

mother—the substitute of him who had been summoned from her—the prop, the pride of her declining years.

You will have from evidence how far he has acquitted himself in this sacred but erring conjecture, and learn in the plain unvarnished tale of woe, the waste he has effected in the short period of this fatal connection.

Suffice it for me to say, that his victim has for some days been the inmate of a brothel, while I scarce can paint the agony of her upon whose ears the work of devastation and disgrace has just been obtruded—of her whose child has precluded the hastening mandate of mortality, and whose eyes must shortly close upon the wretched and degraded object whom a few short days have torn from the peaceful recluse of innocence and virtue, to share in the publicity of vice the wages of her prostitution. Such, gentlemen, is the case it has been my painful duty to detail, nor need I much the influence of rhetorical embellishment to give a coloring to facts, the corroboration of which will shortly come within the reach of your own senses.

Unhappily the crime of seduction in this country has been proportionate to the increase of refinement, and it cannot be too strenuously impressed upon the guardians of private peace, that it is upon the moral exertions of their duties in that box, which I am glad to see prosen's twelve such respectable men in the present instance, that any change can arise in this libertine nature of the day. I have the honor of knowing some of you, gentlemen, personally; some of you I know to be fathers; nor can I deny myself the belief, that I see the honest fire of indignation start in your cheeks as the offspring of your own bosoms demand your regretted circumspection. The Roman age presents some instances of virtuous devotion sufficiently characteristic of the unfrequency of such a crime as that which in our almost daily calls for legislative retribution; but it is not because in turning over our historic pages we see no dagger reeking from the self-inflicted wound of a lunatic, or the pure and chastest breast of a virgin bared to the weapon that liberty and honor had directed—it is not because we see hourly precedents of infamy and that at four hands a portion has been awarded to a strumpet, or an establishment to the impostor, that no more deference should be paid to the appeal from prime-tated villainy within whose grasp its usual object is disarmed of resistance, the tranquillity of our homes disturbed, and the morals of our country violated. Gentlemen, it is not the paltry compensation of pecuniary reward can close the wounded bosom of blighted innocence, that can tear the thorn from the broken heart, pour the salving balm upon the desecrated hearth, or cheer the orphan cottage. Gentlemen, I perceive you feel with me that sorrow needs some other application. I know by the generous tear that lends its sympathy to many a downcast eye in this court, that there is not one who hears me, who would not at this moment lend a willing aid to check the progress of this baneful curse—who would not give animation and peace to the poor and lonely sufferer, whose soul owns no partner in her cell, even in the very haunts of wretchedness, and return its last human offering to dash from the pale lip of beauty and affection the dregs that splendid vagrancy presents.

But, gentlemen, I can no more: my theme could never exhaust my indignation, though it suspended the faculty of its utterance. The common voice of nature echoes the accents of appealing innocence, which pity's sacred tears drops at the shrine of virtue, and sheds its sweet but sad memorial o'er the once pure base of heaven's architecture. I shall here then, gentlemen, conclude; your verdict of to-day however great, however crushing to the future prospects of the defendant, though it promise no restoration to my client's peace, will yet give a reactive blow to the arm of the assassin, and by depriving him of that glitter of exterior and tinsel of address, throw him back upon his own reflection, and leave him to trace the issue of his selfishness when in the advancement of life his wandering eye shall dwell upon the grave of the widow of the level of the child.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury—

It is perhaps fortunate for me that the evidence for the prosecution has given you a respite from the overpowering influence of my learned friend, and that your hearts have been suffered to resume a more rational position, than they had held in your mouths. I am as well aware of the consequence of such an appeal as I am of the necessity of its removal, and I am glad to own myself one of those whose conviction claims sense but for its medium, nor whose bosom's heave and eyelids moisten at the turn of a sentence or selection of a word, but never in the course of my judicial practice would I have wished for a more efficient (though perhaps unconscious coadjutor) than the gentleman from the effect of whose expressive language your handkerchiefs are yet scarcely dried. He requests of you not to suppose that any theoretical embellishment is needed to do justice to his subject; but so might the erminee vortant of pleasure adopt the phrase, when sinuous and turbid below but cloaked the meretricious nakedness of a crude interior: he wheedles with insinuating sagacity a passage to your hearts, and dresses out his pickpocket anticipations of merchant's damage as a fashionable thief disarm our doubt of his profession by the grace with which he tells us.

