

thought gave him desperation. His alternative was to be dashed to pieces, or gain the top of the rock; and to this fearful task he applied himself. His success was almost miraculous, as those who have seen the place will confess. He did reach the top; but all his limbs were aching with the strong and continued strain of every muscle; the ends of his fingers were worn to the bone; the flesh was rubbed from his knees; and his heart throbbed with a violence that, though untold while he was climbing, almost choked him when he laid himself down at the top. Poor wretch! It would have been better for him had he fallen. The level rock he had attained was not eight feet across. Beyond it, rose up another precipice, full sixty feet high, perpendicular, smooth, and wet; while on each side the lofty walls of the ravine destroyed every chance of escape. The old scalp-hunter was caught in his own trap. There was not a civilized man within more than ninety miles.

The Indian had escaped from the ravine at a point where its sides were less precipitous than elsewhere, and the long tough root of a spruce, fanning several yards from the top, helped him in the most dangerous part. He was now safe in the woods, on the surface of the mountain. The eager hunter had passed on, without even dreaming that the game had adroitly given him the slip.

It is useless to dwell on his fate. In the morning he looked down the frightful gorge in front, and on the cliffs that imprisoned him, to see if no possibility of escape offered; for till then his hardy spirit had not quite despaired. The daylight dispelled every shadow of hope. At the edge of the ravine, an hundred feet over him, his startled eye discovered a human face, peering down upon him from behind a stunted pine that projected over the gulf. It was the Indian, who had seated himself there to await the fate of his enemy.

The old man spent two days in his prison. The afternoon of the second day was peculiarly beautiful; the atmosphere had a softness not common in New England; and while the western mountains seemed enveloped in a blue, transparent haze, the warm sunlight poured full on the rugged slopes to the east. The desolate valley wore the mildest aspect its savage features could put on; like a sleeping warrior dreaming of his home. The evening brought a change. A thunder gust came by, and in a few moments filled every gully and ravine with foaming waters, and drift-logs driving down to the valley. The old man was swept from his place in an instant, but the watchful Indian found him next morning wedged under a rock; and a week after, his gray hairs were fluttering in the wind from the top of a cabin in the Indian village of St. Francis, by the side of the St. Lawrence.

The Indians, it is well known, believed these mountains the abode of a malignant spirit; and this, they say, was the greeting he gave to the first white man who ever found his way into the Notch. The writer must not be understood to give his authority in support of so loose and frivolous a tradition, thereby putting in jeopardy his reputation as an antiquarian, and what is of far more consequence than mere personal considerations—misleading, perchance, the unsuspecting reader, who has confided himself to his guidance. It is his duty to remind him that the White Mountains were visited long before, by one Neal, and his party, who found that country "daunting terrible," and made all haste to escape from the neighborhood. It is not, however, recorded of this party, nor of any other, prior to 1724, that they visited the defile called the Notch; so that this Indian story may, after all, be entitled to as strict credence as any portion of the narrative whatever.

THE OATH OF SECRECY OF THE JESUITS.

THE SECRET OATH AND A FRESH TRANSLATION OF THE SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE ORDER OF THE JESUITS.

I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy Apostles St. Peter and Paul, and the saints and secret host of heaven, and to you my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that his holiness Pope Urban is Christ's vicar-general, and is the true and only head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth; and that, by the virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments; all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed; therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend, this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or Protestant) authority whatsoever; especially against the pretended authority and Church of England and all its adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, named "Protestants" on obedience to any of their interior magistrates or officers. I do further declare that the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Rugenots, and of other of the name of "Protestants," to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his holiness's agents in any place wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine, and to destroy their pretended powers, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the another Church's interests; to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time as they entrust me; and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever; but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or any of this sacred convent. All which I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed sacrament, which I am

now about to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness my real intentions, to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist; and witness the same further with my hand and seal in the face of this holy convent, this — day of — Anno Dom. &c.—Extracted from Archbishop Usher.

(From the New York Times.)

