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Poetry.

A Child Embracing its Mother.

BY THOMAS MOOD.

Little mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Hereafter she may have a son—
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain—
Love thy mother, little one!
Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee—
Hereafter those moist shadowy eyes,
To meet them when they cannot see—
Gaze upon her living eyes!
Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till their own are cold—
Press her lips the while they glow!
Pray for her at eve and morn,
That heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou mayst live the love forego,
When thou wilt ask to die with her—
Pray for her at eve and morn!

Miscellaneous.

The Devil and Tom Walker.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the country, from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove, and on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd the pirate buried his treasure. The inlet allows a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly, and at night, to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good look-out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks, by which the place might be easily found again. The old stories add moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship, but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasures particularly when it has been ill-gotten. He is at it now, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly after seized at Boston, sent to England, and there hanged for piracy.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were so prevalent in New England, and shook many tall chimneys down on their knees, there lived near this place a miser, miserly fellow by the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself, they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay her hands on, she hid away, a hen could not cackle, but she was on the alert to secure a new-laid egg. Her husband was continually trying about to detect her secret hoards, many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived to a forlorn looking home, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling rattle trees, emblem of the sterility grew near it, no smoke ever curled from its chimney, no traveler ever stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of the gridiron stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarce covering the rugged bed of pudding stone, tantalized and balked his hunger, and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look pitiously at the passer-by, and seem to petition his deliverance from the land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall, terebrated, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband, and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one however, ventured to interfere between them, the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing, eyed the door of disorder askance, and hurried in his way, if a bachelor, rejoicing in his celibacy.

One day Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards, through a swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the evils of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black, smothering mud, there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tad-pole, the bull-frog, and the water snake, and where the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest, stepping from tuft to tuft, of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious footholds, among deep sloughs, or pacing carefully, like a cat along the prostrate trunks of trees, now and then startled by the screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of the wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which was out like a peninsula in the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strong holds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used it as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing now remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and had already overgrown in part by oaks and other

forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars, when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with fears of this kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen tree, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously his staff struck something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk bored in it, lay before him. The rust of the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since the death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warrior.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it. "Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him on a stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro or Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude, half-Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper-colored, but swarthy and dingy, begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fire and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He sewed at Tom for a moment with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds," said Tom with a sneer, "no more your grounds than mine, they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be ———!" said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbors. Look yonder and see how Deacon Peabody is faring." Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the back of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scarred by the axe. The one on which he had been seated bore the name of Crowningshield, and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name who had made a vulgar display of his wealth, which it was whispered he had made by housebreaking.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man with a sneer of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other. This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white faced race put foot on the soil."

"And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"O, I go by various names, I am Wild Huntsman in some countries, the Black Minner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you, white savages, I assume myself by pretending at the persecution of quakers, Anabaptists, I am the grand patron and promoter of slave-dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that if I mistake not, said Tom, "you are commonly called 'Old Scratch.'"

"The same, at your service," replied the black man with a evil nod.

Such was the opening of the interview, according to the old story, though it has most too familiar an air to be credited. One would almost think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place would have shaken any man's nerves, but Tom was a hard minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a terebrated wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said after this commencement, they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of the great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd, the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge, not far from the morass. All these were under his command, and protected by his power, so that none could find them except such as propitiated his favor.

These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an special kindness for him, but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions are may be easily surmised, though Tom never disclosed it publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles when money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused.

"What proof have I for what you have said is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his fingers on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickest of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen and so until he totally disappeared.

When Tom returned home, he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate. The first news his wife had to tell was the death of Abielon Crowningshield, the rich buccaner. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning.

"Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares?"

He now felt that what he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence, but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to secure with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them happy for life.

However disposed Tom felt to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife, so that he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many were the bitter quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute Tom became not to be damned to please her. At length she was determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded to keep all the gain herself.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her but in vain, midnight came, but she did not make her appearance, morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found that she had carried off in her apron, the silver teapot and spoon, and every other portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning, but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have been expounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she had lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp, and sunk in some pit or slough; others, more uncharitably hinted that she had eloped with the householder's booty, and made off to some other province, while others ascribed the tempest that destroyed her to a devil, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said that a great black man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen that very evening coming out of the swamp carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of sure triumph.

The most current and probable story however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During the long summer's afternoon, he searched about the gloomy place not to wife was to be found. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by, or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool.

