John Leatherbury Jr


# EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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## POETRY.

[From the New-York Herald.

### THE BREAKING HEART.

I know the only heart I prize
Throbs for another now,
And he has sealed his first warm kiss
Upon her fair pale brow.

Her dark fringed eyes are turned to him,
How fond yet passion free,
In vain I watch to meet their glance,
They beam not thus on me:

Her sweet voice fall's upon his ear,
With soft endearing tone,
And sighs that I would die to share,
And breathe for him alone.

While I stand near with burning cheek,
And wildly throbbing heart,
Marking with bitter agony
My youth's bright dreams depart.

They know not that I love him thus,
Nor shall they ever know,
I would not have the cold world read
My feelings on my brow.

I still will wear a joyous smile,
Though joy it itself be fled,
And none shall ever mark the trace,
Of tears in secret shed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE COTTAGE ON THE CAPE.

BY CHARLES P. ILSBEY.

"Put the large lamp in the window, wife; it is a dismal night, and hard will it be for the poor sailor if he has no beacon to guide him through its darkness"

Hard indeed, James, unless the Almighty should watch over him and guide his vessel. Terrible, terrible storm! May God have the poor sailor in his keeping!" solemnly ejaculated the woman, as she hung a large brilliant lamp in the window of the cottage facing the sea.

"Amen, amen," was the hearty response of her husband.

At the time of which we are writing, light houses were not so plenty as at present. Beacon lights are now gleaming all along our coasts, so that the mariner proceeds on his course in the night season with as much safety, nearly, as he does in the day time.

Then rarely was the sailor blest with the sight of a light; and it was the custom of those who lived by the sea side, when the night was unusually dark or stormy, to put a bright light in their window facing the sea, in case any vessel should be passing. Where now the revolving, the colored, and the double lights are seen, directing the mariner which way lies his course, and warning him of dangerous rocks and sunken ledges, then a few scattered house lamps gave forth their feeble rays, which were rarely seen in the distance, in nights when the atmosphere was thick.

James Richards lived on Cape ***** His house, a neat one-story building, was situated on the farthermost part of the cape toward the sea. He was an old sailor, and had followed the sea until he was threescore years of age, when he bought this spot and built a house. It was a dangerous part of the coast, and this was one great reason, he said, why he settled there; "for he meant to keep a bright light burning in a dark night to light his *brother tars* on their way." And so he did, while he lived, insomuch that "Richards' light" was proverbial for being the brightest and the most constant of any along the shore.—Another reason why he liked the place was, he had so long, he said, been used to the roar of the sea, that he was like a child who could not sleep unless its accustomed lullaby was sounded in his ears; and here the sea kept up a perpetual roar. It was never so calm that the surf did not give out its sullen echo But when the storm had stirred up the deep, and the wind came from the seaward, then did the lashing of the waves against the rocks come like full thunder to your ears.—And then would the look of anxiety be visible upon the features of the old sailor, as he sat in his chair listening to the dash of the spray, forced by the high winds hard against the side of his dwelling; and then too would the well-trimmed lamp send from his window its brightest rays, which, if they benefitted no one, showed the benevolence and good heart of the old man.

Richards' family consisted of himself, wife, and two sons, the eldest thirty-five years of age. "And smart, active boys they are too," the old man would say, "as any about these parts. Show me one stronger at the oar than John, or quicker at the line than Samuel—for catching fish I'll put them two boys agin any the cape can produce; and for cleaning 'em, Sam Stebbins is no touch to them!" In truth this was not all a parent's boast; for John and Sam Richards were noted from **** Island to Cape ****, the smartest hands at an oar or a line of any in that neighborhood, and that was no mean praise in those days.

The afternoon of the day on which our story opens had been very lowery, and appearances betokened a tempest. The young men had been absent about a week on a fishing cruise. They were therefore anxiously looked for all the afternoon by their parents, more especially as they had outstaid their usual time of absence. As the day wore away, and the appearances of a storm increased, the mother's fears arose proportionally; although the father was too much of a sailor to be frightened, as he expressed himself, at a black cloud.—However, as the day drew near its close, and the wind began to increase, the old man became uneasy, and his eye was directed seaward oftener than usual. The sun went down luridly in the west, and the large waves began to heave in with their feathery tops. The old man left the house and proceeded to the shore. There was a smooth sandy cove, which made a snug litte harbor, but save this, the cape was lined with high, rugged and shelving rocks. Mr. Richards seated himself on the highest eminence, *Broadstone* it is called, directly on the pitch of the cape, from which he could overlook the sea at all points.