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The English people, it must be confessed, are fond of respectable conduct, and therefore they admire the Queen, who, as a mother and a wife, is an ornament to her sex. There is not a more kind-hearted woman in the world, a better wife, nor a more affectionate mother. Her political tendencies are believed to be liberal, but she acts as if she belonged to no party, and her conduct as a ruler is wholly based upon the advice of her Ministry, who are responsible by law for what they make her do. I am persuaded that in the revolutionary events of 1848, it was the personal character and popularity of Queen Victoria which preserved the country from a bold effort to establish a republic.

The personal habits of the Queen and her family, are extremely simple and plain. Breakfast is over by nine, then a couple of hours is devoted to the perusal of letters and the despatch of business, which consists of reading the public documents which she has to sign. Between 12 and 2, the Queen and her family usually walk in the private grounds of the palace, if it be fine; if the weather do not permit of out door exercise, Prince Albert and she apply themselves to drawing and etching. Both have acquired some skill in the use of the graver, and have a small press put up in one of the rooms of Buckingham palace, at which they work with their own hands. A present of a set of royal etchings is considered a very special compliment, and prized as such. I know that the Duchess of Bedford's boudoir at Woburn Abbey is hung round with the royal etching. Some of them are neatly done—most of them in good drawing. All of them, are curiosities, as specimens of royal art and industry.

Between 2 and 3 the royal party lunch. This repast, which is in fact an early dinner, is a very private one.—The Queen, Prince Albert, Princess Royal, and Prince of Wales set down to a single joint (usually a roasted shoulder of mutton) and a few side dishes. There is very little wine partaken of at this meal. When it is ended Prince Albert goes into the garden (for the Queen allows no smoking within her walls) and disposes of a couple of cigars. While the royal luncheon is going on, the attendants at the palace, who are very numerous, take their dinner—a plain, substantial meal, at which the liveried servants are allowed ale. For those of a higher rank, the allowance is half a pint of wine to each. I happen to know that when any artists are at work, or in waiting at the palace at the hour of lunch, meat is served up to them, and half a pint of sherry for each. This is very different from the waste which formerly prevailed in the royal household, and which Queen Adelaide was the first to put a check to. She too got indignant at the female servants wearing silks and satins, and caused a memorial revolt by ordering them to wear muslins and stuffs. The economy of the household now allows the Queen to save about half the money annually voted for its maintenance.

These savings are considerable, and being duly invested, are rapidly accumulating. Then, in addition to his £30,000 a year allowance as consort, as much more has been given to Prince Albert in various appointments, he has £16 a day as field marshal; and as he does not spend £10,000 a year, his savings must be great. There is a fond hope that he and the Queen mean to appropriate this money to the future pension of their children, and not to ask the people to support them.

From the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.

A COMIC SCENE.

A FOUNDLING.

As Mrs. Esther Stansbury, (residing in a court running from Race Street below Sixth) was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant last night—she found an old basket suspended from the knob of her front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking—but so enveloped in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper folded like a letter lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned to the house, and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was addressed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

TO JOE STANSBURY.—Sir—I send you the baby, which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. Oh, Joseph! what a sly old rascal you are!—who would think that such a staid, sober old spindle-shanks could be such a tearing-down sinner? The child is yours. You may swear to that.—Look at it—it is Joe Stansbury all over! You deceived me shamefully, Joseph—letting on to be a widower—but do a father's part by the young one and I'll forgive you. Yours heart-broken NANCY.

P. S.—Don't let that sharp-nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby.

Mr. Stansbury was in the basement kitchen quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen staircase was violently thrown open, and Mrs. S.'s voice yelled out— "Stansbury, come up here, you villain; here's a mess for you." The astonished Stansbury hastily wiped his mouth, and obeyed the summons.

"Dan! you want to see Nancy, your broken-hearted Nancy?" cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband had hobbled up into the room.

"Nancy!—what Nancy's that?" said the sly old rogue in a well-feigned perplexity. "Why, Nancy, the mother of the baby that's been hung at your door, Mr. Stansbury. Oh! you look mighty innocent; but just read that letter, and then look in that basket. Don't be afraid, it won't bite—it's got no teeth, poor thing!—you'll know it, for, as your hussy says, it is just like you all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody."