At length, it is said, just in the brown of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to fly about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about a yew tree. He looked, and beheld a bundle tied up in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of a rent, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy far he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he to himself, consoling, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman." As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but would sight! he found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old history, was all that could be found of Tom's wife. She had attempted to deal with the black man, as she was accustomed to deal with her husband, but, though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance, she appears to have had the worst end of it. She must have died game, however, for that put which remained was unrequited. Indeed, it is said that Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deep stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair, that looked as if it had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman.

Tom knew his wife's powers by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of fierce clapper-clawing.

"Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it."

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife, for he was a little of a philosopher. He ever felt something like gratitude towards the Black Woodsman, whom he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black leg played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than again to lose the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening, in his usual woodsman's dress, with his axe on his shoulder,

haunting along the edge of the swamp humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate treasures. There is one condition which need not be mentioned, generally understood in all cases, where the devil grants favors; but there were others, about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in the black traffic. This, however, Tom absolutely refused; he was had enough in all conscience, but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point he did not insist upon it, he proposed instead he should turn usurer, the devil being exceedingly anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objection was made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad I'll charge four," replied Tom.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy."

"I'll drive him to the devil," said Tom Walker, eagerly.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black leg with delight. "When do you want the thing?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker, so they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready money man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was so particularly scarce. It was a time for paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; and the famous Land Bank had been established; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements, for building cities in the wilderness; land-jobbers went about with maps of grants and townships and Eldorados, lying to everybody, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculative fever which breaks out now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was ————

As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in a doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the cry of "hard times."

At this particular state of distress did Tom Walker set up as usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged with customers. The needy and the adventurous, the gambling speculator, the land-jobber, the thrifless tradesman, the merchant with cracked credit, in short every one driven to raise money by desperate sacrifices hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need," that is to say, he exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distresses of the applicant was the hardness of his terms.

He accumulated bonds and mortgages, gradually squeezed his customers closely, and sent them, at length, as dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand became a rich and mighty man, and excited his cooled hot upon change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation, but left a greater part unfinished, out of parsimony. He set up a carriage, in the fullness of his vain glory, though he nearly starved the poor horses which drew it, as the ungrateful weeds gnawed and screeched on the axletrees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of his conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be carried by the force of lungs. Indeed, one night always when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadily traveling Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this newly-made convert. — Tom was as rigid in religious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor, censorer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to his account became a credit on his page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of the Quakers and the Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became his riches.

Still, in spite of this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil after all would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his pocket. He also had a great folio Bible in his counting-house desk, and he would be frequently found reading when people called, on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little cracked-brained in his older days, and that fancying his end approaching, he has his horse new

shod, saddled and bridled, and buried feet uppermost, because that at the last day, the world would be turned upside down, in which case he should find his horse ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wife's fable. If he really did not take such a precaution it was totally superfluous, at least so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner.

One hot afternoon in the dog days, a terrible black thunder gust came up. Tom sat in his counting-house, in his white linen cap and Indian silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he could complete the ruin of an unhappy speculator, for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant him a few months indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber.

"Clarity begins at home," replied Tom. "I must take care of myself these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The Devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing."

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was there holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

Tom you'll come for, said the black fellow gruffly.

Tom shrunk back, too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose; never was a sinner more taken unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse, and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and started after him from the windows. A street went Tom Walker, dashing down the street, his white cap blowing up and down, his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his head striking fire out of the pavements at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived near the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunderstorm, he heard a great clattering of hoofs and howling along the road, and when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like a wind across the hill, and down into the black hemlock swamps, towards the old Indian fort, and that shortly afterwards a thunderbolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze. The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. — They had been so accustomed to witless and glib, and tricks of the devil, in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the country, that they were not so much horrified at what might be expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing however, to administer to, on searching his coffers, his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders.

In place of gold or silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burned to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all grasping money brokers lay the story well to heart. The truth is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees from whence he dug Kidd's money is to be seen to this day, and the neighboring swamp and the old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb and is the origin of that popular saying so prevalent throughout New England, of "the Devil and Tom Walker."

The GOAST IN THE CHAIR. Dr. Cooper, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best old gents that ever lectured to mischievous boys. On one occasion when he entered the lecture room, he found the class all seated with unwonted punctuality, and looking wondrous grave. Mischievous was the cause, and it was apparent that they were prepared for a burst of laughter as the old Doctor waded along to the professor's chair for there sat an old goat, bolt-upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed of their fun, for instead of getting angry and storming at them, he mildly remarked, "ah, young gentlemen! quite republican, I see, in your tendencies, fond of representative government! Well, well, it is all right. I dare say the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day. Good-by! Don't feel sheepish about it!" And he went away without leaving a smile behind.

