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POETRY.

For the Democrat.

Ripening.

The Autumn days are in their glory coming
Fast along,
The honey-bees have ceased their busy humming,
Birds their song.
The chickadee in his dark dress returning,
And the chip.
Of the field crickets, breathe a tone of warning
And of hope.
The blossoms of the Summer are departed,
And a few
The first-drops and the golden rod, strong-hearted,
Spring snow.
The greenness of the Summer is decaying
In its race,
But Autumn fast its glories robes arraying
Fills the place.
The ripened fruits of the Autumn gloweth
All around,
Blossoms the tip and to each sweet smile fresh,
Even of sound.
The golden corns are waving in the breeze,
Purple plum,
And every apple what it always promises—
"To be to come."
The deep blue sky is smoothly spread above us,
And thereon
White clouds, that seem the care of those who love us
And are gone,
Cast floating shadows, and the sunlight lying
On the hill,
Watch the departed clouds make no reply—
Round us still!
I seem to hear my father's deep voice saying
In the breeze
That floats along, now swelling and now dying
"Mid the trees."
It sounds as when my feet in the Spring season
By him trod,
"Go away, my son, the world's wondrous lesson
Learn of God."
I think there, "the Begging and the Ending,"
For the Earth,
For power to read its grand revelations sending
In its worth!
Touch us, O touch this rich and happy nation
Fond of love,
To read the writings of its Revelation
And show Thy name.
Paris, Sept. 12th, 1854. S.

MISCELLANY.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.

A Tale founded on Facts.

BY THE REV. F. A. COX, LL. D.

A reverse of fortune, the particulars of which it is not necessary to detail, reduced the parents of the two individuals of whom we are about to furnish a brief account, from comparative affluence to real poverty and an early tomb. Their orphan children were consequently cast upon the wide world, and the first seeds of a poor education had germinated in the mind, and under circumstances which inevitably associated them with very inferior society. Riccio and Annetto, (such were their names respectively), after having spent the period of childhood in their native place, in the immediate vicinity of Rome, acquired the musical skill, and finally adopted the vagrant habits of the wandering minstrels of Italy. Before, however, relating their adventures, it may be proper to advert to their profession: for such was formerly the high-sounding term applied to the subject.

During the middle ages, minstrelsy was in vogue among all classes of the community; and it was well adapted to the romantic character and general habits of those times. Scarcely any country was to be found where this practice was not encouraged, and where it did not become both the means of advancing literature, and the instrument of political changes. At festivals, in abbeys, in great halls, and even in king's palaces, minstrels were constantly present, for the purpose of celebrating heroic deeds, soothing by their wild airs, the mournful heart, or inspiring with fresh bilitas the joyous one. As it was their business to operate on human passions, and to serve as the incidental—often unsuspected medium of intercourse between persons severed from each other by unpropitious circumstances; or to recount the feats of individual prowess, and of public warfare; it may easily be imagined that while they entertained or instructed others, they did not fail to enrich themselves. As they practised, indeed, were they in this art of self-advancement, that it was not unusual, at the period in question, to see the minstrel with his silver harp and with his gold chains and rings of jewelry, sharing the best entertainment at the blazing hearth of our forefathers. Those who were not of the first class of eminence, and, therefore, unpunished by the great, obtained subsistence by wandering from town to town, and village to village, to repeat the composition of others, in the form of songs, ballads, and short stories of mingled fact and fiction.

After the fourteenth century this profession declined in importance, till it was totally disregarded, and at length, in England, absolutely proscribed. The general diffusion of knowledge has been unfavorable to this irregular kind of profession; but the universal love of entertainment, a certain indefinable attachment to the practices of antiquity, and especially the melodies of the Italian language, have contributed to perpetuate it, though in the most humble form to modern times.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, when massacres and proscriptions were the order of the day—when nothing was sacred and no one safe—our minstrels crossed the Alps into France, and wandering along, in the imagined security of their lowliness and poverty, to the city of Lyons, which was at that period the abode of frenzy and anarchy. The slightest indiscretion, the most innocent conversation, even an ignorant opinion of what had been proscribed, was sufficient to expose to the utmost danger before the tribunals of the day.

Poor Riccio, in spite of his foreign extraction, of his language, of his profession, of his sister's agony and his own tears, having been first inserted in the Register, (a book of an enormous size, and filled in every page with accusations and maledictions), was dragged to the Hotel de Ville, to make his appearance before the Provisional Commission. His crime was that of wearing a hat without a cockade.

On the day of his examination there were two or three accompanying prisoners, whom it may be worth while to notice, in order to show the spirit of those tribunals, and of the times. The courageous reply of one of them, the Cure of Amplebury, was remarkable.

"Do you believe in a hell?" was the question.
"How," said he, "could I entertain any doubt of it when I see what is passing here? Had I been incredulous before, when I came here I must necessarily have been convinced."
Another alleged culprit, Mary Adrian, a girl of sixteen, clothing herself in a man's dress, performed, during the siege of the place, the dangerous and laborious service of an artilleryman.

She was asked—"How came you to brave the danger, and fire the cannons against your country?"

"On the contrary," she replied, "it was to defend, and save it from oppression."
Another lass, of a pleasing appearance, like our minstrel, did not or would not, wear a cockade. She was then, asked the reason.

"It is not the cockade itself," said she, "that I dislike; but as you wear it, to me it seems the signal of crimes."

Lafayette gave a sign to the turnkey, who was placed behind her, to fix a cockade on her bonnet.

"Go away," said he, "while you wear this you will be safe."

The girl with great coolness immediately took it off, and addressed these few words in a dignified tone to the judges:

"I return it to you;" and she instantly left the room and went to execution.

At the same moment Riccio was brought forward, but the same crime having been imputed to him, and the previous scene having produced great excitement, a nod from the presiding judge was, as in many other cases, a sufficient condemnation; and the turnkey, striking him upon the shoulder in usual form, exclaimed—
"Follow me!"

He then proceeded with his prisoner in silence along a little winding stair-case, which led under the portico of the Hotel de Ville, through the arches which support the Grand Court, into the vaults below. At the first rising-place there was an open railing for a fence, where relatives and friends were continually seen full of alarming expectation, and making anxious inquiries. Here Riccio had a momentary glance of his distracted sister, who in utter disregard of every observer, and of the whole universe, addressed, upon her knees a fervent prayer to the author of life and death, interesting him to bestow the former, and avert the latter from her suffering brother.

The inexorable man of office led him to the condemned cell, which exhibited a melancholy and terrible scene. There death presented itself in a thousand forms: nothing was seen but his image; nothing read but the decisions which rendered apparent certain nothing written on the walls but imprecations, prayers and tender adieu. In one obscure corner were traceable the following words:

"In one hundred and thirty minutes I shall exist no more. I shall have seen death. Blessed event! Will it not bring me to rest!"

Another melancholy inscription to this effect, was just perceptible:

"I am calm in my last hour. I thank thee for it, Supreme Author of life and death. I am perfectly well. I go. In one hour I shall be motionless, and my body cold as ice. My head, now full of thought, will be thrown into the pit! The blood, which now warms my veins, will dye the ground. What then, is life? What is death? I have only to wait a moment to know."

Near the door was written in pencil—
"Cruel judges! you deceive yourselves in thinking to punish me. The end of my days is the end of my sorrows, and ye are my truest friends."

Common misery and genuine sympathy formed a bond of union in this dreary abode. As soon as the officer had left Riccio for execution, with a crowd of other condemned persons, they pressed around him with the faint hope of imparting some consolation.

"Come," said they, "come and take some supper with us: this is the last tin of life, and our journey is just ended!"

Riccio partook of the supper, such as it was, and retired to the darkest recess he could find, where, covering himself in straw exhausted nature at length lay in sleep the recollection of the sentence he was condemned to undergo. The morning brought with it the hour of execution. The prisoners were bound and led forth; but Riccio was unpierced, forgotten, and left asleep in his melancholy nook. The confusion, the bustle, the number, will account for this curious oversight.