Here as he sat gazing off he would mutter to himself—"I don't like that white streak in the east; it is a weather liter, and bodes no good; and the scud there in the south looks badly, skimming over the water at such a rate. The plague is in the boys that they don't come home: they ought to know better than to be abroad such weather as this!" Time and again as the dusk crept on, he would visit Broadstone, and throw anxious glances about, in hopes of detecting an approaching sail, and then he would give vent to his spleen for their absenting themselves, in which, however, fear, as could be seen, rather than anger, was predominant. Darkness settled down on earth and ocean still nothing met the eyes of the anxious watchers, but the dark green waves rolled turbidly to the shore with a sullen fearful murmur. The wind blew furiously, and the rain came with a heavy plash to the earth. The light had been put to the window of the cottage, and the solemn "God have seamen in keeping," said by Mrs. Richards, yet neither husband nor wife had said a word to each other about the peril of their absent sons. They seemed to hold back with fear from speaking of them as in danger, and wondered only at their long stay, and hoped they would soon come. As the hour grew late, and the heavy gusts of wind swept by, and Mr. Richards had been once or twice to the shore without seeing any signs of their approach, their anxiety became too great for silence, and impassioned prayers were put up by the mother for her sons' safety, while the father, in a voice slightly trembling, tried to comfort her by saying, "fear not, wife, the boys are strong, and a better sea-boat never swam; they are well acquainted with the coast. Besides God will have them in his keeping, and will not leave us childless in our old age. Cheer up, and put your trust in Him at whose bidding, 'peace, be still,' the waves cannot harm."

Ten o'clock came and went by. The boys came not. The storm was at its height. After walking the room awhile, Mr. Richards asked his wife to prepare a lantern. "I am going," said he, in answer to his wife's inquiries, "to kindle a fire on Broadstone, if possible. Keep a good heart, trust in God, and all will be well." So saying, he left the house. It was but a short time before he had a bright fire kindled on Broadstone, which threw its light far on to the troubled waters. "Pray God the youngsters may see it," the old man muttered to himself, as he heaped on the brush. "*He* will not leave me desolate in my old age! Take me, Father Almighty," dropping on his knees and raising his arms on high in a prayerful attitude, "take *me*, but spare my children. Take me, who am nothing worth, a worn out hulk, but spare the boys to comfort and support their aged mother." A hand this moment was laid on his shoulder and a trembling voice said:

"James, *His* will, not *ours* be done."

"Wife, how came you here? You should not be out in this tempest."—

"Hark! there it is again; I was sure I heard it"

"Heard what?" said her husband in astonishment."

"Hark! listen!" said the woman, pointing her arm seaward.

Here was a scene for a fine painter. By the fitful glare of the fire, now blazing high in the air, and now quivering low to the earth, as the wind lulled and increased, the old man might be seen with his head bent, and his body placed in that attitude which denotes the senses of the man entirely fixed on one object His wife stood beside him, with one arm resting on his shoulder and the other stretched towards the turbulent sea dashing and foaming around, and her whole appearance exhibiting the same intense attention.—Her head being bare, her long gray hair hung loose about her neck and gave her an air of peculiar wildness.

It was but a moment when a bright flash was seen, and a faint report was borne on the breeze from seaward.

"They are coming! the boys are coming!" burst simultaneously from the aged pair.

"They see the light," said the wife, hurriedly; "let us heap on more wood, James praise God."

"We have reason to praise Him, wife, and may He who protected them thus far restore them to us in safety."

"He will, He will!" said the agitated wife, as she heaped large quantities of brush on to the fire. As the flames shot up in the air, and were curled about by the wind, the old man and his wife seated themselves to await the approaching vessel that contained all that was dear to them. Their eyes were strained toward the cove, in hope of seeing her in that direction; but happening to turn their eyes, they saw the little schooner dashing over the waves right toward the rocky part of the cape. —They both uttered a cry of horror. Death, inevitable death, seemed the doom of those on board On she came, now rising high on a towering wave, fluttering on its top like a frightened bird—and now plunging down in the gulf of foaming waters, as if to destruction—then slowly rising again, still struggling toward the rocks. The aged pair stood for a moment like statues, gazing on the scene before them, until the little bark shot into the shade made by the cliff, and was lost to sight. Instead of running frantically about, accomplishing nothing, as is too often the case in scenes of alarm and danger, the "old sailor" was put on. Bidding his wife advance to the edge of the cliff with the lantern, Mr. Richards, with the speed of one some two score years younger, went to the house, procured a coil of rope and a fishing line, and was back to the cliff nearly as soon as his wife. At this place the cliff rose forty feet, perhaps, above the level of the sea. About two thirds of the way down, or more, was a shelf, projecting about three or four feet. It was here the boat came ashore.