The Editor of the American Law Register in writing on the laws of American citizenship, says:

"It does not probably, occur to the American families who are visiting Europe in great numbers, and remaining there, frequently, for a year or more, that all their children born in a foreign country are aliens, and when they return home will return under all the disabilities of aliens. Yet this is indisputably the case; for it is not worth while to consider the only exception to this rule that exists under the laws of the United States, viz: the case of a child so born, whose parents were citizens of the United States, on or before the 14th of April, 1802."

A Thrilling Scene.

The following vivid account of the sinking of the Royal George, with a ball in full activity on board, is translated for the *Pennsylvania Enquirer* from the "Forty-eight years Memoirs of a Constitutional officer," as extracted into the November number of a German monthly, the *Meyer's Monatshefte*, published in New York. It will be recollected that the Royal George was commanded by Admiral Kemperfeldt, aged 79. Between eight and nine hundred persons perished; of whom three hundred were women and children.

"In the Summer of 1689, the Royal George, a stately three decker, of eighty-four guns, after an absence of two years on a foreign station, cast anchor in Spithead roads. At the end of a week, which had been employed in removing all traces of her long voyage, and in a thorough cleansing, the captain issued invitations to the officers of the fleet in the Spithead waters, and to the nobility and gentry of Portsmouth, for a grand ball on board. The interior of the upper deck, freshly painted from stern to stern, and elegantly decorated, appeared like a floating palace.

The appointed hour for the commencement of the fête had arrived, and the harbor was gradually covered by hundreds of boats, some carrying the invited guests to the Royal George, and others attracted by curiosity to witness the delicate homage which British naval officers are accustomed to bestow upon beauty. All that the most refined taste could suggest, and the most lavish expenditure procure, had been bestowed upon the embellishment of the vessel. The deck, whose entire space was appropriated to the ball, resembled a vast pillared hall, over which from the masts and yards, floated the intermingled folds of numberless flags and streamers of every variety of color. Instead of tapestry, the sides were covered with velvet and silk hangings. Among the furniture were to be seen the most precious ivory work, and divans and chairs of rose and sandal woods, carved and fashioned in a manner to rival the most ingenious Chinese taste. The awning was composed of carpets of the richest oriental fabric, ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, and the rugs before the state rooms were productions of Cachemere, which might have figured as articles of luxury in the wardrobe of princely dames. The sideboards glittered with gold and silver vessels, among which was a magnificent vase, set with costly jewels, the gift of an East India prince. Otto of roses in crystal jars, in niches expressly made, scattered in profusion its delicious perfume. In a word, the whole scene, with its splendid decorations, resembled rather the banqueting room of a royal palace than the interior of a ship.

After the admiral had cast a last satisfied glance upon the tasteful embellishments, and had passed in review the brilliant preparations, he repaired to the deck, where in state and surrounded by his officers as a king by his nobles, he took his post to receive his guests. Whilst a select band of music filled the air with melody, from every side there was seen gliding over the smooth waters towards the ship, gaily dressed boats bearing the elite of beauty and nobility from Portsmouth, Portsea, the Isle of Wight, and other neighboring points on the coast. The universal joy of the officers and guests was enhanced by the beauty of the night, not a cloud dimming the radiance of the stars, and not a breath of air ruffling the surface of the sea.

And yet destruction was malevolently hovering in this hour of festivity over the finest ship in the fleet. Already death invisibly grinning behind the seats of these pleasure seeking guests, as the whole crew were all apprehension, as the whole crew were all true and loyal and warmly attached to the commanding officer; nor was there any possibility of a leak, as the utmost precautions had been adopted, and the powder magazine had been additionally secured by triple fastenings. Who could have believed that the swelling of a gentle west wind would be sufficient to produce a catastrophe as unparalleled in its character as in its awful incidents!