Among the victims of this fatal morning was a member of the municipality of Mornand, of the name of Laurens. This person bore so striking a resemblance to poor Riccio, that, looking at him as he was hurried by the grating, through her tear streaming eyes, Annetto mistook his identity, and instantly followed in agony, the gloomy train. Laurens had received an energetic appeal on his behalf from the inhabitants of his commune; but as he had been assured of a reprieve, he deemed it unnecessary to present that important document to the judges, and put the appeal into his pocket. Now, however, contrary to his just and joyous anticipations, he was cruelly bound, and marched to the guillotine. Palpitating with terror, and doubting whether he was really going to suffer, or whether it was only a frightful dream, he perceived that his appeal fell out of his pocket. A gendarme immediately picked it up.

"Oh!" said the condemned man, "if the judges could but read it, I should not suffer; but alas! I cannot convey it."

The brave soldier quitted his ranks, broke through the crowd, ascended to the tribunal, presented the appeal, and obtained the authority to bring back the prisoner to the common hall. There was yet time; a minute remained for Laurens to live. Four persons were at this time led to the guillotine, and the name of Laurens had, by a singular casualty, or rather providence, been inserted last in the fatal roll. Already thirty-nine had fallen; already was he, the last prisoner, bound to the fatal engine; when the gendarme rushed to the spot with breathless eagerness, vociferating, "Stop!" He presented the order, and the prisoner was released; but he had become motionless with terror.

It was believed he had actually expired; but life being at length restored, it was found to be worse than death, for reasons was irrevocably gone. The poor sister of Riccio fainted at the same moment, supposing that he whom she had mistaken for her brother, had really undergone this sanguinary execution. Upon her recovery, as she was unable to obtain, and in fact discouraged from seeking any tidings of her brother, she fled from the dreadful spot for ever!

We must now return to the dungeon, where he continued actually incarcerated. Upon waking from his long sleep of so many hours, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at his solitude; but resigning himself to the mysterious circumstance, the day passed on in darkness and silence, and despair. The next was a Sunday: none was then judged, no one condemned, no one immured in the prison. The day following happened to be still a holiday, both for the judges and the executioner; while Riccio, entirely forgotten, would have perished with hunger, had he not found some remnants of food which had been left behind by the former occupants of this dreary habitation. On the fourth day, the jailer brought another victim of revolutionary vengeance to this melancholy cell, when he was startled at the sight of a man.

"Whence do you come?" exclaimed he, in the utmost agitation and alarm.

"I have never gone out from this place," replied Riccio, in a faint voice; "without the companions of my misery have been led to execution. I was asleep; I heard nothing; they forgot to call me to follow them: it is my misfortune; I wish to live no longer; but this misfortune may, perhaps, be retrieved to-day, I see you."

The jailer instantly went up to the tribunal, and related the story. Riccio was called and examined; his evidence was believed; and the singularity of his case induced even these infuriated monsters to set him at liberty.

The poor minstrel, restored to an almost unenviable life, availed himself of an opportunity of flying from the scene of horror and of danger, by hastily repairing on board a small boat, frail, and roughly made, such as is now often constructed at Lyons for the purpose of descending the rapid stream of the Rhone to Avignon—a voyage most agreeable to those whose minds are sufficiently tranquil to contemplate the picturesque scenes which continually present themselves on either bank.

But with what feelings now undertaken by Riccio is better imagined than described. He repeatedly played and sung to his companions, some of whom had drunk deep of the cup of woe in that prison of national calamity and destruction, a few irregular stanzas, of which the following may be taken as a translation. They were a plaintive expression of the secret sorrows of his heart.

Rapidly and mournfully,
Glide the stream of life away.
O my heart! today—to-morrow,
Give the deep-toned notes of sorrow;
As a lion, a lion I leave,
The lonely, lonely, lone grave.
'Twill be a rest, a rest I ween,
From this world's dark and troubled scene.
Let the current glide away,
Rapidly and mournfully,
Into eternity.

Yet on the dark, dark stream,
There is a transient gleam:
Ah! is it the sparkle of hope I see?
Or is it the lightning glare of destiny?
Is it a reflection bright
From the blessed realm of light?
Or is it the flash of the vengeful sword,
Drawn at the Almighty word!

O my heart! today—to-morrow,
Give the deep-toned notes of sorrow;
Bid the stream of life away,
Rapidly and mournfully,
Into eternity.

While Riccio was thus descending "the rapid Rhone," his sister had taken a different direction, pursuing her mournful and solitary way towards Grenoble and the Alps. Her only resource was the employment of her skill in that pleasing art to which she had addicted herself. In this manner she picked up a precarious subsistence during several years; wandering from cottage to cottage, and from village to village; often inspiring pity in which she could not participate, and sometimes diffusing a personal influence, of which her native modesty rendered her unconscious.

A circumstance, however, at length occurred, which became the means of transplanting the lily from the lowly vale of obscurity and want, to the garden of village notoriety and moderate competence.

A little rural festival was held in one of the districts of the Piedmontese valleys, whither she had wandered, to which a great number of the very humble cottages which are scattered here and there over the declivities of the mountains, as on the sides of a vast amphitheatre. Among others, our minstrel was attracted to the spot, happy in an occasion of obtaining a few sous in exchange for her simple melodies. The lord of the feast, who was the inhabitant of a pretty though not magnificent edifice, and the owner of a small domain of cultivated vines, was attracted no less by the performer than the performance; and beheld, through all the disguise of poverty, a certain indefinable superiority of manner, which led him to conjecture other exalted qualities. He intimated his wish to become more familiar with the songs and melodies that were to him the most precious of his festive occasion, and did not hesitate, therefore, to intreat a visit for the recreation of them at his own dwelling on the following day. It was then his first impression was confirmed, which ultimately led to her exaltation to the rank of his companion for life. She who had borne adversity well, was not wholly unprepared for the proper enjoyment and use of sudden prosperity, till at length, to the maturity of the noblest principles, she eminently adorned her comparatively elevated sphere.

Madame Froissart (for such was the new name she had acquired with her new station) failed not to conciliate the universal esteem of her neighbors and dependants. It was to her a source of pure and perpetual gratification to visit the humble cottages of the district; to associate with their lovely tenants during their labors in the vineyard, where she would often recount the sorrowful adventures of her own wandering life; and to alleviate the sufferings of the wretched, by charitable distributions.

As years rolled on, an infant family engaged her domestic solicitude; to whom she imparted, as she had now received, the best principles. Her husband was a descendant of one of the persecuted inhabitants of the valleys, and her mind had been gradually led to feel the life-inspiring influence of genuine religion. The prejudices of early life, had, indeed, taken a deep root, but had been gradually eradicated; the extreme darkness of her mind had been effectually dissipated, though slowly, by the light of revelation. Monsieur Froissart had become influenced by a translation of the writings of some of the divines, which the assiduity of British benevolence and piety had sent, with the scriptures, into these Alpine recesses; and already prepared by adversity for the impressions of religion, she read attentively, and at length imbibed entirely, the truth and the spirit of the heavenly records. It became one of her first cares to impart the same instruction to her young family, and then to diffuse it among the poor population of her vicinity.

About this period the attention of several foreign countries, particularly of England, had been attracted to the necessities of these descendants of the Waldenses; and as the restoration of peace in Europe had facilitated their means of communication, various benevolent plans were put into execution for their benefit. The schools of the district were encouraged by pecuniary aid, and new ones established. Of these, Madame Froissart undertook the general superintendence; and the pious traveller, who turned aside from the great road of Italy and France to visit these solitudes of Nature, had soon the satisfaction of discovering several rural institutions for the education of the poor, distributed like so many nests for the nurture of unfledged intelligence, amidst embowering shades, and on the Alpine declivities.