"Husband," said Mrs. R., wringing her hands in agony, "what shall be done—what can be done? Father in Heaven, couldst thou not have spared them to us!"

"Peace, wife, peace! wouldst thou chide thy Maker? Say not a word, but attend to me: it is no place to be *womanish* here. Now, wife, pitch your voice to its shrillest tone, above that of the wind, and see if the poor boys are alive to make answer."

The woman did as she was bid, and bent over the cliff, screamed in a high sharp, tone, "John! Samuel! my children!"

Her voice rang shrilly above the dash of the waves and the blast of the gale.

"Mother!" came faintly up with the roar of the sea.

Quick! the light! there is hope!" said Mr. Richards. Immediately the lantern was lowered down by the line, and by its feeble light the eldest son could be seen on the shelf, leaning back against the jagged rocks, and looking upwards.

"There is but one—it is John," said the old man wildly, as he bent, in his eagerness, fearfully over the edge of the cliff. "The rope, wife, the rope," shouted he In a second it was lowered down, swayed to and fro by the wind. John was not in possessing himself of it. But what was the old man's horror when he saw his son cast off his jacket, and grasping the end of the rope, walk to the end of the shelf, as if to jump into the waters that foamed at his feet.

"What is he doing! He is leaping into the sea! Merciful parent!—boy, boy, will you leave me childless in my old age!" shouted he, in a voice hoarse with emotion as he saw his son dive into the sea. He stood transfixed with horror. In a few minutes, however, John appeared on the shelf and made signs for those above to pull the rope. The old man commenced, giving directions to his wife to watch the motion of John. He soon made signs to stop hauling, and then was seen to lift the apparently lifeless body of his brother on the shelf. After examining the rope, he made signs for them to hoist again. It was a sad sight to witness that old man, by the uncertain light of the fire, the rain beating upon his grey head, straining himself to raise the corpse of his own son from the dark depths below; and when the body was raised up to the cliff, to see the aged mother clasp it in her arms, and hear her voice thick with agony—"Samuel, my son, would to God I could have died for you!" the wind and the heavy rain the while beating down upon her uncovered head, and flinging her gray and tangled tresses wildly to the air.

The old man's attention was now directed toward rescuing his other son, who was in imminent danger, as the tide was setting in, and ere long would wash him off, the force of the wind having raised it to more than its usual hight. He made fast the rope to a neighboring tree, and handing over the cliff, gave directions to his son to avoid the sharp rocks that jutted out, as he attempted the perilous ascent, steadying the rope and encouraging him.

"Father, your hand," said John, breathing thickly, lifting his arm to the edge of the cliff, well-nigh exhausted. At the moment he uttered these words, the rope, which had worn against the sharp rocks, parted, leaving him dangling over the horrid depth below, holding by one hand to the edge of the cliff, and by the other to the tired arm of his father.

"Wife! wife! wife!" shouted the old man, in a voice hoarse with agony, "leave the dead, and attend to the living!" His wife was so absorbed in grief that she paid no attention. "Woman!" shouted he in a voice of despair, "will ye sacrifice the living to the dead? Will ye see your first born perish? Quickly, for my strength fails!"

"What—what would ye, my husband?" said she, starting up; and seeing the situation of her husband, stretched on the ground at full length, holding one arm of his son, she sprung forward, and with almost supernatural strength, by one effort lifted her son safe on to the cliff, and then sunk beside him with no more strength than a child. She soon recovered, and the excitement of the moment being over, their attention was turned to the youngest son, who lay stretched out on the wet ground without sense or motion, exhibiting a pale and ghastly face, as the light from the fast expiring fire occasionally flashed over it.

### THE PIASA.

AN INDIAN TRADITION OF ILLINOIS.

No part of the United States can vie, in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluffs of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall or rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles width; extending to a similar bluff that rises parallel with the river. One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends, with a few intervals, for many miles along the left bank of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. In descending the river to Alton, the traveller will observe between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine, through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa, its name is Indian, and signifies, in the language of the Illinois, 'The bird that devours men.' Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended.