The details of evidence, I believe, gentlemen has somewhat restored you to the soundness of

your reason; the afflicted mother and the maniac victim have been both before you, and a greater display of chicanery and effrontery has been perhaps never witnessed. The all-subduing captain, it appears, has been for three weeks an inmate of the plaintiff's; and indeed I should boast but little of the appearance, the address, and the deportment he possesses, if with any predisposition to so reprehensible a feeling, he could not have effected his object in as many days. You have then, perhaps, the strongest part of the charge refuted that my client's union with the plaintiff was the preconceived advantage of the libertine: you have it in evidence that no restraint was placed upon their walks, their meetings, their late sittings by this guardian, but broken-hearted matron. And that no such proposal as marriage was ever made by the defendant, as stated by my learned friend, except indeed in the increased badinage of tea-party familiarity, he asked the plaintiff if she should like to be Mrs. Captain —? At this play upon his title my client perhaps saw the awakened glance of an experienced projector, in her whose eyes surveyed the court to-day with so much research—eyes that, by my learned friend's address, I supposed were already closed for ever upon mercenary scenes; but what will not ingenuity effect when coupled with the scheme of selfish association? What will not nature even bend to while it sacrifices its very dearest ties at the altar of insatiate avarice?

A well concerted plan of matrimonial capture, a sagacious insinuation of a mother's feelings, though neither hardly censurable in their way, may yet imply the grossest absence of delicacy, or the worst infringement of morality; and you are too much men of the world, gentlemen—too much, I hope, in the possession of that spacious pretence of injured feeling, whose hackneyed affectation accompanies every similar prosecution that has disgraced our courts.

Whoever, gentlemen, heard of a case of criminal conversation, or of abduction, or rape, in which the unfortunate defendant of each was not characterized as a being whose infectious principles were dreaded by every bystander moraliser, every observant hypocrite, while within the pale of his licentious career no virtuous home could be inviolate. And it is, gentlemen, to the detection of some misguided, or perhaps unavoidable failing to the successful issue of an act, in our days by no means unfrequent, that an established reparation is offered to the wounded peace of families. No, gentlemen, the stride of passion is never to be retarded by such individual retribution: you may stay the noisome reptile in its course, but from its blood the hydra catches renovation, and rears its hundred heads in defiance of suppression—such it is, and such it lamentably is. Murder, robbery, with heretofore treason, the accidental isolations of infatuated minds, will ever find their decrease in the exemplary infliction of justice's uplifted hand, but the inherent inmate of our breasts, the deformed corrupter of our reason, the fascinating demon that fashions our weak irresolute temperament (sorry am I to own it) will find, if not additional strength, at least a yet unabated progression as long as sensual intercourse is privileged, and innate susceptibility exists.

Turn now, gentlemen, to your notes of evidence; have you a single proof of this being a case of seduction? Have you one fact as to the reluctance with which this amiable girl herself placed in the arms of the defendant? Have you one corroborative point established of her not being the seducer? Three months had elapsed before the insidious assassin directed his despoiling aim, and her manners of to-day may not add a little to the doubt of her justifying the suppliant title of an injured woman.

