

"From your name, I believe you to be the father of this young woman, and—"

"Yes," he interrupted; "and the father-in-law of the innocent man you have hunted down with such untiring activity and zeal. But I blame you not," he added, checking himself,—"I blame you not. You have only done what you held to be your duty. But the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable!"

A passionate burst of grief from the pale, weeping wife testified that, whatever might be the fugitive husband's offences or crimes against society, he at least retained her affection and esteem.

"It is very unpleasant," I observed, "to discuss such a subject in the presence of relatives of the inculpated person, especially as I as yet perceive no useful result likely to arise from it; still, since you as it were force me to speak, you must permit me to say, that it appears to me you are either grossly deceived yourself, or a tempting for some purpose to impose upon my credulity."

"Neither, sir—neither," replied Mr. Thompson with warmth. "I certainly am not deceived myself, and I should hope that my character, which I doubt not is well known to you, will shield me from any suspicion of a desire to cheat others."

"I am quite aware, Mr. Thompson, of your personal respectability; still you may be unwittingly led astray. I very much regret to say, that the evidence against your daughter's husband is overwhelming and I fear unanswerable."

"The best, kindest of husbands," broke in the sobbing wife; "the most injured, the most persecuted of men!"

"It is useless," said I, rising and seizing my hat, "to prolong this conversation. If he be innocent he will no doubt be acquitted; but as it is now close upon half past seven o'clock, I must beg to take my leave."

"One moment, sir," said Mr. Thompson hastily. "To be frank with you, it was entirely for the purpose of asking your advice as an experienced person that we are here. You have probably heard of this young man's father?"

"Joel Masters?—Yes. A gambler, and otherwise disreputable person, and one of the most specious rascals, I am told, under the sun."

"You have quite correctly described him. You are not perhaps acquainted with his handwriting?"

"Yes, I am partially so at least. I have a note in my pocket—here it is—addressed to me by the artful old scoundrel, for the purpose of luring me from the right track after his son."

"Then, Mr. Waters, please to read this letter from him, dated at Liverpool, where, it appears, he was yesterday to embark for America."

The letter Mr. Thompson placed in my hands started me not a little. It was a circumstantial confession addressed by Mr. Joel Masters to his son, setting forth that he, the father, was alone guilty of the offence with which his unfortunate son was charged, and authorising him to make a full disclosure should he fail in making his escape from the country. This was, I thought, an exceedingly cheap kind of generosity on the part of honest Joel, now that he had secured himself by flight from the penalties of justice. The letter went on to say where a large amount of bank notes and acceptances, which the writer had been unable to change or discount, would be found.

"This letter," said I, "is a very important one; but where is the envelope?"

Mr. Thompson searched his pocket-book; it was not there. "I must have dropped it," he exclaimed, "at my lodgings. Pray wait till I return. I am extremely anxious to convince you of this unfortunate young man's innocence. I will not be more than a few minutes absent." He then hurried out.

I looked at my watch; it wanted five-and-twenty minutes to eight. "I have but a few minutes to spare," I observed to the still passionately-grieving wife; "and as to the letter, you had better place it in the hands of the attorney for the defence."

"Ah, sir," sobbed the wife, raising her timid eyes towards me, "you do not believe us or you would not be so eager to seize my husband."

"Pardon me," I replied, "I have no right to doubt the truth of what you have told me; but my duty is a plain one, and must be performed."

"Tell me frankly, honestly," said the half-frantic woman with a renewed burst of tears, "if, in your opinion, this evidence will save my unhappy, deeply injured husband? My father, I fear, deceives me—deceives me with a vain hope."

I hesitated to express a very favourable opinion of the effect of a statement, obnoxious, as a few moments reflection suggested, to so much suspicion. The wife quickly interpreted the meaning of my silence, and broke at once into a flood of hysterical lamentation. It was with the greatest difficulty I kept life in her by copious showers of water that stood upon the table. This endured some time. At last I said abruptly, for my watch admonished me that full ten minutes had been passed in this way, that I must summon the waiter and leave her.

"Go—go," said she, suddenly rallying, "since it must be so. I will follow."

I immediately left the house, hastened to the quay, and, on arriving there strained my eyes seaward in search of the expected ship. A large bark, which resembled her was to my dismay, riding at anchor within the break-water, her sails furled and everything made snug for the night. I ran to the landing steps, near which some sailors were standing.

"What vessel is that at anchor?" I asked, pointing to the one which excited my alarm.

"The Columbia" replied the man.

"The Columbia? Why, when did she arrive?"

"Some time ago." The clock chimed a quarter past eight as the captain and a few of the passengers came on shore.

"A quarter past eight! Why, it wants nearly half an hour to that now!"

"Does it though? Before you are ten minutes older you'll hear the clock strike nine!"

The man's words were followed by a merry mocking laugh close to my elbow; I turned sharply round, and for the first and last time in my life felt an almost irresistible temptation to strike a woman. There stood the meek, dove-eyed, grief-stricken wife I had parted from a few minutes before, gazing with brazen impudence in my face.

"Perhaps, Mr. Waters," said she with another taunting laugh, "perhaps yours is London time; or, which is probably more likely, watches sometimes sleep for an hour or two as well as their owners." She then skipped gaily off.

"Are you a Mr. Waters?" said a custom-house official who was parading the quay.

"Yes—and what then?"

"Only that a Mr. Joel Masters desired me to say that he was very much grieved he could not return to finish the evening with you, as he and his son were unfortunately obliged to leave Plymouth immediately."