The bird which this figure represents, was called by the Indians, "The Piasa."—and from this is derived the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois and is briefly this:

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great Magalonix and Mastodon, whose bones are now dug up, were still living in the land of the green praries, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons, a full grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh, from that time he would prey upon nothing else. He was as artful as he was powerful—would dart sundenly and unexpectedly upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluff and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destoy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illinois. At length, Owatoga, a chief whose fame extended as a warrior, even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the great spirit, the master of life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa.

On the last night of his fast the great spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrows, and concealed them in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant that he pounced upon his prey. When the Chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream.—The warriors were quickly selected and placed in ambush as directed. Owatoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff eyeing his prey. Owatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chaunt the death song of a warrior. A moment after, the Piasa rose into the air, and, swift as the thunderbolt darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung and every arrow sent to the feather into his body. The Piasa uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Owatoga was safe, not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched. The Master of life, in admiration of the noble deed of Owatoga, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, this image of the Piasa was engraved in the face of the bluff. Such is the Indian tradition, of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much however is certain, the figure of a large bird, cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible How, and for what purpose it was made, I leave it for others to determine.

Even at this day, an Indian never passes that spot in the canoe without firing his gun at the figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rocks are almost innumerable. Not a great while since I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois river, and above that of the Piasa. My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of the cave connected with the above tradition, as one of those to which the bird had carried its human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access; and at one point of our progress, I stood at an elevation of more than 150 feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot, the unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering we reached the cave, which was about 50 feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock, and the upper end on the outmouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of the cavern.—The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us—high over our heads, a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff—on the blasted top of which, was seated a bald Eagle. No other sound or sign of life was near us—a sabbath stillness rested upon the scene—not a cloud in the heavens—not a breath of air stirring—the broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspects as it did before it had yet met the eye of the white man.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height—the shape of the cave was irregular, but so far as I could judge, the bottom would average 20 by 30 feet The floor of the cave through its whole extent was a mass of human bones, skulls and other bones were mingled together in the uttermost confusion. To what depth they extend, I am unable to decide—but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here. How, and by whom, and for what purpose it is impossible to conjecture.

### PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

In the year 700, the Lord's Prayer began thus:

'Uren fader thie art in heofnas, sic gekalgud thin noma, to cymeth thin rick, sic thin willa suc is in heofnas and in ertho."

Two hundred years after, thus:

'Thee ure fader the eart on heofenum si thin namagehal-god. Cum thin ric. Si thin willa on eorthan swa, on heoinum.'

About two hundreds years after this, in the reign of Henry II. it was rendered thus and sent over by Pope Adrian, an Englishman

'Ure fader in heaven, rich,
Thy name be hailed eber lich,
Thou bring us ty in chell blisse;
Als hit in heavenly doe
That in yearth been it also,' &c.

About one hundred years after, in the reign of Henry III. it run thus:

'Fader thou art in heaven blese,
Thine Helye name it wurt the blisse
Cumen and mot thy kingdom,
Thin holy will it be all don,
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well le tro—' &c.

In the reign of Henry VI. it began thus:

'Our fader that art in heavens; haliewid be thi name; the kingdom come to thee; by the will don in earth as in heaven.' &c.

In 1537, it began thus:

'O our father which art in heaven! hallowed by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled, as well in earth as it is in heaven.' &c.—Visitant.

### CLOTHE THE NAKED.

A praiseworthy instance of practical charity is related in the Louisiana Advertiser. A lady of New Orleans, Madame Blanc, having visited the Orphan Asylum for boys in that city, and seen the destitute condition of the inmates, humanely selected twelve of the worst clothed among them, and had them conveyed to her residence in the neighborhood, where she and her daughters took measures for supplying them forthworth with a complete refit of new apparel,

Written for the Athenæum & Visiter.

### PREACHING.

We have a great deal of preaching. But too much of it is not of the right kind. True, the minister is sincere and pious; but he rarely bringeth out of his treasure house things new and old. Preaching has become too mechanical—and too much of it merely declamatory. Skilful sermonizing is taking the place of earnest effort for the salvation of a dying people, and fervent heart-felt appeals to sinners are giving away to delicately conceived sentiments, and elaborately wrought sentences. It is not by the wisdom of the wise that God most frequently works, but by the earnestness of the simple hearted.

### THE PRESENT HELP.

Every christian has, at some period of his life, proved that God is a very present help in time of trouble. In the sunshine of prosperity we often forget the hand that feeds us, and grow indifferent about heavenly things; but when affliction or adversity comes, how quickly do we turn to God; and then, though we have long been unmindful of Him, and have only sought Him again when every other resource has failed, how kindly does he seem to stand with open arms to receive us, and how often is our hour of deepest trial one of the greatest peace and consolation. Has the unbeliever any such refuge, when earthly hope has utterly failed him? Let the misanthrope, the madman, the suicide witness!