Her own improvement corresponded with her opportunities; and her natural sympathies with children in humble life, intermingling with her religious feelings, gave a certain vigor and zest, as well as perpetuity, to her important efforts.

In the course of a few years, however, Monsieur Froissart saw, with the deepest concern, the health of his excellent companion visibly decline, till the cold and damp of one of the schools, which she persisted in attending during the most inclement seasons, that had been known even in that climate, produced a rapid consumption. Anxious to see the effect of some change of scene and atmosphere, he induced her to undertake a journey—a short one to "Tignes." It was too late, on the third day she was compelled to take refuge in a very mean habitation, and in a very exhausted state. The journey, it is true, did what good nature might be supposed to do, to alleviate her sufferings, but they knew not how to sympathize with the elevated sentiments of her mind. Their ideas were earthly, hers heavenly. They offered the all-vision of mirth and gaiety, she wanted the calm of pious intercourse. They thought her the music of the minstrel, her thoughts were more occupied with celestial songs and symphonies. Yet did she not altogether refuse the strain to which her youth had been devoted, and which found even yet a responsive vibration in her heart. On the second evening after her arrival she consented therefore, to the introduction of a minstrel, while she sat painting beneath a tall vine, looking towards the world of light, which she hoped soon to enter, and exulting on her languid countenance, the beams of the setting sun, which she contemplated as the emblem of her own speedy descent into the grave. It was a solace in her mind to pursue the analogy, and to indulge the anticipation of ascending from the dark horizon of death into another sphere—into the brightness and purity of other skies.

The minstrel performed his part with admirable dexterity and effect. He touched upon themes, and fetched tones from the depths of melody once familiar and delightful to the listener. The very joy of her youth was kindling she felt a renovated life; she shed tears of sweet remembrance, and tears, too, of painfully pleasing recognition. One word she at length pronounced so warmly, so impressively, with such irresistible pathos—

"Riccio!"—that the minstrel dropped his instrument, while she invited him to her sister's arms, and each found in the other the long lost companion of early years! It was to her a stroke of sunshine bordering the valley of death! It seemed to light her passage to the tomb, if it did not almost excite a wish for delay in the regions of vicissitude and sorrow!

We attempt not to describe their emotions nor do we relate the story of his personal adventures during the long years of separation. Her life was now prolonged only a few days; but they were employed in endeavoring to inform the rude and ignorant mind of her brother, it was with little effect: he sympathized with her sufferings, but not with her religion yet was he not absolutely unaffected. He watched the decay of nature with deep interest; he wondered at the power of her dying hour; and he stood with the dearest natural feeling, to witness the spirit of his sister, so much beloved, so little understood, stretch her eager pinions for the immortal flight.

It was her last request, that he would lay aside his wandering habits, and endeavor to naturalize himself with those among whom she had spent so many happy days. She was influenced in making this request by a secret hope that better principles might gradually, though incidentally, enter his mind. Her anticipations were not unfounded. From her association at first, which was only overruled by the request of his dying sister, and which, with minds not entirely hardened, has generally the force of law, he at length became pleased with his new situation; and the religious instruction which he was the medium of transmitting to the different schools in the form of books, tracts, and lectures, finally caught his own attention, and was made the instrument of renewing his own heart. Then he discovered the secret spring of that power which irradiated the closing scene of his sister's pilgrimage; participated in its enjoyment, and, at the distance of only eighteen months was suddenly transported, by a rapid fever, to the society of his departed relative, and the holy visions of immortality.

From the Album.

The Half-Pay Lieutenant.

The close of the campaign in Holland in 1793 brought back to the shores of old England many a maimed and scarred soldier, who had fought and bled for his country, and exerted her standard through a season of battles. About the time alluded to, the metropolis swarmed with disbanding soldiers, and the public had to accustom themselves to the sight of "red coats" adorning every street with the soldier black and dark costumes of the citizens. Many of the returned warriors carried sad souvenirs of their bravery. There were among the disbanding troops a quantity of officers, chiefly of subaltern rank, to whom, or a considerable proportion of them, a poor establishment merely brought half-pay and an unemployed life, little consonant with their active energies.

A favorite resort with the officers now out of commission, was the vicinity of the club at the West End. They were to be distinguished at a glance by their sword-belts, tarnished epaulettes, and faded uniforms.

The scene being shifted, it was changed in Downing Street, where the levees of the ministers soon swarmed with place hunters, whose numbers the military certainly had materially increased. The government did not altogether forget applicants so deserving as the latter, still difficulties arose on distributing civil appointments amongst military men. Some hesitation occurred at placing pens into hands more accustomed to swords. However, the civil service was nevertheless recruited from the ranks of the military, perhaps to an extent beyond the legitimate needs. But the government were unable to place one quarter of the applicants, and the names of the disappointed were "Legion."

Among these unfortunate was the individual whose story we are about to relate. It may be thought a fitting companion piece of portraiture to the Poor Captain of Elia.

We derive the subject of a anecdote from the Memoires of M. Dutens, who was private secretary to the right Honorable C. Mackenzie in 1799. In this year (wrote M. Dutens) I daily met with an old Scotch officer of sixty years or more named Campbell; he had a high military department, but was tall, thin, and lame—much, indeed, in appearance like the old captain whom "Gil Blas" describes meeting with while in the service of the Count de Lerma. This poor military gentleman was one of those who thronged at the Treasury and the bureau of the ministry after the peace. Lieutenant Campbell's object was to get a place under Government; not a high salaryed office or a sinecure, but just some small appointment in the Revenue of the Customs if possible, in the country. For with regard to this provincial preference, he had a wife and family; and he thought he could live more economically in the country than in town. He was prepared to turn his sword into a ploughshare, and, like Cincinnatus, he was ready also to turn his back upon the capital.

"All that I could do for my poor subaltern was to obtain him the wished-for audience of the minister of state; but Lieutenant Campbell's request to be employed in some small way in the civil service, was received and treated as every ten in the dozen of such applications were by the minister—received certainly with politeness and civility, never recorded, but dismissed, forgotten from the moment the door of the bureau closed upon the applicant. Lieutenant Campbell was bowed out in the usual manner. He, however, would not, for a long time, believe in the possibility of his failure. He had no idea of the deceptive nature of the *Deus ex Machina* he sought to propitiate. He came often to Downing Street to hear when he was likely to be appointed, and where would be the scene of his duties. His anxiety in pressing

thus with his faith in a political patron whom in fact, he had only once seen, excited by sympathy, and I could not help feeling interested in so unfortunate and credulous a sutor. His gentleman like bearing distinguished him from the horde of place-hunters besieging the Government offices, and I determined I would see what could be done for him notwithstanding his want of the usual credentials from high political personage for getting a place of a sinecure.

"It was when the Lieutenant was well night wearied with dancing (poor fellow! hobbling the better word) attendance with his maimed limb and seely uniform in the parlors of Downing Street, that one day he came into my office in such a state of depression, dust, and fatigue, that I really felt pained to see him, and listened to him in a chair. He, however, declined it but said in a tone of anguish—

"Ah, sir, you are too good to be offended if I say that it is not for me to take my ease when I ought to be working for my bread."

"The truth was out, and I managed to soothe the sad communication as not to add to his troubles by wounding his pride. When we made a confidant, it is human nature to be open hearted and communicative. The lieutenant told me his story. He had served long he was sixty years of age, and still only a subaltern officer in the army, now placed on a wretched pension as a supernumerary allowance commonly called half-pay; he had seen three of his sons, one after the other, killed in action almost by his side; he had now a second wife and another family to bring up, and nothing to subsist on but the miserable proceeds of that half-pay. His case filled me with sympathy and commiseration, and I determined to aid him, if possible.