It would have been a real pleasure to have flung the speaker over the quay. By a great effort I denied myself the tempting luxury, and walked away in a fever of rage. Neither Joel Masters nor his son could afterwards be found, spite of the unremitting efforts of myself and others, continued through several weeks. They both ultimately escaped to America; and some years afterwards I learned through an unexpected channel, that the cunning, specious old rascal, was at length getting his deserts in the establishment of Sing-Sing. The son, the same informant assured me, had, through the persuasions and influence of his wife, who probably thought justice might not be so pleasantly eluded another time, turned over a new leaf, and was leading an honest and prosperous life at Cincinnati.

ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.

Hardy, in his travels through Mexico, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—

"The placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loreta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms of water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting with any inducements to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water, but first cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too precious to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up to find the pertinacious tintetero still hovering over him as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already in imagination devouring his victim, or at least, that the contemplation of his prey impacted a foretaste of the gulf! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo, one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity.

On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed, his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping measured space with him. As soon as he reached the spot he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud by which himself and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transverse direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water, and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

JUDICIAL ADVICE.—A judge, after having examined a pupil on law questions, dismissed him with the following good advice:—

You will find it laid down as a maxim of the civil law, never to say boo to a goose, if she has the power to lay golden eggs.

Let your face be long, and your bills be longer.

Never put your hands in your own pockets, when you can put them into another's.

Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters.

Plaster the judge and butter the jury.

Look wiser than an owl, and be as oracular as any town clock.

Above all things, get money; honestly, if you can, but, get money.

MECHANICS AND LAWYERS.—The New York Mirror has the following, which shows that enlightened constructiveness is rising to its true place in public esteem:—

"The Bar is no longer the resort of the ambitious youths of our country. The mechanical departments are being preferred: there are now thirty young men in this city, that have received liberal educations, who are serving their times as shipwrights, architects, carpenters, &c. In a few years the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up who will put the present race of mechanics in the shade. The Union of a substantial education with mechanical skill effect this. Indeed, already we could name some mechanics who are excellent mathematicians, and acquainted with French and German, and able to study the books in these languages connected with their vocations. Hereofore fond fathers were wont to educate their sons as doctors or lawyers, to insure their respectability and success. That day is past. Mechanics now take the lead, and in a few years will supply the larger portion of the State and Federal Legislatures."

We hope that parents and guardians will put aside this almost obsolete idea, that none but professional men, such as physicians, lawyers and divines, can ever arrive in this country to great distinction. Look, any day, and witness the self-taught, the once illiterate boy, now a superior mechanic, filled with the ardent thirst of becoming a valuable member of society. Look at our community, how many are there now filling offices of honour and profit, who but a few years ago were apprentices to very respectable trades; and take the portion of the mechanics, to your very learned and most distinguished men, and compare the ratio to their future eminence. Look at our debating societies, lyceums, &c., from whence comes the ebullition of marked natural talent from those who never had any other stimulant but their own ambition to become useful, as well as ornamental—whose days are devoted to hard work, and every vacant hour passed in the proper study to render them respectable and well-informed.—Portland Transcript.

A QUIET PASSENGER.—One evening, when the passengers got into a stage coach, in a country town in England, they found that one of the corners had been for some time occupied by a man who seemed to be asleep, with his hands folded before him, and his hat drawn over his face. The other five passengers, after some time, entered into conversation, and observed that this man slept on; and took no notice of anything that was either said or done. In this manner they travelled all night. In the morning at breakfast time, one of his fellow travellers civilly addressed him, and desired he would accompany them, but no answer being returned, they left him to his meditation. After breakfast, when the coachman had swallowed a glass or two of brandy, one of the gentlemen said to him, "you have put along with us a very sulky fellow, for he will neither enter into conversation, or answer when spoken to." "I should wonder if he did," replied the coachman, "as he was hung two days ago for horse stealing, and is now going up to a surgeon in London."

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A touching instance of animal instinct is related in the Deutsche Schnelle Post in relation to a Parisian surgeon, Morand by name, who had a friend with a fine dog with a broken leg. Out of friendship, the Doctor took the dog under his care and cured him. A little while after, as he was working in his office, he heard something scratching at the door. He opened it, and saw, with great astonishment the same dog that he had healed, bringing along with him another dog that had met with a similar accident and who dragged himself slowly after his leader—"This one I'll let it pass," said Morand to the dog, "but hereafter you must not bring me any more business."

New stores, and saloons, and hotels, are christened "Jenny Lind;" steamboats, locomotives, stages, all vehicles are "Jenny's;" on Change they sell "Jenny"-see wheat; the spinning "Jenny" is eclipsed by the singing "Jenny;" at least for this "Jenny"-ration; people delight in tracing their "Jenny"-alogy back into Sweden; all men seem to be studying verbs in the "Jenny" five case; "Jenny"-rosity is a virtue no longer neglected; even our militia Major-"Jenny"-ral has surrendered to the Queen; fond mothers call their babes, sportsmen their dogs and horses, farmers their cows and pigs, "Jenny's;" in short, "Jenny" is the "Jenny"-rie term for all these things, and for many more, "Jenny" says quod.

RATIONAL.—A man residing in a New England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in November, to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived he was told that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying in a faint voice "Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative that had been sent for.

"Oh!" said he, "he must be cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, a hot toddy."

"I guess he isn't crazy," said the visitor, "he talks very rational."

AH HA!—A married man whose habits are not very regular, one evening last week, while walking in the streets, encountered a lady whose walk and actions encouraged him to address her. He was pleased with the impression she made, and forthwith offered his arm to escort her home, which she accepted. After leading him around several squares, she finally brought him up to his own house. It was his wife.

A PEZZLER.—If the apple which William Tell shot from the head of his son gave liberty to Switzerland, how many bushels of the same size would it have taken to make a barrel of cider, from the same orchard,