### SECRET PRAYER.

What a blessed privilege does the christian enjoy of secret communion with his God. When no eye is upon him but the broad eye of Omniscience, which penetrates the hidden recesses of his heart, how comfortable is the assurance that a willing ear is open to his petitions, and that he is regarded by that God who understandeth his thoughts afar off, who knoweth his frame, and who remembereth that he is dust. Even as a father loveth his children, is he then assured that God loveth him, and though he may even feel the rod of chastening, he can kiss the hand that holds it, and say fearfully but joyfully—'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' That man cannot be called a child of God who does not open his heart to Him daily, in his closet, after he has entered and shut the door. What kind of love would a child show to his parent, if he always endeavored to keep away from him, except when others were present.

*Missionary Meeting.*—Last evening a missionary meeting was held at the Methodist Church in Greene street. It was a farewell meeting with the mission family, who are shortly to proceed to South America

The introductory prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Bangs, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Cogshall, of Rhode Island, the Rev. Professor Baker, of the Genesse Seminary, and the Rev. Mr. Kinder, from Rochester, one of the missionaries. The addresses of the several gentlemen were excellent, and were grounded on the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

*Resolved*, That in all our efforts to enlighten the heathern world, we will make the Bible the man of our council, and that we regard every other system of conduct as inoperative and fallacious.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

### LAZINESS OF THE HAYTIAN NEGROES.

The common negro is lazy, and with compulsion, cannot be brought to work; and the moment his work is finished he stretches himself under the neatest tree, smokes his cigar, and then goes to sleep. It is not uncommon to see two negroes sitting on a horse, while a third holds on by the tail; to get a help on his journey. In Hayti, where the negroes are free, not one of them will work for any money so long as he has a farthing in his pocket to buy cassavi bread. They prefer idleness to the trouble of earning any thing. The poor negro has but few wants A piece of cassavi bread and salt fish, a drink of water with a little rum a few oranges or other fruits, which are to be had for next to nothing, satisfy the cravings of his stomach.

*American Bible society*—We have seen with much satisfaction, that almost every annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has passed resolutions urging upon its members the importance of aiding the American Bible Society. The last Ohio conference passed, among others, the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Ohio annual conferences approve the plans and operations of the American Bible society; and recommend it to the patronage of the people of our charge.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The Indiana Democrat gives the names and politics of the Presidents, Cashiers, and Directors of the State Bank of Indiana and three of its branches, as follows: Mother bank, at Lawenceburgh, 10 federalists, 2 democrats, and 2 doubtful. Branch at Indianopolis 12 feds and 1 dem Branch at Evansville, 12 feds—*unanimous*. Branch at Vincennes, 12 feds (one of them a Harrison Elector!) and 2 dems. The editor concludes his remarks in the following significant manner:

'We may have had direct influence of the bank in the late election, and if necessary to mention cases where individuals have been directly operated upon by the bank, by extending to them discounts. This may be an unpleasant subject, but when the Junto, and the federal bank party attribute every thing to the administration, self defence may prompt us to acquit the administration, to hold up to the public gaze the real authors of the lamentable condition of the times."

One of the Osage Indians who were on a visit to Washington City a few years ago, being in Baltimore, was shown every thing in the latter city that it was supposed would interest the attention of one of the native lords of the forest. Among other things, his guide conducted him to see the jail After viewing it with attention, he exclaimed, '*What dat?*' The reply was, 'The jail.' Indian—'What's jail?' His guide answered—'A place to put Indians in who don't pay the skins they owe,' (skins being the medium of exchange, or symbol of wealth among the North American savage) Having viewed it some time with astonishment; the untutored child of nature gave this reply worthy of a Socrates, a Plato, a Rochefaucault or Franklin, *Indian can catch no skin dere.*'—*Albany Mirror.*

### THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.

It was night. The soldiers in both the hostile armies were hushed in quiet slumbers and no sound was heard, save the sentinel's measured tread: and the occasional cry 'All's well.'

A muffled form approached. 'Who comes there?' demanded the sentinel,

'A friend,' answered a timid voice, softly.

'Advance,' said the sentinel, 'and give the parole.'

'Love,' replied the same soft, timid voice.