And in less than five minutes, Mrs. S. had collected a room full of spectators to witness the unwrapping of the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movement of which astonished everybody.

"It is full of the devil already," said Mrs. S.; "that shows that it is his, you'll soon see that its like him in every thing."

At last all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made his escape through the open door.

It was a big tom cat! The Stansbury's had been victimized by a practical joke, the contrivance of which was traced to a female neighbour. Mrs. S. who had no taste for fun of that kind made her complaint against the suspected party, but, as the trick appeared to be without malice, no binding over took place.

GLASS PALACE FOR THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—It will not do for our people to call Uncle John Bull a slow fellow, or to call the English a people fond of sticking to old things,—they are the reverse. The London Glass Palace, for the Grand Exhibition, will be one of the seven wonders—the greatest wonder of the Fair. To add to its decorations, a proposition and a good one, has come from America. The London Times says:—

"We have seen a letter addressed to the Commissioners, from which the following curious particulars are gathered:—Benjamin Hardinge, of Cincinnati, has proposed to cover the iron columns, pilasters, entablatures, &c. with a kind of porcelain or variegated enamel, giving them all the richness and beauty of the choicest polished marble and precious stones, viz. the agate, chalcedony, jasper, and other silicious formations. He also proposes to apply liquid silicates to the glass, in variegated colored crystals, in prismatic or softly blended rainbow tints, which are said to be translucent and beautiful; giving a mellow light, which supersedes the heretofore contemplated blinds. The expense is comparatively small, the materials being composed of quartz or white sand, dissolved in large quantities through the agency of hydro fluoric acid and other solvents, the colours of oxides of minerals &c. It is said to be the cheapest finish upon iron, or other substances, ever before known; and is applied with great facility, and is so hard as not to be moved by a file."

Mr. Hardinge is now at the Howard Hotel, superintending his chemical works in the north part of the city. Scientific American.

MAGNANIMITY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE 85TH REGIMENT, IN AN ATTACK ON WASHINGTON.—The only officer among the enemy who showed any bravery commensurate to the occasion, was the venerable Commodore Barney, to whom, (after his capture,) our officers paid marked attention, and whom they permitted to go on his parole; he was wounded in five different places. The flouza he destroyed was a very fine one, the gunboats being unusually large. It has been observed, that had he stuck fast to his boats and defended them to the last, it would have cost us more men to reduce them than we afterwards lost throughout the subsequent operation. Barney after he was wounded, was taken by a soldier of the 85th whom the commodore requested to stay by him, expressing a wish to remain where his captured guns were. The man replied, that his comrades appeared to be warmly engaged, and that he must go to assist them, and Barney, to induce him to comply with his wishes, pulled out his watch, and offered it to him, which the soldier immediately refused, saying that if he would not remain with him without a reward, he would not take a bribe, and then left him. After the action was over, our officers visited the commodore, who related the circumstances to them, and requested that the soldier might be called out of the ranks to confirm what he had said. The soldier appeared, and Barney observed to him, "That as he would not receive his watch to induce him not to do his duty, would he do him the favour to receive it for having done it?" To which the soldier replied, "No, Sir, I cannot, you are a prisoner."

ADVANTAGE OF LAW.—A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm, that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbour. The neighbour, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was continued from court to court; time was wasted, tempers soured, and tempers lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last my friend knew of the transaction was the man who gained the cause came to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay the costs! Then noseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets and triumphantly exclaimed, "I've beat him!"

- CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.—A plate of butter from the cream of a "Joke."
- Soap with which a man washed overboard.
- Part of the tail of the striped pig.
- A brick from the house that Jack built.
- A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.
- The chair in which the sun sets.
- A garment for the naked eye.
- Hinges and locks for the trunk of an elephant.
- Dagger or type of the girl Barney was asked to let alone.
- A drop of blood from the heart of a gracklous.
- The man wot got fat on Printers' pie.