"The same evening after supper with my patron, Mr. Mackenzie, and while arranging some papers for his signature, I hazarded an attempt at bringing Lieutenant Campbell's case on the tapis.

"Here, sir," I began while arranging the papers before me, "is poor Campbell's application. The poor fellow called to-day again as he has come every day for months past. He expects, unreasonably enough, but yet he seems confident of, an appointment. And if, indeed, distress would be any recommendation, he tells me now that he is actually in want of bread."

"Thy dear sir!" ejaculated the minister, in expressing a yawn; "a truce with more solicitations this evening. Have we not had enough of them during the day? I think that at least in my privacy, I should be free from this sort of annoyance. Do not if you please, dissipate the idea I entertain that, when I am in the bosom of my family, I am no longer attending to the suit of every place-hunter."

"I was of course silenced by this refusal. Still I could not rest that night for thinking of the case of Lieutenant Campbell. He was present in my dreams. The chair which I had offered him in my office, and which he had refused in so touching a manner; those three sons killed in battle by his side; himself, after forty years service, only a lieutenant; and now on half-pay, and with a numerous family to support! I could not help feeling distressed when I reflected on the instances of sorrow and misfortune.

"I rose earlier than usual. The minister of state had risen before me. He had gone to one of his seats a short distance from town, but he had left a note for me directing me to forward his letters. Whenever Mr. Mackenzie visited his cottage at Tottenham, he requested me to send after him some newly published book, or some old and favorite author, for his amusement. It struck me, while turning over some volumes in his library, that Mr. Mackenzie was especially partial to *Gil Blas* in the original of Le Sage. We had read it together, a few times diverted him more than that vivid and varied picture of life.

The character of Captain Don Hannibal Chinchilla returned to my mind in all its lively reality. I found considerable resemblance between Lieutenant Campbell and the description given by Gil Blas of Chinchilla, and the idea possessed me that I would to the Minister's pardon for the *disfaveur* of Le Sage, by way of renewing my suit on behalf of my protegee, the Lieutenant. Accordingly, I conceived of writing to the minister a memoir thereon, depicting the character of a modern Don Hannibal de Chinchilla, and closely following as the facts permitted, the peculiarities of the original in *Gil Blas*. I signed the sketch "Gil Blas the younger," and sent it off to my patron. I soon heard from his valet who delivered the paper, that he had read the memoir, and that he had smiled repeatedly in the perusal. This I put down as a good augury. At the lapse of a few days, Mr. Mackenzie returned to town. One morning, shortly after his return, he called me into his cabinet, and requested me to enter in a book which was kept to register the names of persons who were strongly recommended to those of some fresh applicants. I was agreeably surprised when he dictated, amongst others, the name of Campbell.

"Apropos of the Lieutenant," Mr. Mackenzie observed, "put down 'recommended by Gil Blas the Younger.'"
"I did not fail to thank the minister, and that hearily, when I found that my *rust* had proved successful, without giving offence to my patron.
"It was with infinite pleasure that I afterwards announced to my poor *protegee* that he was nominated to an appointment as a collector of the revenue in his own country, Scotland. The poor old gentleman shed tears of joy at the good news, and overhauled me with his thanks. I never saw him again, but heard that he fulfilled his duties arduously and was esteemed one of the most respected of the king's servants of those under whose immediate authority he acted in Scotland."

Fishing for Husbands and Wives.
"Spiridon," the Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas, has the following:—

I have no literary anecdote to tell about Chateau; its sombre stories are leaves from the record of the Court of Bankruptcy; the heroes there are lucky adventurers or insouciant debtors. Its tales are recipes for pushing one's fortune in the world. Let me winnow from the huge ledger which contains these profitable legends, one or two stories which rise a little above the Rule of Three. These two stories turn on marriage, and they exhibit the modes by which a husband and wife may be won.

Madame ———— had just left the boarding school, when the annual period for moving out to Chateau came around in her paternal alms-house, and all the family took up their abode in the box, which they dignified with the name of villa, and where they were quite as much at ease as salted herring in a barrel. Mademoiselle became fond of angling; she had an inexhaustible fund of patience, and although nothing ever found its way into her basket she continued to cast her line into the water. A gentleman observed her for a good many days; she won his hearty but patient perseverance. He called on her father, exhibited to him the attested inventory of his fortune (it was not less than \$100,000,) and made her Madame ————, and she is never so happy as when reminding those who laughed at her fondness for angling, that by her rod she caught a husband and a fortune of \$100,000. So much for the Chateau recipe for catching a husband. Here is the way a wife was caught:

A widow lady had long been a resident of this village, but too many years had passed away. Time had no effect on her, but to ripen her charms and to mature her fortune, profitably invested in the most lucrative and the surest securities. Admirers were not wanting, but she soon rid herself of them all by declaring her steadfast resolution to remain a widow—mistress of her person and her fortune, and consequently enabled to follow her angling without a certain lecture for time absorbed and money thrown away on fishing and its tackle. She fished daily and always in one spot of the river—for the tortuous river Seine waters Chateau. Among those who admired her was a quiet youth who never dared to tell his love, after having passed away days in observing her fish, it occurred to him that he might take advantage of her love of angling to acquaint her with his love. He was an expert swimmer. After having unexpressed himself in some obscure covert, he examined cautiously until he came near the place where his love was fishing; he dived and fastened a cantharus enveloped letter on the hook of her line. The cork sunk, and Madame ———— drew up the line. To her amazement she found a letter addressed to her. She soon read it and found a declaration of love. She was greatly puzzled at this occurrence, and returned the next morning in her accustomed place, determined to keep a vigilant watch and to see by what trick these epistles were foisted on her attention. Down the cork went and up the letter came as before—she could discover nothing. The next day she secured her rod and hid herself at some distance to detect the secret of this mystery; she waited some time after she was tired, and returning to her rod found another letter for her. This letter excited the favor of a reply; it was accepted, and this submarine correspondence lasted for some time, until at the last her excited curiosity impelled her to invite the unknown correspondent to come to see her. He replied: "I will if you bid me hope." Her reply was: "Hope." He came, she saw, he conquered, the marriage took place before this spell of warm weather came on, and the happy couple are spending the honey moon near the sea shore, alternately bathing and fishing, for they hold these arts in equal esteem, each being indebted to one for a good fortune or to the other for a good husband.

SOMETHING ABOUT SCHOOLS. We know a man who last summer hired four colts, purchased on a farm some five miles distant. At least once in two weeks he got into a wagon and drove over to see how his juvenile horses fared. He made minute inquiries of the keeper as to their health, their daily watering, &c. &c. he himself examined the condition of the pasture, and when a dry season came on he made special arrangements to have a daily allowance of water, and he was careful to know that this was regularly supplied.

This man had four children attending a district school kept in a small building erected at the cross roads. Around this building on three sides is a space six feet wide, the fourth side is on a line with the street. There is not an out-house or shade tree in sight of the building. Of the interior of the school-house we need not speak. The single room is like two many others, with all its apparatus arranged upon the most approved plan for producing corner spines, compressed lungs, ill health, &c.

We wish to state one fact on'y. The owner of these colts, the father of these children, has never been into that school-house to inquire after the comfort, health or mental food daily dealt out to his offspring. The latter part the summer we chance to ask "who teaches your school?" and the reply was, "he did not know, he believed her name was Parker but he had no time to look after school matters."

[Am. Agriculturist.]

SWEETSBERRY says, "though the virgin he saw in heaven were beautiful, the wives were incomparably more beautiful, and went on increasing in beauty evermore! Is not here an inducement for girls to get married! What girl would willingly remain single in this world, at the expense of beauty in the next?"

If that is elevated twice by the same man, is an accomplice with the cheat.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, Mo. SEPTEMBER 22, 1854.

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Recent Election. Opinions of the Press.

