

villain above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door you are a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and, on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts, and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity, and such unparalleled interpidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

Two gentlemen and a female traveling in a coach together, the latter in answer to a question that had been proposed to her, said:

"I never drank any spirits till about three years ago, just after my youngest child was born."

She uttered this reply in a suppressed tone of voice, and with evident emotion.

"You have been married, then?" said the English gentleman.

"Yes sir," she replied, "I was married eight years since."

"Is your husband living?" he enquired.

"I suppose he is," said she; "I have not seen him for more than two years, and I do not know that he will ever come back again."

At this moment the old Dutchman shook his head; and the woman bowed down her face. Her bonnet concealed her features, but tears were falling upon her cloak. After a brief interval, the Englishman resumed his conversation.

"I am fearful," said he, "that you have a bad, perhaps intemperate husband."

His remark seemed to summon her to the rescue; for whatever may be the nature of domestic strife, foreign interference is seldom welcomed by either party.

"No, sir," she replied, "I had as good a husband as ever lived. and he was always a very temperate man. He was a member of the temperance society. My husband was a carpenter, and worked as hard as any man but he never took strong drink of any kind; and if I could say the same thing of myself, we never should have parted."

"How did you first contract this habit?" said he.

"After my last child was born," she replied, "I had a severe fever, and was brought very low. It seemed as though I never should recover my strength. Our doctor, who was a skillful, old gentleman, said nothing would raise me so soon as a little brandy. My husband asked if nothing else would do as well, and was opposed to my taking it. It was not pleasant at first; but I soon began to relish it with sugar, and after a month's trial, I got myself into such a state, that I could not live without it. My husband was greatly distressed about it, and said he would not have it in his house. I then got it privately, and the habit got so strong upon me, that I used to lie awake very often thinking how good it would taste in the morning. I have often said, and say now, that I would give the world, if it were mine, to be cured of this hankering after strong drink. At last my poor children—"

"Poor little children!" cried the Dutchman, as he brushed away a tear from his eye.

"My poor children," continued the woman, "began to suffer, and my husband became desperate. At one time he would coax me, and, after I had kept myself clear of it for a week or so, he would make a present, though he could poorly afford it. At another time, when I could hold out no longer, and he returned and found nothing ready for dinner, or supper, and the children crying, and his wife unfitted for every thing, he would talk very harshly and threaten to leave me. I deserved it all," said she weeping bitterly; "and I have thought if he should come back, I would try to do better and leave off, though I am afraid I should not be able to. I never thought he would really go away. He seemed, at last, to be giving the matter up. He let me go on pretty much as I pleased. He used to take the two elder children, upon a Sunday, to meeting, and leave me at home, for I was ashamed to go there, as folks had begun to take notice of me. A few days before he went off, he said very little to me, but seemed to be busy packing his chest. I thought all this was done to scare me; so I took no notice of it. He finally put his chest upon a wheelbarrow, and wheeled it away. 'Good bye, John,' said I, thinking he was not in earnest; and I am sure he was not when I saw him coming back in about an hour without it. I told him he had made a short voyage of it. He said nothing—not a word—but he took the children on his lap and kissed them and cried over them as if his heart would break. His silence and his taking on so, worried me more than all his threats. Next morning he asked me to take the children and go with him to see his mother, who lived about a mile off. So I got ready. We had an old dog that watched round the house. My husband patted the dog—'Good bye, Caesar,' said he, and sobbed aloud as he said it. I then began to fear he was going; and, as I thought how kindly he had always used me, and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I could not help shedding tears. But I said nothing, for I still thought he only wanted to try me. When we got to his mother's, I saw his chest outside the gate. We went in, and the old woman began to shed tears, but said not a word. I thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and turning to me, he took my hand, but it was some time before he could speak—"