Why was not this action brought upon the discovery of the connection? Why was she suffered by the afflicted parent to leave her peaceful recluse of innocence and virtue in the society of a man whose pledge of honorable union was never made. To this, gentlemen, apply the climactic of suspicion that in the gentlest sense of the word her pride had superceded her sense of delicacy, and a course of prostitution preferred to the compromise of so heavy a burden. Gentlemen, this is but a sorry case to call for even sympathy, and the counter testimony I shall produce will leave you little in doubt as to the sympathetic deception intended you should be the dupes of. Here you have a girl fresh from the appalling debasement of a common stew, perhaps more than a hireling practitioner in the traffic of prostitution, turning to a community for pity, to a jury for damages, and to a miscreant mother for character. Gentlemen, such cases (as my learned friend express it) demands your highest consideration; truly it is time that some determined check be put to the arrogance of all disguised simplicity, and that with more penetrating eye the unsophisticated call of virtue and of innocence be the only ones we answer. You have been told, gentlemen, (and not inaptly,) that words have been sometimes made from that box to the credit of the strumpet and the boast of the impostor. I sincerely hope the warning may operate in the future removal of any such visual garb as my learned friend has been complimentary enough to dress your scrutiny with, and that you will retort the affront to your understandings by proving that despite of tea-inspiring appeals and moral insinuations, your mental sight in this case needs not the oculist's correction. You have been recognised, gentlemen, as fathers of families; so much the better for my client, though I by no means advocate the cause of an appearance this day (far from it), it may be an unjust recurrence to the scenes of your youth (which that impetuous mistress holds her monopoly and reign) that memory leads you back

to the earlier moments of that age of enthusiasm, that period of imaginative warmth, from whose infatuation so few have escaped untainted.

And God forbid that the folly of a thoughtless boyhood, the single error of an otherwise unblemished walk, should tarnish for ever the coming years of perhaps yet useful and honorable manhood. A life, the energy and devotion of which may lend themselves to the service of a country whose legal mercy weighs with the faults of the delinquent the reputation of the man.

I cannot, however, gentlemen, deny my learned friend the enviable meed of credit to which he stands so just a claimant from his advocacy of to-day. An array of martial banners flit already in my anticipations from every metropolitan window. The unpensioned dowager, the unportioned spinster, the unhappy, but now expectant street walker, awaits with deafening benedictions and subduing smiles the arrival of their honor's champion; his eulogy will employ the pen of every Blue in the dominion; his hand (for my learned friend is yet a bachelor) will be woo'd from Bond-street to Cheapside; his declamation piped through every street, and twenty copies of it by a special committee of matrons voted to be framed for every Magdalen Asylum in the realm. Gentlemen, I have to apologise for the long intrusion I have ventured on your patience, nor would it be doing justice to your honest view of my client's case were I to hesitate in my belief, that you will this day fix some bounds to the superfluous appeals made so frequently to the piety of the Court, and, regarding us I do, I trust, the protection due by virtue, believe me, gentlemen, her dominion can never be secured by legal interference. It is but the inward monster—the instrument of directing Heaven, the proud consciousness of self dependence, that can foil the libertine's approach, that can blunt the edge of passion's weapon, or disarm the sting of his enchanter. Poor, weak, unguarded woman, with all her helplessness, is yet not divested of the means of such resistance, and where there is religion, there virtue is ever inseparable; the form that a breath would seem capable of shattering, may, in the armour of a virtuous heart, cause indignation sufficient to defeat the arts of the pursuer, to disenchant the voice of the seducer and, with a lock that Heaven has consecrated, may bid the prodigal retire.

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou art nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepu chre,
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

BYRON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGINNING,
"Sad is my verse," you say, "and yet no tear."

Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt.
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless for thee we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more,
And much, alas! I think he needs it:
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,
Woe, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May once be read—but never after;
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain—
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

BYRON.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL.

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.
John Adams lies here of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried a can to his mouth well,
Carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now a tri-on.

BYRON.

SONG OF THE RED INDIAN.

Oh! why should the white man hang on my path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track?
Does the flush of my dark cheek waken his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?
He has rivers and seas, where the billow and breeze
Bear riches for him alone;
And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
That the white man calls his own.
Then why should he covet the streams where none
But the red-skin dare to swim?
Oh! why should he wrong the hunter one
Who never did harm to him?

The Father above thought fit to give
To the white man corn and wine;
There are golden fields where he may live,
But the forest wilds are mine.
The eagle has its place of rest,
The wild horse where to dwell,
And the spirit who gave the bird its nest
Made me a home as well.
Then back, go back from the red-skin's track,
For the hunter's eye grows dim
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him.