Every Journal as in duty bound gives its opinion of the recent election. Here is the opinion of the Age:

"The Issues Decided. In the election of last Monday, the people of this State have virtually repudiated both the Democratic Party and the Whig Party, and declared in favor of confiding the destinies of Maine to the hands of Anna P. Morrill, as their chosen chief, and Neal Dow, Willey, Peck and Co., as his trusty subalterns.

They have also declared in favor of Know-Nothingism.

They have declared in favor of Fusionism. They have declared in favor of Morrillism. They have declared in favor of Abolitionism.

They have declared in favor of Sectionalism.

They have declared in favor of religious intolerance, and religious persecution.

They have declared in favor of Henry Clay in all its protean shapes.

They have declared specifically in favor of the repeal of the FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW. They have declared in favor of the restoration of the Missouri Compromise.

And, finally, they have declared in favor of BARGAIN and CORRUPTION generally.

Maine has fallen from her high estate. Her citizens have proved reckless of her reputation, and untrue to themselves. They have forsaken the path of political rectitude, and yielded to the worship of false gods.

Their prosperity, under democratic rule, had become a curse to them. Like the children of Israel, they demanded a king, and Providence in his wrath, has given them one. If they are the sufferers by it, they can blame nobody but themselves.

They have, however, got to pay the expenses of this COLLUSION DANCE.

The friends of Mr. Morrill never made the Maine Law a political hobby. That thing was done by Chanderism which assumed, both openly and secretly to control the Democratic Party.

The Age could not have compressed more of falsehood in the same number of lines. The result of the recent election is a triumph of the people of true Democracy.

This is the old song isms, isms—twain brother to "Bogus, Nigger, Ramrod." But the Age's opinion is worthless as the following from the Bath Times, fully shows:

"The Augusta Age. This paper, after playing into the hands of the anti-Nebraska coalition, abolition Morrill party, in whose employ it now is, has at length developed its true character, and 'gone to its own place,' and its bowels of abolition filth have gushed out and filled its columns with its disgusting and impudently expected and waited for democracy of this section. They have no objection to its following a temporary majority: to its being a successful 'soldier of fortune,' and continue the State paper of any and all factions that may triumph for a day; to its advocating the old whig doctrine of 'availability' and expediency, without principle or honor or self-respect; but they are not willing to regard it as a sound and reliable democratic paper. They concur with the Washington Union, which, in speaking of the Age, says 'that the best way to treat disorganizers like the Maine Age is to hand them over to the furies who propose to burn the capital and to resist the laws. Such prints remain in the democratic party alone to impair its strength, and to disorganize its creed.'"

NEED IS NEBRASKA. "The Age is an ignorant of democratic sentiment in this senatorial district, as it is void of honesty or any correct principles. The democratic papers in this district, namely, the Lincoln Democrat, the Democratic Advocate, and ourselves, have uniformly, since the first introduction of the Nebraska bill, advocated its passage, and defended the principle on which it is based. Such also is the sentiment of the democratic party in this district." [Bath Times.

A Journal that has been read out of the party at so many different times—in so many places and for such reasons cannot entertain any opinions which old Fusionism will respect.

The Times further says:

"The first returns seem to be of so unvarying a character, that many persons of intelligent minds incline to the opinion that Morrill is elected Governor by the people. At this present moment we are not so well satisfied on that point, as we are of the very apparent and singular fact that the whig party has breathed its last. Peace to its ashes.

"The democratic vote is fair. It does not loom up in the gigantic proportions of former years; but the existence of an actual democratic party in Maine is indubitably apparent. We can glean a crumb of satisfaction from this, taken in connection with a critical examination of the column of figures over which is written the name of the person nominated at the large resolution frightened whig state convention, for the office of Governor."

A democratic party "indubitably apparent." Yes more "apparent" than real, so far as the Portland "regular" dumb Convention had anything to do with it. But the Democracy which supported Mr. Morrill is a real, tangible entity.

The Argus says:

"It is a source of gratification to the democrats of Maine, that they have before them no such labor and anxiety as must now devolve upon the fusion leaders. Had the democratic party succeeded, it would have triumphed as a distinct organization, and would have administered the government upon established principles. But upon what principles it is now to be administered, or for the benefit of what organization, remains to be seen." [Argus.

A "distinct organization" composed of the Abolitionists, Anti-Maine Law fusionists, Whigs, Nebraskaites, Anti-Nebraskaites, bolters and men who had been turned over to the furies to burn the Capital of the country. Very distinct indeed! Administer the Government upon "established principles." A party without principles—dumb, vacant, silent, "would have administered the government on established principles!" Preposterous absurdity! That party had no principles—offered no principles—advocated no principles. It now talks about "established principles." The people know better.

The following remarks are taken from a

Journal which feels happy although defeated.

Its language in short is, "the people of Maine can keep tavern without law, oats, whiskey or dinner; but I tell you Uncle Sam is not so short." His creature comforts are not subject to these popular elections.

From the Maine Free Press:

"The Election. OUR VERSION OF THE AFFAIR. We publish in our paper of this day, such returns, as we have been able to obtain before going to press. Our friends and opponents may have a little curiosity to see what the Free Press has to say upon the result of the election.

If the reader will give us his attention, we will tell him the whole story. As near as we can ascertain, the "Morrill men" have made a clean sweep—have elected Morrill, all the Members of Congress, and a majority of the Legislature. Nearly all the whigs went over to Morrill, and a few of the democrats followed! There may be those who wish to know how it happened that more votes of the right sort were not put into the ballot box. The fact is, the fellow who carried our votes round, "fell through," before he reached Belmont. We presume he is distributing the regular ticket in the region of "Sierra's Hole," as he was steering northward at the last accounts. We hope he will do better than we have done this way; if he does not, he will be somewhat lonely to say the least. We shall try to hear the defeat of our party with equanimity, believing that there is a better time coming—and we hope when the "Morrill men" blow up, and we are triumphant, they will be equally considerate. We have yet on hand, to all appearance a considerable amount of an establishment; but we are pretty nearly in the condition of the tavern keeper. A traveller called upon the boy in attendance, when the following dialogue took place:—"Do you keep any oats?" "No sir." "Any hay?" "No sir." "Any wheat?" "No sir." "Any corn?" "No sir." "Any barley?" "No sir." "Any rye?" "No sir." "Any buckwheat?" "No sir." "Any clover?" "No sir." "Any timothy?" "No sir." "Any alfalfa?" "No sir." "Any other feed?" "No sir." "Well, stranger, we don't keep them things but we keep tavern!" Now we are keeping tavern and have not taken in our sign; but we are sorry to say the fare is scarcer and the company have nearly all stepped out! Let us say, however, to our brother democrats, who remain, if you are hungry, wait with patience, till next year and we will put the old democratic quarters, in apple-pie order, when you shall take the places of the present patriotic gentlemen, who are soon to honor the State with their services."

From the Argus, again:

"This State must be redeemed. The shocking alliance by which it has now been carried, will soon be utterly dissolved, from the ineffectual character of its own elements, and many of those who unwisely have helped to form it, will once more be glad to find peace and happiness and honor and protection beneath the time-honored banner of democracy. We invite all the true-hearted men of the State, to join us in this war for its redemption. What say, brethren of the press, shall not Maine be redeemed? What say, you thirty thousand democrats, who voted with us on the 11th inst., shall we not enlist now for a new campaign? We know your answers. And in the enthusiasm of your hearts, we find a certain augury of coming success."

"Shocking alliances" for the people to support a candidate with principles. They would do better to "go it blind," and let John A. Poir, Stephen Arnold Douglas and Josiah S. Little & Co. direct them, assisted by those who dare not promulgate any principles; but who declare they will give "no opinion."

The "true-hearted men of the State are invited to join in redemption."—"Redemption" Redemption from what? Plenaryism? Chanderism? Douglassism? Aclanationism? Dumbism? The people have just accomplished a redemption from all these isms; and they will probably make it stay accomplished.

