep under the planks on the wharves, and live on two pence a day. I can speak a few words of English. I will learn more from some of my countrymen, who have been here longer than I. Then, perhaps, I can sell blacking enough to buy bread and clothes."

And thus he did. At first, it went very hard with him. Some days he earned nothing; and a week of patient waiting brought but one shilling. But his broad face was clean and honest, his manners so respectful, and his blacking so uncommonly good, that customers gradually increased. One day, a gentleman who traded with him made a mistake, and gave him a shilling instead of a ten cent piece.—Fritz did not observe it at the moment; but the next day, when the gentleman passed to his counting-house, he followed him and touched him on the arm. The merchant inquired what he wanted. Fritz showed the coin, saying, "Dat not mine." "Neither is it mine," replied the merchant; "what do you show it to me for?" The boy replied, in his imperfect English, "Dat too much." A friend, who was with the merchant, addressed him in German; and the poor emigrant's countenance lighted up as if it had suddenly become transparent, and a lamp placed within it. Heaving a sigh, and blushing at his own emotion, he explained in his native tongue, that he had accidentally taken too much for his blacking the day before. They looked at him with right friendly glances, and inquired into his history. He told them his name and parentage, and how uncle Heinrich had attempted to bring him to America, and had been devoured by a shark on the way. He said that he had not a single friend in this foreign land, but he meant to be honest and industrious, and he hoped he should do well. The gentlemen assured him that they should always remember him as Fritz Shilling, and that they would certainly speak of him to their friends. He did not understand the joke of his name, but he did understand they bought all his blacking, and that customers increased more rapidly after that interview.

It would be tedious to follow the emigrant through all the process of his gradually increasing fortune. As soon as he could spare any thing from necessary food and clothing, he went to an evening school, where he learned to read, write and cipher. He became first a shop-boy, then a clerk, and finally established a neat grocery store for himself. Through all these changes, he continued to sell the blacking, which arrived at the honor of poetical advertisements, in the newspapers, under the name of Schelling's Best Boot Polisher.

But the prosperity thus produced was not the only result of his acquaintance with Father Rudolph. The drop stitches of his life are sometimes taken up strangely, through many intervening loops. One day, as Fritz was passing through the streets, when he was about sixteen years old, he stopped and listened intently; for he heard afar off the sounds of a popular German ballad, which his grandmother and the pedlar often used to sing together.

Through all the din and rattle of the streets, he could plainly distinguish the monotonous minor cadence, which had often brought tears to his eyes when a boy. He followed the tones and soon came in sight of an old man and his wife singing the family melody. A maiden, apparently somewhat younger than himself, played a tamborine, at intervals. When he spoke to her in German, her face kindled, as his own had done, at the first sounds of his native tongue in a strange land, 'They call me Roschen,' she replied, 'these are my father and mother. We came from the ship last night, and we sing for bread, till we can get work to do.' The soul looked simply and kindly through her blue eyes, and reminded him of sister Gretchen. Her wooden shoes, short blue petticoat, and crimson jacket, might seem vulgar to the fashionable, and picturesque to the artist; but to him it was merely the beloved costume of his native land. It warmed his heart with childish recollections; and when they sung again the quaint, sad melody, he seemed to hear the brook flow plaintively by, and see the farewell moonlight on the old mill. Thus began the acquaintance with the maiden, who was afterwards his wife, and the mother of his little Gretchen.

Of these and all other groups of emigrants, for many years, he inquired concerning his parents and his sister, but could obtain no tidings. At last, a priest in Germany, to whom he wrote, replied that Gretchen had died in childhood, and that the father and mother had recently died. It was a great disappointment to the affectionate heart of Fritz Schelling; for through all his expanding fortunes, he had cherished the hope of returning to them, or bringing them to share his comfortable home in the New World. But when he received the mournful news, he had Roschen to love, and her parents to care for, and a little one that twined herself round his heart with fresh flower garlands every day.

At thirty-five, he was so happy and prosperous, that he could afford to live well in the city, and yet build for himself a snug cottage in the country.—

"We can go out every Saturday and return on Monday," said he to Roschen, "We can have fresh cream, and our own sweet butter. It will do the children good to roll on the grass and they shall have a goat to play with."