AUTUMNAL LYRICS.

Thou art welcome, Gaffer Autumn, in thy suit
Of rusty brown,
The ale in which we quaff thy name right cheerily
goes down,
Let dotting dulards whimper for the death-bed
of the year,
We like thee not a whit the worse for bringing
Winter near,
So shake thy leaves, old Autumn, on the ground
where others fell,
Like blessings from a father's hand, who bids his
child farewell.

Thy morning mists, old Autumn, may be tears
the earth has shed,
For the zephyrs and the flowers or the summer
that hath fled;
But the mellow tints thy presence throws around
the ruddy leaves,
Are scarcely symbols we should choose to prove
that Nature grieves.
Then shake thy boughs, old Autumn, scatter
fruit from them alone,
As keepsakes that thou givest us to think of thee
when gone.

Thou art doubly welcome, Autumn, for marking
thou dost remind,
That life is drawing near its close, that care we
leave behind;
And thy harvest and thy plenty are but emblems
of the store
Of knowledge and of happiness that man hath
reaped before!
So welcome, Gaffer Autumn, shake thy leaves
where others fell,
They are blessings from a father's hands who
bids his child farewell.

CURIOUS HABITS OF INTRUSION.—After dinner, we went down to the railroad again, and took our seats in the cars for Washington. Being rather early, the men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious on foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; looked themselves on conveniently, by their elbows; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it is viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satiated by catching their sense of touch; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied even by that, but would return to the carriage over and over again. Many a budding president has waked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets and arched at me for two whole hours; occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug; or by walking to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise; crying "Here he is!" "Come on!" "Bring all your others!" with other hospitable entreaties of that nature.—Itd.

AN INDIAN CHIEF.—There chanced to be on board this boat, in addition to the usual dreary crowd of passengers, one Pitchlyan, a chief of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, who sent his card to me and with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation. He spoke English perfectly well, though he had not begun to learn the language, he told me, until he was a young man grown. He had read many books; and Scott's poetry seemed to have left a strong impression on his mind; especially the opening of *The Lady of the Lake*, and the great battle scene in *Marmion*, in which, no doubt, from the congeniality of the subjects to his own pursuits and tastes, he had great interest and delight. He appeared to understand correctly all he had read; and, whatever fiction had enlisted his sympathy in its belief, had done so keenly and earnestly, I might almost say fiercely. He was dressed in our ordinary every day costume, which hung about his fine figure loosely, and with indifferent grace. On my telling him that I regretted not to see him in his own attire, he threw up his right arm for a moment, as though he were brandishing some heavy weapon, and answered, as he let it fall again, that his race were losing many things by their dress, and would soon be seen on the earth no more; but he wore it at home he acted proudly. He told me that he had been away from his home, east of the Mississippi seventeen months, and was now returning. He had been chiefly at Washington on some negotiations pending between his tribe and the Government, which were not settled yet (he said in a melancholy way), and, he feared, never would be; for what could a few poor Indians do, against such well-skilled men of business as the whites? He had no love for Washington; tired of towns and cities very soon, and longed for the forest and the prairie. I asked him what he thought of Congress? He answered, with a smile, that it wanted dignity in an Indian's eyes. He would very much like, he said, to see England before he died; and spoke with much interest of the great things to be seen there. When I told him of that chamber in the British Museum, wherein are preserved household memorials of a race that ceased to be, thousands of years ago, he was very attentive, and it was not hard to see that he had a reference in his mind to the gradual fading away of his own people. This led us to speak of Mr. Catlin's gallery, which he praised highly, observing that his own portrait was in the collection, and that all the likenesses were "elegant." Mr. Cooper, he said, had painted the Red Man well; and so would I, he knew, if I would go home with him and hunt buffaloes, which he was quite anxious I should do. When I told him that supposing I went, I should not be likely to damage the buffaloes much, he took it as a great joke and laughed heartily. He was a remarkably handsome man; some years past forty. I should judge; with orange hair, an aquiline nose, broad cheek bones, a sunburnt complexion, and a very bright, keen, dark, and piercing eye. There were but 29,000 of the Choctaws left, he said, and their number were decreasing every day. A few of his brother chiefs had been obliged to become civilized, and to make themselves acquainted with what the whites knew, for it was their only chance of existence. But they were not many; and the rest were as they always had been. He dwelt on this; and said several times that unless they tried to assimilate themselves to their conquerors, they must be swept away before the strides of civilized society. When we shook hands at parting, I told him he must come to England, and he longed to see the land so much; that I should hope to see him there one day; and that I could promise him that he would be well received and kindly treated. He was evidently pleased by this assurance, and he rejoined with a good-humoured smile and an arch shake of his head, that the English used to be very fond of the Red Men when they wanted their help, but had not cared much for them since. He took his leave; as stately and complete a gentleman of Nature's making as ever I beheld; and moved among the people in the boat, another kind of being. He sent me a lithographed portrait of himself soon afterwards; very like, though scarcely handsome enough; which I have carefully preserved in memory of our brief acquaintance.—*Dickens' American Notes.*