At last, mastering his feelings, 'Fanny!' said he, 'there is but one way to convince you that I am in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or for worse, but I did not take you for a drunkard, and I cannot live with you as such. You have often said you were willing to part, and could support yourself if I would the children, and you have agreed that they would live with their grandmother. I have sold my tools and some other matters, and have raised a few dollars, which I have placed in her care for their use; and if God spares my life, they shall never want. When she writes me word that you

have kept clear from this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then.' While he was speaking the stage arrived, and I saw him lashing on his chest. I then had no longer a doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. 'O, dear John,' said I, 'do not go, John—try me once more,' but he never looked back; and the stage was soon out of sight. 'He is a cruel, cold hearted man,' said I, as I sat down on the threshold of the door. 'Fanny,' said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, 'will you abide by these words at the great judgment day?' 'No,' said I, after a short pause, 'he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.' 'Then try to kill the sinful habit, and win back your happy fire-side.' 'I will try,' said I. 'And I have tried, but how poorly I have succeeded, every person acquainted with me knows too well.'

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth in the very manner of its delivery, the Englishman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather beaten features.

"Mine Got," taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence, while he spoke, "ven vil there pe an end of dish accursed trade? Ven vil a body leave off selling the fires of hell to his neighbor in exchange for de poor leetle childer's bread?"

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.—Judge Charlton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association at Georgia, thus sketches a marriage scene:—

"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me now sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar; a lovely female clothed in all freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion, which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. O, wo to him that deceives her! O, wo to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false-hearted;
His life-blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere his life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never! O, never!

We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who but a few months before had united her fate to his—"If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go return to your friends and to your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you—I covet it not."

"Alas!" answered she, "I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my maiden affections—of my buoyant hope—of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?" "No!" said the man, throwing himself at her feet—"No! I cannot restore these; but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and unstained. I will cherish them through my life, and in my death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and to cheer her who gave up to me all she held most dear." Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it here! the mild and gentle reproof of love winning, from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fierce battles would be unfought—how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided."

SCHOOL SCENE.—Green spectacled pedagogue, enthroned on a three-legged stool, with a scepter of birch firmly grasped, exclaims:

"Big boys, come up and parse. The pig squeaks. Now tell me what is THE?"

"The, sir, is a preposterous article, nominative case to pig."

"Because it stands before pig; I would not stand before one for a shilling." "Next boy, parse pig."

"Pig is a common noun." "Why is it common?"

"Because it is so common that you can't see nothing else in the streets."

"What is SQUEAKS?" "A noun proper, sir."

"Why is it proper, Ezekiel?"

"Because it makes a proper loud noise, and disturbs all the neighbors."

"That's O. K. Now you can go and carry on with the gals."

AN ARKANSAS BREAK DOWN.—A friend of ours went over in Arkansas a few weeks ago to attend a "break down"—that is a dance. The ladies, upon the occasion, were arrayed in their best, with all the gay colours which an uncultivated taste could suggest. The gentlemen were dressed in homespun clothes, and none but our friend had broadcloth upon his back. During the evening, sweet potatoes of an enormous size, roasted in the ashes, were handed around to the company, together with a handful of salt for each guest. A beautiful young lady soon became smitten with our friend, (perhaps with his magnificent inouataches), and resolved to dance with him. She thereupon turned to a friend and addressed her in these words: "Sal, hold my tater while I trot round with that nice hoss what's got on store clothes." Our young friend was clinched accordingly; he couldn't extricate himself from the grip of the rustic beauty, and he was obliged to "trot round" after her for one mortal long hour before he

could obtain a respite from his labours. He made his escape the first opportunity, resolved that he never again would go to an Arkansas break down.—*Memphis Express.*

An anecdote is told of Gov. Jones, of Kentucky, which is too good to be lost. While making a speech some two years since, a rowdy fellow hissed him. Immediately the cry "turn him out, turn him out," arose from various parts of the crowd. Just at the time an ass near him commenced braying, when the Governor remarked to the audience "let him alone, gentlemen, his father is calling him and he will soon leave."