What say, "thirty thousand democrats?" Dumbies the Argus means. There are not so many as that. Out of 80,000 votes Mr. Parris has received only about 25,000. Why does the Argus call on 30,000 Dumbies when it has only five sixths of that number? This is calling spirits from the vasty deep.

The substance of this twaddle is, the mountain must go to Mahomet—the greater must yield to the less—the people must come to us—they don't know how to vote—we must get up another contest forthwith and teach them how; and then if they go to suit us and give us the spoils, why instead of hopping and spluttering as we do now without a platform—a why or a wherefore—we shall find "peace, happiness and honor" while we have our fingers in the public treasury and tread the public courts.

Thus we see the spirit of the old fusion—no Platform Press. All these hungry expectants are dissatisfied with the plain action and decision of the people; and are very desirous of trying it over again.

They are not satisfied that one know-nothing organization should offset another; but they want the privilege of revamping their old fusions; and talk about "redemption" from the will of the people. They are not satisfied with the vote of honest freemen; but they thus early set themselves to work to defeat what they have done. This is the old federal Hartford Convention doctrine—"the people don't know how to vote"—"they are fools and can't be trusted"—"they can't act without our leave"—"we must take care of them and oversee them, and redeem them; or they will break their necks."

This is a first and very early announcement that the people have voted wrong; and that the factions of liberals, nationalists, whigs, abolitionists, priests, prophets and Douglassites, must form a closer fusion to gain a victory over them.

"The Election. Our compositors yesterday were so much in love with it, that they reproduced by mistake an article concerning it which had passed into the weekly edition and had substantially appeared in the daily several days before. For ourselves, we think a single reading of the returns is enough. [Exchange.

The author of the above regular neuralgia paragraph on reading the returns feels very much as a certain character is said to feel at the sight of holy water. He never desires to see it a second time.

The following remarks are taken from a

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

The following is the recapitulation of the vote so far as received. It is exceedingly doubtful whether Mr. Morrill is elected, yet there is a chance. We learn from another source that the returns from all but five or six towns have been received at Augusta; and that he still has a small majority.

We will publish the votes of the several counties next week.

The vote for County Commissioner we have not obtained—there can be no doubt of the election of Mr. Bartlett.

RECAPITULATION.

County.	Rep.	Dem.	Know-Nothing.	Whig.	Other.
York County.	1063	3368	4361	503	
Cumberland.	1274	3090	5788	698	
Androscoggin.	655	1302	2238	129	
Sagadahoc.	323	362	2334	46	
Lisbon.	1065	1628	2330	183	
Hancock.	232	973	2916	8	
Washington.	565	1772	1875	35	
Kennebec.	1524	1414	4408	429	
Oxford.	404	2965	3107	138	
Somerset.	1497	1235	1930	50	
Piscataquis.	1687	3478	5272	167	
Waldo.	671	1824	3117	166	
Franklin.	923	1227	2227	107	
Arden.	344	809	1954	207	
Acworth.	321	556	291	483	
Total.	13,332	26,779	43,962	3292	

Senatorial Vote.

County.	Rep.	Dem.	Know-Nothing.	Whig.	Other.
York County.	12	18	36	29	86
Cumberland.	23	27	63	63	52
Androscoggin.	203	212	33	15	134
Sagadahoc.	9	195	187	2	20
Lisbon.	100	127	90	1	200
Hancock.	13	21	7	0	32
Washington.	3	66	80	24	118
Kennebec.	29	44	50	15	133
Oxford.	22	27	52	47	147
Somerset.	15	120	129	24	136
Piscataquis.	24	27	8	5	29
Waldo.	60	61	4	1	77
Franklin.	19	20	3	2	25
Arden.	60	116	141	26	29
Acworth.	29	76	76	4	98
York County.	91	130	54	14	111
Cumberland.	28	125	55	10	130
Androscoggin.	11	112	166	4	125
Sagadahoc.	10	10	0	0	4
Lisbon.	47	46	7	5	51
Hancock.	24	21	2	2	69
Washington.	10	196	217	22	123
Kennebec.	65	101	59	25	126
Oxford.	187	271	122	47	220
Somerset.	26	108	81	2	102
Piscataquis.	91	91	26	26	70
Waldo.	117	140	40	20	105
Franklin.	36	36	4	4	54
Arden.	117	138	25	2	59
Acworth.	7	7	5	12	49
York County.	166	154	4	4	56
Cumberland.	263	572	53	0	217
Androscoggin.	144	116	2	0	82
Sagadahoc.	0	110	123	13	148
Lisbon.	2	2	1	3	33
Hancock.	10	17	8	3	18
Washington.	6	6	1	1	9
Kennebec.	1	4	5	3	35
Oxford.	9	9	0	0	10
Somerset.	1	1	2	6	4
Piscataquis.	12	14	7	6	5
Waldo.	1907	3416	2079	589	3520

Vote for County Treasurer.

County.	Rep.	Dem.	Know-Nothing.	Whig.	Other.
York County.	57	58	88	52	
Cumberland.	70	92	48	85	
Androscoggin.	151	217	188	201	
Sagadahoc.	303	353	230	113	
Lisbon.	166	154	4	56	
Hancock.	26	29	21	22	
Washington.	84	133	91	118	
Kennebec.	122	116	71	147	
Oxford.	65	123	58	132	
Somerset.	102	114	136	145	
Piscataquis.	13	13	10	10	
Waldo.	24	26	32	29	
Franklin.	2	2	6	22	
Arden.	68	112	66	76	
Acworth.	130	189	145	110	
York County.	26	24	25	22	
Cumberland.	97	63	132	59	
Androscoggin.	8	8	6	6	
Sagadahoc.	49	114	119	98	
Lisbon.	121	128	117	123	
Hancock.	8	8	10	4	
Washington.	43	54	51	53	
Kennebec.	17	21	19	19	
Oxford.	20	76	26	69	
Somerset.	105	162	229	132	
Piscataquis.	122	137	122	126	
Waldo.	117	86	102	110	
Franklin.	289	261	280	222	
Arden.	90	79	121	69	
Acworth.	4	25	11	25	
York County.	156	110	158	104	
Cumberland.	119	95	140	88	
Androscoggin.	80	51	92	49	
Sagadahoc.	46	53	40	56	
Lisbon.	40	51	28	54	
Hancock.	96	129	123	148	
Washington.	132	65	133	83	
Kennebec.	1	1	1	0	
Oxford.	5	26	2	33	
Somerset.	5	5	9	8	
Piscataquis.	2	2	2	6	
Waldo.	3253	2951	2153	3131	

Members of Congress.

1st district—John M. Wood elected by 2627 plurality.

2d district—John J. Perry elected by 2843 plurality.

In the 3d district, thirty-six towns, the vote stands Knowlton 4726, Parley 2021, Dickerson 3274. The vote in case of an increase Knowlton's plurality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Intersected Letter.

The following glimpses at a young lady's heart taken from a letter to a young friend, will amuse if they do not instruct the reader.

1. You tell me, dear Amy, you're anxious to know all about the affair with my recent beau. 'Tis quite an embarrassing matter, 'tis true, but you know, dearest love, I have no secrets from you, and so without any undue affectation, I'll tell you a tale you may tell to the nation.

2. I had met him quite often at party and ball, had danced with him, talked with him, walked with him, all—had heard all his stories, where largely he draws on the works of his countryman, Baron Munchausen—had looked at his pictures, and laughed at his "brogue" and thought him a charming unprincipled rogue.

3. Conceivably my surprise when, one fine summer morning, without even a word or a warning, the elegant Herman, (for this is his name—no other old Dutch Dutch he says that came.) in terms which I cannot this moment repeat, his heart and his palette laid down at my feet.