About two hours later, as the ball was in full movement, there arose, not a light breeze, but rather a breath of air, from the southwest, which hardly stirred a curl of hair among the crowd of dancing beauties. The oscillation which it brought as it stole across the motionless face of the water, appears to have been unnoticed. But, insupportable fate! This insensible puff of air, not sufficient to draw a sound from the chords of an æolian harp, by the under swell it created, disturbed the equilibrium of two immense chain anchors which, with some heavy guns, had been stowed in the open ports, and on account of the calm weather, had not been secured by fastenings. This ponderous mass started from its balance by the motion of the sea, with lightning speed rolled to the opposite side of the vessel, and in a moment threw the Royal George upon her side. One heart-piercing cry of woe from a thousand voices, a sound before which the stoutest sailor quailed, rose in frightful dissonance, and broke upon the startled ears of those in the surrounding ships, while echo bore the death-wail to the adjacent coasts, where it rolled along like a thunder peal, denouncing the roar of the surf, and striking with terror the shuddering inhabitants.

The lofty masts immediately bowed to the surface of the sea, which at first, as it were, overawed by the sudden cessation of the prevailing joy, recoiled in a wide circle, and then as quickly returned, as if to the execution of a fearful judgment, pouring over the high bulwarks and through the port holes into the innermost recesses. Once more the stately fabric in all its imposing mass, upon the restoration for a moment of its lost balance through the settling water, rose erect, as if

to display in full majesty the imposing grandeur of its form. Proudly stretched the lofty masts their extended arms to the blue sky; but the flags and streamers, already soaked by the overwhelming sea, hung in loose folds, like emblems of mourning. Now the ship, deeper and deeper sinking, began, in giddy whirling, a horror-stricken dance—a few seconds more, and it shot, with its hundreds of human being, in vain with deadly pallid and agonized countenances, imploring heaven for deliverance, and clinging convulsively to the shrouds, into the gaping abyss. The foaming sea, with loud and terrible gurgle, forever closed over the black, yawning gulf, and all was silent!

A few moments sufficed to complete this terrible catastrophe. From all the neighboring vessels, boats were sent out to attempt to save some of the drowning hundreds, but the vast whirlpool caused by the sinking ship, prevented a near approach. Only a few of the most experienced sailors, who climbed to the topmasts, as the royal George for the last time heaved erect, were enabled to save themselves by swimming. All the rest, in the midst of a jubilee of pleasure, fell a prey to the yawning sea."

The Dutch Blacksmith.

Col. P., a very impatient and irritable man, had occasion once, while passing on horseback through a town in the West to patronize a Dutch blacksmith.

"Are you the smith?" he asked of a stout blackbearded, smoking man, that came out of the shop to look at the horse's defective shoes. "Yes, yes, I be der schmidt," replied Myntner, steadying his long pipe, with his left hand, while he lifted one of the horse's feet with the right. "You wish him to have de new shoes?"

"No, sir," said the Colonel in his quick way. "Set the shoes on the fore feet—that's all."

"Set de shoe on his four feet—yah, I onderstend. Will have him in van hour shoe." The Colonel went away, and returning at the appointed time, found the Dutchman still at work on his horse. He was very wrath when he saw the state of affairs, but he went away with the promise that in "van half hour" the shoes would be set. After dinner he made his appearance again at the shop, and asked "what was to pay?"

"Four shillings." "Four shillings! It is an imposition! I never paid over a shilling for setting a shoe in my life!"

"Very well," nodded Myntner, "van shilling var de van shoe—I set de fore shoe—that is four shillings—nichts!"

"Niek!" roared the traveller. "Who told you to set more than two shoes?"

"By donder!" said the smith, "you tell me so yourself."

"I! It's a falsehood!" "Mine good air! You say set de shoe on the four foot—"

"So I did! the two shoes on the fore feet—"

"Jah der man crazy! two shoes on four feet. Van hat on dree head as moech!"

"You f-f-f-f-f!" exclaimed the Colonel, who stuttered when much excited. "I said set the fore shoes on their two feet, you blundering Dutchman!"

"Set four shoes on two feet! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the smith scornfully and angrily. "Hundert toudert blitzen! you yankees!"

"You, w-w-wooden headed Dutchman!"

"You goose! money, van fool!"

The Colonel replied, stuttering worse than ever, the smith struck his fists and jabbered Dutch, his knowledge of the English being exhausted; thus they had it, until a mutual acquaintance explained the matter. The Colonel paid the charge, laughing at the mistake—while Myntner smoked fiercely, and blazed away at the language which made four feet two feet, and two feet four feet, "any way but der right way—doonder and blitzen!"

Not B. In the New York Independent we read the following from a mother.

"But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma' said he, all at once, 'oh ma! just look at that poor little lion behind there, he won't get any!'"

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