"And, perhaps, by-and-by, we can go there to live all the time," rejoined Roschen. "It is so quiet and pleasant in the country; and what is the use of being richer than enough?"

The site chosen for the cottage overlooked the broad, bright river, where high palisades of rock seemed almost like the ruins of an old castle. Fritz said he would make a flower carpet on the rocks, for the goat to browse upon; and if a stork would come and build a nest on his thatched roof, he could fancy himself in Germany. At times, the idea of importing storks crossed his mind; but his good sense immediately rejected the plan. It is difficult to imagine how these venerable birds, with their love of the antique and the unchangeable, could possibly live in America. One might as well try to import loyal subjects, or an ancient nobility.

When the house and barn were completed, the first object was to secure honest, industrious German tenants to till the soil. Fritz heard of a company of emigrants who wished to sell themselves for a specified time, in order to pay their passage; and he went on board the ship to see them. A hale man, who said he was about sixty years old, with a wife some five or six years younger, attracted his attention by their extreme cleanliness and good expressions of countenance. He soon agreed to purchase them; and in order to prepare the necessary papers he inquired their names.

'Karl Schelling, and Liesbet Schelling,' replied the old man.

Fritz started, and his face flushed, as he asked, 'Did you ever live in the old castle at Rudesheim.'

'That we did, for several summers,' rejoined Karl.

'Ah, can you tell us anything of our son Fritz?' exclaimed Liesbet, eyeing him eagerly, 'God bless him, wherever he is! We came to America to find him.'

'Mother! mother! do you not know me?'—he said, and threw himself into her open arms, and kissed her honest weather-beaten face.

'I see it has gone well with you my son.—New thanks be to God, and blessed be his holy name,' said Earl, reverently uncovering his head.'

"And where is Gretchen?' inquired Fritz, earnestly.

'The All-Father took her home to Himself soon after you came to see us at Rudesheim,' replied Liesbet. 'She was always mourning for the brother, poor little one! It troubled us to go away and leave you behind us without saying farewell; and I feared no blessing would follow us. But we were very poor, and we thought then we should come to you in two or three years.'

'Don't speak of that,' said Fritz. 'You were always good parents to me, and did the best you could. Blessings *have* followed me; and to meet you thus is the crowning blessing of all. Come, let us hasten home. I want to show you my good Roschen and our Gretchen and Karl; and Liesbet, and Rudolph, and baby Roschen. My small farm overlooks a river broad and beautiful as the Rhine. The rocks look like castles, and I have bought a goat for the children to play with. The roof of our cottage is thatched, and if a stork would only come and build her nest there, then dear father and mother might almost imagine themselves at Rudesheim, with plenty to eat, drink and wear. If Father Rudolph's Blacking Box were only here,' added he, laughing, 'I should have all but one of my boyish dreams fulfilled. Ah, if dear Gretchen were only here!"

The fairy who whispered to Fritz when he was crossing the Atlantic, told him if he were dilligent and saving she would perhaps bring him the old clock; and she kept her promise better than fairies sometimes do; for it chanced that the heir of Father Rudolph came to America, and brought it with him. The price Fritz offered for it was too tempting, and it now stands in his thatched cottage. Its carved black case, inlaid with grotesque figures of birds and beast in pearl, is more wonderful than a picture book to the children. When any of them are out of health, or out of humor, their father sets the old bewildered tunes a-going, and they soon join in amerry mocking chorus, with "Cluck, cluck, cluck! Whirr, whirr, whirr! Rik a Rik a re!"

NOTE.

The accidental purchase of his parent by a German emigrant actually occurred a few years since; and this story was suggested by the fact.

The Soldier's Bride.

FROM THE FRENCH.

During one severe season—a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigor throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold—in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from a severe indisposition; but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced he was betrothed to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and, at length no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier, nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet owing the intensity of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while to revive himself at her house, when, having taken some refreshment, he might return, but, aware of the consequence of such a step, this he kinkly, though resolutely refused to do.