4. O, Amy, I trembled and colored up so, I dared not say yes, and I couldn't say no. My heart came so fast, that I could hardly speak, all the blood at once rushed from my heart to my cheek, while Herman sat by me quite tranquil and cool, and thought me, no doubt a complete little fool.

5. At last I got out, "it was such a surprise—knew not what to say," and he looked in my eyes with a kind of a look that I could not resist—and then with such order my fingers he kissed! In short, my dear Amy, I hardly know how I ended with saying—I would be his wife!

6. After that matters went along smoothly and trim, he made love to me and I listened to him. We often took rides in the sun and weather, and on rainy nights sat on the sofa together. He used to talk to me sometimes of his mother—also of the Colonel, his wonderful brother.

7. I loved him, dear Amy, I'll own to the truth! My soul was bound up in the picture of youth! It was not his beauty that won me alone, but a something he had in each look and in each tone—a mixture of poetry, romance and art, that taken together, quite "did" for my heart.

8. I was proud of him too, only once in a while when he told his adventures, and people would smile, and tread on each other's toes under the table, even my warm affections were always unable to keep me from telling him that I did wish his tales would not smell quite so strongly of fish.

9. But then I excused him one way and another. I'd say, "All the world lies for something or other—politicians for place, and lawyers for gold, and merchants to get the goods off from the shelf," "it's in for it all, though they 'do' and 'pouch'—it's—since he enjoys it he may as well do it."

10. Herman was all devotion, all passion and sighs, he seemed to live in the light of my eyes. What words of endearment would fall from his lips! How countless the kisses on my finger tips! "Love thinks but of love," was his ardent phrase. Alas, I found his reckoned dollars and cents!

11. One day he came from his labors at school—I thought he appeared unaccountably cool. Not one "dearest angel" or any such word from the tongue of the altered adorer was heard. That evening he called upon Amable Chase, the next day I learned the whole state of the case.

12. He supposed it appears, dear papa had the "rucks," was rolling in dollars, and swelling with "stocks," would "cut up" in good style, and in consequence that his child would come in for a bit of "the fat." When he learned his mistake, it was too late to discover how the rock went at once to the heart of my lover!

13. He came up to see me, and saw me alone, and unfolded affairs with a grace all his own. He would have "preferred" me, he said, for a wife, to any one that he had met in his life, but as for himself why he had not a liver, and I must agree that it was a fair trade.

14. Such being the case, he would bid me adieu, and hoped the affair would not render me "blue." I thanked him, and told him I always was taught, that the sea had as good fish as ever was caught, "and perhaps I may yet do as well, my dear Herman, as to be linked for my life to a penniless German."

15. So we parted. I hurried away from the scene, if not very "blue," I did feel rather "green." I left in the stage coach the very next day, and whiff a few tears the first part of the way, but five miles passed over the road grew so hot, I looked out for the pits and forgot to weep.

16. When I got in the cars, and was safe in my seat, what person of all the world should I meet! Way whom but Fred Farreast! He has, as you know, been traveling in Europe three years or so, and has grown—oh, so handsome!—why, Herman himself, when Fred was at hand, would be laid on the shelf!

17. Now, I had intended when no one was by, to let down my veil, and indulge in a "cry," but talking a while to that love of a Fred, but such sentimental stuff out of my head. He made his adieu at the Union station, but I've commenced a delicious flirtation!

18. He came out to see me—so rude and we walked, and various topics were over and over talked. "The old, dearest Amy, you'll easily guess—he asked me a question, and I answered—'Yes.' Push up and come on, just as soon as you can, to 'stand up' with me on the twentieth Jan."

19. A most thorough contrast there never was seen than Herman and Frederick, in person and mind. Fred's eyes are so smiling, so blue and serene, his mouth is delicate, rosy and clean. Herman's eye had at times quite a sinister flash—and I often saw crumbs on his dusty moustache!

20. Then Herman, you know, was unpleasantly white, while Fred is so elegant, slender and tall. He wears such a diamond, and sings so sweetly, and plays the guitar and violoncello so well! He has a sweet place on the Bay, and a four story mansion just out of Broadway.

21. I feel quite excited, and my dear love,

sign bean is welcome to marry for money or show. Poor fellow! I pity him—grubbing away at those rusty old humpbacks of his day by day. Here's my parting advice to that pupil of art—'Beg, borrow or steal air, a conscience and heart.'

22. "With these small additions to your stock in trade rest assured my dear Herman, your fortune is made." Good-bye, beloved Amy, till early in Jan. Come—well, we'll say by the tenth—if you can, your image will fill my heart's inmost cranny, while life warms the breast of your own attached ANNIE.

Thrilling Railroad Sketch.

Some time since, upon one of the best of our roads—a road in which all attention is given to the comfort and safety of the passengers—one of the most rapid trains left a city at its regular time—and all having care of the train were satisfied that all the movement was ordinary and right. There was no peculiar jar—no sudden change of sound, the wheels went round rapidly as a racer could require, and the systematic and well understood blow of the wheel upon the rail, succeeded by the roll when the continuous rail was reached, assured everybody that all was right.

A short time after the train had left, one of the workmen employed at the station, came to the superintendent bringing with him a piece of a long bolt, which he said he had just found upon the track. It was, he thought something pertaining to the cars. The superintendent, with a thrill of feeling recognized it as the king bolt of one of the carriages. The train was too far gone—indeed, as several minutes had elapsed—gone far beyond reach or recall. These express driving wheels devout distance, so that voice is but a mockery, and pursuit an impossibility. He kept cool, though every nerve thrilled. He saw at a glance that it was an accident, the occurrence of which it was utterly impossible for the conductor to ascertain, and not being of the engine there would be nothing to induce the engineer to close his throttle valve. The only hope was, that by its weight the car might stay on the track. He took his course in prompt decision. The triumph of art by the blessings of heaven, have played an agency in advance of the locomotive.

He went to the telegraph, and this was his message. It was a calm one, and not of impulse or dismay—"Examine the trucks on the express train, and see if it is all right." He had thus far done all he could. In the meantime, on that train, the pleasant conversation the absorbed reading, the glance at scenery, the recollection of a charming hour passed away, or the hope of a glad welcome—all the incidents that mark every transit of intelligent travellers were in occurrence. There were those who could sleep—though quantity and quality were disordered and mingled.

By one of those fatal ties in telegraphic movement, which brings news of the world's disaster to a friend, whose return must be immediate, after the last and worst issue has passed, this dispatch of the superintendent did not reach the first station till the train had passed! But even in this emergency, there was a beam of hope. Thus far at least, the train had gone safely. When the operator at the first station did receive the message, he comprehended in a moment the urgent necessity and the imminent need of help. Like a man of sense, he pushed the signal on, and to the very first place where the telegraph could be used, he sent on the superintendent's message. In all these hours, that officer could not take of his mind the keen anxiety. There before him was the faithless train, and he knew that without it every turn of the wheel brought peril. Better success attended the reasons of the despatch. Long before the hour for the train to arrive, the instructions were read, and the superintendent had companions in his anxieties. They awaited keenly the minute when the train should be due. It came as rushing as a tremendous steam showed itself over the trees, then the tall, dark smoke stack, with its breastplate, the polished, shining silver of its cone, the lantern, then the sharp whistle to the brakemen and all were accomplished generally. The train brought up all right, and the hurrying traveler plunged eagerly for his baggage. The conductor, stepping from his train, with that quiet, customary business-like movement, found himself at once called by the station men to keener action. He could not believe that anything was wrong, for as a fact is declared of greater truth than a theory, the miles run with winged speed in safety bold of complete order and security.