UPPER CANADA BEGINNING TO OPEN HER EYES.—Mr. Lafontaine has a certain number of votes from Lower Canada at his command upon any question, and upon any side of any question he may choose to take up. We have no need to inquire, therefore, into the opinions of those French members who compose his "tail." They have none. Mr. Lafontaine thinks and acts for them. It is not his fault that the representatives from Lower Canada should not be able to think for themselves, or should be too servile to act independently. But it is a fact of great importance to the people of Upper Canada, whose rights and liberties are thus placed under the keeping of the Priests and Jesuits of Lower Canada. It is a startling fact, and the truth has for the first time during this session of Parliament flashed upon the vision of thousands in Upper Canada. We are bound hand and foot, and lie helplessly at the feet of the Catholic Priests of Lower Canada, who can laugh to scorn all our convulsive efforts for freedom. There is no use in concealing the fact, or attempting to gloss it over. And when the civil, political, and religious degradation in which we are placed is fully realized, we shall hear very little more in Upper Canada of the cry "Tory" and "Reformer." These distinctions will be swept away, and another and a very different organization of parties will be formed.—*North American.*

CONVERSIONS FROM ROMANISM.—On Sunday, the 2nd inst. eleven adult members of the Church of Rome, consisting of eight men and three women, publicly read their recantation in the parish church of Corbally, in the county Tipperary, and were received into the communion of the Church of England by the incumbent, the Rev. Henry Wellenden. Six of this number, however, had been previously brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of the former incumbent, the Rev. John Vere Benson, now rector of Castleconnell, county Limerick.—*Evening Mail.*

SAN JUAN FERNANDEZ.—A California emigrant in a letter to the Belfast Signal, writes as follows with regard to the present condition of this island:—

At sunrise the 11th of March we made the island of Juan Fernandez, celebrated as the residence of Alexander Selkirk, and as the Botany Bay of Chili. It affords a very indifferent harbour, and has only twelve inhabitants, five men and seven women; all Chilians, with the exception of one man who said he was Governor of the island, that his name was Worth, and that he was a native of Maine. He had lived on the island three years. There are five houses or huts on the island, made of poles interwoven with straw, affording protection from the weather. Peaches are large and abundant and compose the principal food of the inhabitants. The valley in which Selkirk lived is pointed out and also the caves in the sides of the mountains formerly occupied by the Chilian convicts. The island is extremely mountainous. Wild horses and goats abound. It is resorted to by vessels for food and water. At sundown we sailed for California.

An Overland Mail has arrived since our last confirming the account of the awful explosion at Benares. No fewer than 1000 lives were lost, by the explosion of 3000 barrels of gunpowder containing 330,000lbs. of powder. The devastation which this awful catastrophe caused to the city and shipping is described as most extensive, and the bodies of additional victims were being still disinterred. The Affreces were less troublesome; it appears that their recent annoyances have originated from the salt mines having been stopped working by the Supreme Government, which order has been rescinded. The affairs of the dominions of the Nizam are hastening to some crisis. A vast conspiracy has been organised, having for its object the release of the imprisoned Sikh Sardars at Allahabad. No fewer than 1300 strangers had congregated in the town, but the plot having been discovered, precautions were taken, and the attempt had not been made. The Governor General and Commander in Chief are at Simla. The mail has brought no news from China.

Two horrible incidents, which show the danger of premature interment, took place in the city of Mexico. A woman was attacked by cholera and apparently died. She was interred in the cemetery of Santa Palmar; but just at that moment she awoke from her trance, and the earth being newly laid over her, she succeeded in scratching her way out. The other case was that of a woman who, being drunk, was thought dead, and was consequently buried. In a short time the drunkenness passed off and she managed to escape from her tomb, but her singular appearance drew around her a perfect crowd of lepers, by whom she was chased home.

ANTIQUITIES FOUND IN NINEVAH.—An interesting story is told of the curious and exquisitely finished ivories, sent home by Mr. Layard, from Ninevah. When they reached England, to every appearance they seemed about to crumble into dust. The keen eye of modern science instantly detected the cause of the decay. "Boil them," it said, "in a preparation of gelatine; it is that constituent part of the ivory which has perished." It was done; and the ivories are as hard and as firm as when first carved; they may last another thousand years or two. The merit of this suggestion is contested by the Dean of Westminster and Professor Owen; it may very probably have occurred to both resourceful minds,