A GRATEFUL SPEECH.—Gentlemen,—My grandmother was a very particular old lady, and always endeavoured to impress upon my mind that gratitude was the first of virtues. A gridiron, gent men, is a culinary implement, that may be easily seen through. Would that my breast were as open, that you might, at one glance, see the sincerity of my grateful feelings. A gimlet will pierce a deal board, a darning-needle the heel of a worsted stocking; but neither are more penetrating than that kindness which you have shown me on this occasion. A farthing rush light—a single farthing rush light, gentlemen, would appear almost ridiculous in the centre of a spacious room, but it gives all the light it can, and deserves not to be laughed at. My gratitude, gentlemen, is like that: spacious room—my eloquence, that farthing rush light. Bread and cheese, gentlemen, is humble fare; but when it is given with a hearty welcome, it is better than venison and claret from the table of a proud man; and the guest will rather receive it in the spirit it is given, than for its real worth. In like manner, I would crave your indulgent acceptance of my humble thanks—not less sincere for their loneliness, and my ardent wishes that you may all enjoy long life, health, and prosperity.

Schoolmaster—"Robert, compare the adjective cold." Robert—"Passive, cold; comparative, colder; superlative, coldest."

AN AMERICAN ABOMINATION.—Both house (the Houses of Legislature,) are handsomely carpeted; but the state to which these carpets are reduced by the universal disregard of the spittoon with which every honourable member is accommodated, and the extraordinary improvements on the pattern which are squirted and dribbled upon it in every direction, do not admit of being described. I will merely observe, that I strongly recommend all strangers not to look at the floor; and if they happen to drop any thing, though it be their purse, not to pick it up with an ungloved hand on any account. It is somewhat remarkable too at first, to say the least, to see so many honourable members with swelled faces; and it is scarcely less remarkable to discover that this appearance is caused by the quantity of tobacco they contrive to stow within the hollow of the cheek. It is strange enough too, to see an honourable gentleman leaning back in his tilted chair, with his legs on the desk before him, shaping a convenient "plug" with his penknife, and when it is quite ready for use, shooting the old one from his mouth, as from a pop gun, and clapping the new one in its place. I was surprised to observe that even steady old choppers of great experience are not always good marksmen, which has rather inclined me to doubt that general proficiency of a rifle of which we have heard so much in England. Several gentlemen called upon me, who, in the course of conversation, frequently missed the sitting at five paces; and one (but he was certainly short-sighted) mistook the closed sash for the open window, at the time. On another occasion, when I dined out, and was sitting with two ladies and some gentlemen round a fire before dinner, one of the company fell short of the fire-place six distinct times. I am disposed to thank, however, that this was occasioned by his not aiming at that object; as there was a white marble hearth before the fender, which was more convenient and may have suited his purpose better. * * * It was a fine evening when we were passengers in the train; and watching the bright sunset from a little window near the door by which we sat, my attention was attracted to a remarkable appearance issuing from the windows of the gentleman's car immediately in front of us, which I supposed for some time was occasioned by a number of industrious persons inside ripping open feather beds and giving the feathers to the wind. At length it occurred to me that they were only spitting, which was indeed the case; though how any number of passengers which it was possible for that car to contain, could have maintained such a playful and incessant shower of expectation I am at a loss to understand, notwithstanding the experience in all sorts of phenomena which I afterwards acquired. * * * In all the public places of America this filthy custom is recognised. In the court of law, the judge has his spittoon, the clerk his spittoon, the witness his, and the prisoner his while the jury men and spectators are provided for, as so many men who, in the course of a year, must desire to spit incessantly. In the hospitals the students of medicine are requested, by notices upon the wall, to eject their tobacco juice into the boxes provided for that purpose, and not to discolour the stairs. In public buildings visitors are implored, through the same agency, to squirt the essence of their quids, or "plugs," as I have heard them called by gentlemen learned in this kind of sweetmeat, into the national spittoons, and not about the base of the marble columns. But in some parts this custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life. The stranger, who follows in the track of my own self, will find it in its full bloom and glory, luxuriant in all its alarming recklessness, at Washington, and let him not persuade himself (as I once did, to my shame), that previous tourists had exaggerated its extent. The thing itself is an exhibition of nastiness, which cannot be outdone.—*Ibid.*