'Love!' replied the sentinel, 'love is not the parole; you cannot pass: it would be as much as my life's worth to let you pass.'

'Indeed,' exclaimed the stranger, 'it's cruel not to let a sergeant's wife pass to take perhaps a last farewell of her husband, I beseech you sir, let me pass. The battle, you know, is expected to-morrow: it may be the last night I can ever spend in my husband's company; and I have travelled forty miles to see him.

'No more, I cannot let you pass.'

'Nay' sir, but hear me one moment. Have you a wife that loves you with all her heart? If she should leave her babes and walk forty miles just to see you before a battle, and—,'

'Pass, friend, all's well!'

Follow that devoted heart to her husband's pillow, on the cold ground. He started to find her there, but presses her tenderly to his bosom, and inquires anxiously for the little ones she has left behind. They talk of the few fleeting years they had spent together in wedded love, before war had dragged him from his home, and the wife weeps bitterly, as she thinks of the morrow.

The hours of night steal hastily away. The drum forces Laura to bid her husband farewell and as she retires, with his fondest message for the little ones at home, the signal is given for the soldiers to prepare for battle.

It was her last farewell.

She sought and found him among the dead. Those children own a parent, on either side, no more.

### CURIOUS HISTORY OF AN OLD TRUNK.

Some years since an old woman became an inmate of Moulton work-house, near this town, bringing with her the whole of her worldly goods, consisting of an old bedstead and a trunk. She died in the work house, and the parish officers applied to her nearest of kin to ascertain whether they would undertake the expense incident to her interment, and inherit the old bedstead and trunk, or leave the last offices to the parish, who would then claim the property, such as it was to meet the expenses. The relatives declined all interference, and the old lady was buried at the cost of the parish. When the Brixton union was formed, the Guardians rented, pro tempore, the Moulton work-house, taking the property at a valuation Among this property was the old bedstead and the trunk. The Brixton union now having abandoned the work house at Moulton, and last week a sale at public auction took place of the old furniture, including the bedstead and trunk. Of the purchaser of the bedstead we have no record, but the trunk was knocked down for 2s 7ⁿᵈ two persons claiming the purchase, it was again put up and was again knocked down at 2s. 9d. to the wife of a laborer of the parish.

The husband, it seems, had heard strange stories of antique trunks with secret drawers and hidden treasure; and no sooner did he see his wife's purchase than he set about minutely exploring all its peculiarities. The wife who was not haunted by the same golden dreams, saw him strip off the old paper with which it was covered, with despair, he was evidently spoiling her trunk for all such purposes as a respectable trunk is usually devoted to.

But the treasure seeker persisted in his search, and presently discovered, to his own as well as to his wife's astonishment, a sunken drawer at the side of the trunk, closely packed with upwards of 1000 pieces of gold coin, of the reign of James I. Charles II. William and Mary, and William II. The parties in whose hands this hidden treasure has so unexpectedly fallen, are an industrious and very respectable, although a very poor couple who will not misuse their good fortune.—*North. (Eng.) Mercury.*

### ANECDOTE.

A young lawyer, boasting of his readiness to undertake the defence of any person accused of crime, declared he would as soon undertake the cause of a man whom he knew to be guilty, as one whom he believed to be innocent. An aged Quaker being present, he appealed to him for the correctness of his views—'What say you to that, old gentleman?' 'Why, I say,' replied the Quaker, 'that if thee lived in my neighborhood, I would keep my stables locked—that's all.

On Monday last, a lady in walking Broadway, New York, got her foot between the bars of a vault grate, which could not be extricated until a blacksmith was sent for, to file it off, and she fainted several times through pain, and was with great difficulty released.

PRACTICAL PUN.—On a sun-dial, in a village in Kent, England, is the following inscription:—"WE SHALL!" which expressed no meaning to the observer, till a rustic explained the enigma by a small addition which made it read.—"We shall die—all!"

The gallant veteran Commodore HULL has located himself in Baltimore, and has taken apartments at the Exchange Hotel for his family.

ROMANTIC STORY.—The Goshen (Indiana) Express mentions the discovery of a female among the Indians near Peru, Indiana, that had been taken prisoner by the Delaware Indians, sixty years ago, when she was only five years of age. Two brothers and a sister visited her, and she was recognized by marks they named as being on her person. She could not talk English, and had an interpreter. No entreaty could prevail on her to return with them home, and they had reluctantly to leave her. She had been married to a Miami chief who had died and left her with seven children.

MORE SPECIE.—An editor in Vermont has married a wife by the name of Sawyer.

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