"But only for a few minutes," she continued "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost congealed you alive."

"Not an instant," returned the soldier; it were certain death even to stir from the spot.'

'Surely not!' cried the affectionate girl! 'it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be still more certain. You have at least a chance; and it is your duty, if possible to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, Heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some manner for our preservation.'

'Yes,' said the soldier, 'but that is not the question; for suppose I can do it with impunity, is it honorable or noble thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?'

'But there will be some one; if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms.'

This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and his cap together with the watchword; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather.—But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who as she forgot, in her confusion to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot to find a young girl, overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears!

Being instantly conducted to the guard house, and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from the house, but was found in such a state of weakness, from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty with the assistance of medical advice, that he was sufficiently restored to give any intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody to await the period of his trial.

'Far happier had it been for me,' he exclaimed on being restored to consciousness, 'far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death.' And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, he was condemned to be executed within a few days after his sentence. Great was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity. He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached, was now to fall as it were, by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and terror, her very despair gave her strength, and setting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting everybody of rank and influence to unite in petitioning a pardon for her lover, or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstances being made known, such was the tenderness and compassion that was excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate & spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier.

The ladies of the place also exerting their influence, the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling granted him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble hearted girl, and accepting with her a small donation—an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank; so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

THE MEDICINE WE TAKE.—Next to good food should be good medicine—but, according to the New York Journal of Medicine, we, in this latter respect, are in a very bad way.—The New York College of Pharmacy have found it necessary to issue "a caution to Druggists," warning them to beware of the *stuff* in the market, to touch not, taste not, and handle not. A quantity of base compositions, under the name of blue pills, they tell us, is now in market, being imported by German and French importers, who know nothing of medicines except to buy cheaply and sell dearly. Rhubarb, invoiced from ten to eighteen pence per pound, is ground over and sold for genuine Turkey rhubarb, worth five shillings. The Compound Extract of Colocynth, but is made up of an inferior sort of Aloes, with some other worthless ingredients. A great proportion of the Compound Extracts are adulterated in like manner. More than half of the narcotics are destitute of any active properties. Volatile oils are adulterated with sweet and other cheap oils. In fact, it seems that when an individual is supposing that he is taking some simple substance of peculiar properties, he is taking half a dozen substances of properties of just the opposite character.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

THE NETTLE.—The nettle is generally considered by farmers and gardners as a useless and troublesome weed; but it needs little argument to prove that the most common gifts of Providence are often the most useful to mankind. The common stinging nettle is one of the best medicines which is produced in the vegetable kingdom; and its medical qualities ought to be more generally known and appreciated. In the form of a simple, weak infusion, taken in the quantity of a pint a day, it acts as an alterative and deobstruct in impurities of the blood. A strong decoction taken in the same quantity proves an admirable strengthener in general or partial relaxation. Applied as a fomentation or poultice, it relieves swellings, and abates inflamations; and the expressed juice taken in spoonfulls, as the exigency of the case may require, in internal bleedings, is the most powerful styptic known. We may add, that its leaves, when boiled, are converted into a tender, healthy and nourishing aliment, grateful to the palate. And yet there are few plants whose appearance is viewed with more disgust than the stinging nettle.

Here is a chap in a most awful condition, and all owing to a vixen of a girl saying she wouldn't:

> I know'tis a sin too—
> But I'm bent on the notion,—
> I'll throw myself into
> The deep briny ocean,
> Where mud eels and cat-fish
> On my body shall riot,
> And flounders and flat-fish
> Select me for diet;
> There soundly I'll slumber
> Beneath the rough billow,
> And crabs without number
> Shall crawl o'er my pillow;
> But my spirit shall wander through gay coral bowers,
> And frisk with the mermaids—it shall by the powers!

A GREAT INVENTION.—A mechanic in Boston has hit upon a plan of constructing umbrellas, says the Boston Atlas, which will almost prevent their being stolen! When it is shut, the end of the handle can be unscrewed; taken off, it looks like an umbrella so that it can-