THE QUEEN.—A paragraph on the interesting and delicate subject of her Majesty's health and personal condition has gone the round of the papers. We, however, refrained from copying it last week, and have no reason to regret our reserve. We feel we may now state that the important and delicate event announced by our contemporaries has not been mentioned in those circles most likely to be well informed upon what so intimately concerns their beloved Sovereign.—*Observer.*

A CHURCHWARDEN'S PANACEA FOR MERCANTILE EMBARRASMENTS.—A gentleman in a parish not a hundred miles from Southend, in the course of a conversation with the Churchwarden of his parish, happened to mention that he had received a letter from Sydney. "What's the news there?" asked the Churchwarden. "Why, Sir," was the reply, "I am sorry to say that our friends who have emigrated there find things very bad; indeed there seems to be quite a commercial panic in the colony." "Oh! ah! Yes, we shall hear no more of that," replied the sapient Churchwarden, "we are going to send out a Bishop there."

TAKING WINE WITH LADIES.—A distinguished maximist says, that whenever you ask a lady to take wine, you should fill her glass to the brim, in despite of protestations, and look the other way till she has emptied it. It stands to reason that the number of glasses women allow themselves, being limited, should be full.

The following important announcement was lately exhibited in a cellar window in Preston:—"A new School held every night, but Sunday, tuppens a weke, them as lerns maner, tuppens moar."

THE UNITED STATES BANK—PHILADELPHIA.—We reached Philadelphia late at night. Looking out of my chamber window, before going to bed, I saw on the opposite side of the way a handsome building of white marble, which had a mournful, ghost-like aspect dreary to behold. I attributed this to the sombre influence of the night, and on rising in the morning looked out again, expecting to see its steps and porch bronzed with groups of people passing in and out. The door was still tight shut, the same cold cheerless air prevailed, and the building looked as if the marble statue of Don Guzman could alone have any business to transact within its gloomy walls. I hastened to inquire its name and purpose, and then my surprise vanished. It was the tomb of many fortunes, the great catacomb of investment, the memorable United States Bank. The stoppage of this bank, with all its ruinous consequences, had cast (as I was told on every side) a gloom on Philadelphia, under the depressing effect of which it yet laboured. It certainly did seem rather dull and out of spirits. It is a handsome city, but distractingly regular. After walking about it for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen, and the brim of my hat to expand, beneath its Quakerly influence. My hair shrunk into a sleek short crop, my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own accord, and though I was of taking lodgings in Market-lane, over against the market-place, and of making a large fortune by speculations in corn, came over me involuntarily.—*Ibid.*

A gentleman in want of a wife (not 100 miles from Worcester) addressed a passionate billet-doux to a lady, and added this eligible postscript: "Don't be long in answering, as I have some melody else in my eye."