There was a busy scrutiny about and under the train. The order of the superintendent told that he was in earnest. Men got under trucks in places where, if the locomotive should break take a breath there would be crushed—where were tried—brakes examined—beams and bumpers overhauled—and nothing seen as defective, and the dispatch that had used the lightning to travel upon seemed as if it was—like the fire cry of the Italian in Meville, when they saw the moon rise—a false alarm. There was one of that examining party quite satisfied—I wish I felt at liberty to give his name. That faithful, earnest, constant, accurate officer, never absent, never altogether, he took that one more last look, which seems so often to concentrate excess and discovered that from one of the cars the king bolt was gone! And he knew by the fact that from the point of starting, the message of warning had been sent, that all over this journey, this car had been kept from destruction by its weight by a groove. The minute had the value of life that cannot be recalled in it.

If the engineer had seen any unusual object before him—checked his speed—found his way impeded—given on steam again—the quick, sudden movement would have it in most probable, pulled the truck from the car, and written sad memories in the history of that day. But so smoothly, so easily, that such steady train that engine moved—that in this unknown danger, its course was as safe as if all the strength of iron had accompanied it—Heaven changes that dread word—danger by its mere use.

When the Superintendent heard that his train had reached its destination safely, and that his message was yet in time for the remedy—the remainder of that day were a smiling and gentle look. The compressed lip could let the breath come free again.

Portland Business Directory.

JAMES BAILEY & Co.,
Dealers in
Saddlery, Hardware, Trunklocks,
Rivets, Patent and Canned Leather of all kinds,
Oak and Hemlock Leather, Webbing, Fringes,
Saddler's Siles, Chaise Bows, Axes, Springs
and Bands, Malacca Cases, etc., etc.
No. 4 Free Street, PORTLAND.

H. G. QUINCY,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Spectacles,
FANCY GOODS AND JEWELRY,
English, French and German Toys,
French Baskets, &c.
No. 46 Exchange Street, PORTLAND.

Watches and Jewelry repaired at short notice.
Will furnish Family Goods for Fairs. 14

EMERY & WATERHOUSE,
Importers and dealers in
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY AND GLASS,
No. 153 Middle Street, PORTLAND.

O. & H. W. HALE,
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Dealers in
Pressed Hay & Country Produce.
Commercial Street, Head of Central Wharf,
PORTLAND.

OLIVER HALL, HENRY W. HALE,
JOSHUA DURGIN & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS,
Dealers in
Paints, Oils, Dry-Staffs, &c.
ALSO, AGENTS FOR ALL THE POPULAR PATENT
MEDICINES.
No. 112 Middle Street,
PORTLAND.

E. SHAW & Co.,
Successors to Joseph Hay & Son,
DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
No. 88 Middle Street,
PORTLAND.

SEAVEY & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
STOVES, GRATES,
RANGES, HOT-AIR FURNACES,
And Marble Mantles.
Nos. 171 & 173 Middle and 114 & 116 Federal Sts.,
PORTLAND, ME.

J. S. PAINE,
DEALER IN
CHICKERING'S PIANO FORTES,
RECEIVED DIRECT,
And Musical Merchandise,
No. 113 Middle Street,
PORTLAND.

PURINTON & BABB,
Wholesale dealers in
West India Goods and Groceries,
Provisions, Country Produce, &c.,
187 Fore Street, Head of Central Wharf,
PORTLAND, ME.

HIDE, OIL AND LEATHER STORE,
34 Exchange Street, PORTLAND.

TYLER, RICE & SONS,
Have constantly on hand a large assortment of
Wax, Kip, Grain, Harness, Service, &
SOLE AGENTS FOR
French and American Calf Skins, Linings, Bind-
ing and Leather in the rough, Straps, Blank-
ets and Neats Foot, Lamp Black
and Sumac.
Leather sold on Commission for Sale of Storage

JOHN C. BROOKS & Co.,
Importers and Dealers in
BAR IRON AND STEEL,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Axes, Springs, Grindstones, &c.,
Cor. Commercial Street and Central Wharf,
PORTLAND.

JOHN C. BROOKS, THOS. B. BROOKS,
WETHERILL BROTHERS,
Importers and Jobbers of
SILKS, RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS,
Embroideries, Dress Trimmings, Gloves,
&c., &c.
BRANCH HOUSE, 132 Middle Street,
PORTLAND.

H. J. LIBBY & Co.,
Wholesale dealers in
Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,
And Manufacturers of
Sheeting, Flannels, Warps and Batting.
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Nos. 1 & 2 Free Street Block.
H. J. LIBBY, PORTLAND. J. AS. B. LIBBY,
F. O. LIBBY, PORTLAND. L. G. LOGGIE,
PORTLAND.

D. WHITE & Co.,
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,
172 Middle Street, Portland, Me.
Brushes of every description in common use, with
a great variety of FANCY BRUSHES for
sale at low prices—wholesale or retail.
Dishes and plates, washing tubs, wash-
boards, and all the iron and brass ware, and
Machine Brushes made to order at short
notice.

PERKINS & TITCOMB,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS,
DEALERS IN MEDICINES,
Paints, Oils, Dry Staffs, &c., &c.
Commercial St. 14th Street Foot of Union Wharf
PORTLAND.

J. W. PERKINS, L. H. TITCOMB,
GEORGE W. TUKEY,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
TRUNKS, VALISES,
AND CARRY BAGS,
All kinds of Trunk and Valise Stock, at Manu-
facturers' lowest prices.
No. 1 Free, Corner of Canal Street,
PORTLAND, ME.

CURTIS & HASELTON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HATS, CAPS, FURS,
GLOVES, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c.
Hats & Caps, first floor. Clothing, second floor.
Nos. 181 and 183 Middle Street,
Junction of Middle and Federal Sts. PORTLAND.
N. D. CURTIS, H. H. HASELTON.

Reebee & Co's Hats constantly on hand.

Norway Stove Works
AND
IRON FOUNDRY.
(CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS)
E. H. EROWN & Co.
HAYING purchased of the late firm of BROWN
& Co., their interest in the business known
as NORWAY STOVE WORKS, at
No. 4 Free Street, PORTLAND, has been
purchased by E. H. EROWN & Co., and the public
generally, that they are prepared to furnish

STOVES.
Of the latest most and approved Styles,
Which for TASTE and DURABILITY, cannot be
exceeded at any establishment in the country.

We shall have constantly on hand and for sale
at Wholesale and Retail, a large assortment of
Cooking, Box & Parlor Stoves,
Fire Frames and Fire Places, Oven Stoves,
And Bar, Range, and Range, Grind-
Stone Cranks and Rollers, Wrenches,
Fire Dogs, Sad Irons, Cauldron
Kettles, Cast-iron Irons, &c.
We are prepared to do all kinds of
JOB CASTINGS,
At short notice, and shall give particular attention
to **JOBBING IN THE**
MACHINE SHOP.
We shall keep on hand a large quantity of
Bar Iron and Steel,
Which we will sell at a small advance from Port-
land prices. Also, an assortment of
PIPE WARE,
MADE EXPRESSLY FOR CUSTOMER SALE.

Tin Ware Made to Order.
The present proprietors, having been engaged in
the business for the last six years, are confident
that they can furnish all work in their line to the
satisfaction of customers, both as to quality and
price, a share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited.
E. H. EROWN,
J. S. GUTHRIE,
F. A. DUNDON.
Norway, March 1, 1854.

American and Foreign Agency
WASHINGTON, D. C.
THE undersigned offers his services in the pro-
cess of the late act of Congress, and in the
business of the Department, and in the transac-
tion of any business requiring business at the Capital.
Persons having business with the Patent Office,
Land, or Pension Office, or any of the Depart-
ments of Government, or in the Supreme Court
of the United States, may rely on a prompt and
faithful attention to their affairs.
Enjoying an extensive foreign acquaintance, I
will undertake and will be paid for the transac-
tion of all business of the kind, by mail, or by
express, or by the way of the Atlantic, or by the
way of the Pacific, or by the way of the Indian
Ocean, or by the way of the Red Sea, or by the
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