There is a lady in Boston so modest that she lately discharged her cook for serving up a half-dressed leg of mutton.

When Nelson visited the Royal Naval hospital at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length, he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, when the following short dialogue ensued.—Nelson: "Well! Jack, what's the matter with you?" Sailor: "Lost my right arm, your honor." Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, "Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen: cheer up, my brave fellow."

At the window of a marine store-shop in London, a paper is exhibited, from which the following is copied verbatim.—"To Deligates and the Warking Classis—Take Notis—Keep your Tempers—Wate Paysbently—Time will Com—Bring Your Old Rags and Bones Hear—The Best Prize Gur—Flare Up."

A large Ceylon elephant, harnessed like a horse, but with a proportionately huge collar and traces, passed through Fleet-street, Cheapside, and other streets of London on Wednesday afternoon, drawing one of Hylton's vans of trained animals, to which the docile animal belonged.

Latour Mantour, lost his leg at the battle of Leipzig. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master, "you know you are very glad; for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

The following jeu d'esprit was sent a few days ago to the assessor at Hanley, Worcestershire, by a tradesman in that parish, as his return to the income-tax:

"I do hereby declare, That I've balanced my books with great care, And find, from my capital being small, That the profit of trade is nothing at all."

At Catago, there are always public rejoicings when persons die young, on account of their having fewer sins to answer for.

TO A FRIEND ON BEING SEPARATED.
How many fleeting years have passed
Since you and I, dear, first met,
Like passage birds on ocean cast,
We've weather'd out the storm. Yet
Could we have dream'd in that wild day,
Whose every hour had blushes in it,
When life was one unclouded ray,
Nor sorrow shared with joy a minute.

That very charm we loved so well,
Ere long was destined to be broken,
That fate had woo'd a cruel spell,
To blast our boyhood's early token.

Ah, no, 'twas youth, and all was gay,
And fancy echoed each impression,
And love that lights the thorny way,
Reflected back its soft expression.

And all was artless, unforseen,
And memory yet no trial left us,
And transport tintured every scene,
Of all that time has now bereft us.

And still when ripening years bespoke
The blight of each unvalued pleasure,
When more matured reflection woke,
To weep the wreck of childhood's treasure.

We've clung together on the wave,
And buffeted misfortune's willow,
And if 'twere vain the hope to save,
We'd share at last each other's pillow.

We've danced and sung and revell'd oft,
With hearts as light as music's numbers;
We've sighed and wept, and woo'd as soft
As spriglets that breathe ethereal slumbers.

And we have watched and waked to pain,
From fortune, friendship, studious toon,
And mark'd the once enduring chain
Break with the hearts its links have worn.

But, ah! I must not raise a tear
That sympathy may only cherish,
Nor trace the hope that once so dear,
Is now for ever doomed to perish.

I must not turn to that dark page,
Once lovely, guiltless, and unspotted,
Whose lines, though uneffaced by age,
So oft by many a tear's been blotted.

Yet never mind, resigned we'll bow
With fortitude to all our sorrow,
We've drained our cup's last essence now,
We'll fill a sparkling one to-morrow.

We'll make a convert of our woe,
And see how best becomes its gladness,
This much, at heart, we'll let it know
We'll build no half-way house to sadness.

The lip that rivals cherry ripe,
Some happier man perhaps is pressing;
Though much I hate a prototype,
That *locum tenens* sort of blessing.

And yet, what's said of woman's true,
I from my soul do much believe them,
If their *faux pas* they thought you knew,
Poor things, I really think 'twould grieve them.

They're not infallible, so far
We must excuse their peccadilloes,
'Twould be unfair too, where we are,
To judge the size of softer pillows.

Alas! all flesh is frail, and tears
Would ill become a soldier's daring,
And little would we thank our fears,
If all we loved were overhearing.

Here, fill then, to that home afar,
The sighs, the loves, the joys behind us,
And grateful mark some happier star
Beam o'er the faithful ties that bind us.

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