

## THRILLING SKETCHES.

## THE DEMON BRIDE.

The following incident occurred some years ago in Virginia, and was told in the lines which follow, without exaggeration:

Col. T., a man of great respectability, and frequently high sheriff and representative of the county, died, leaving a wife and several children among them a very beautiful daughter, about fifteen years of age. The widow finding herself embarrassed, opened a boarding house at the county site, and among her boarders was a Mr. W., a wealthy merchant, over 40 years, but a fine looking man. This gentleman was the prop, and stay of the family; gave employment to the sons, educated the daughter at a fashionable academy, and, very naturally, on her return, fell desperately in love with her, when he should have preferred the mother. He pressed his suit with perseverance, but the beautiful Mildred resisted his appeals and the importunities of all her friends. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W., and the combined tears, entreaties, persecutions and threats of her family, the fair girl reluctantly stood before the altar and became his wife. The next evening a large party was given by them, but in the evening Mr. W. being seized by vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of the night apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion. She poured out a wine glass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it, unconscious of its nature. It acted as an emetic, but left him stupid and wandering. One moment he lay motionless, as if on the brink of the spirit world, and the next he would spring up convulsively, a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a deep sleep. She then stooped for a moment over the mouldering embers, approached the bed—gazed at her sleeping husband—and, holding a heated ladle in her hand, attempted to pour a stream of melted lead into his ear! She trembled, and the hissing liquid intended to scald the brain, and thus kill without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shrieked in excruciating torture, and the revellers in the adjoining saloon, rushed into the chamber. There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead rivetted deep into his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand, and an empty vial labelled 'Laudanum' lying on the floor. The fearful realities of the case flashed upon every one; and in the confusion of the moment, she was hurried away and taken to a distant State. On searching the apartment an old magazine was found containing the confession of a woman who had murdered five husbands, by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before the marriage, and the ladle was a part of his wedding gift. The grand jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the legislature being in session, forthwith decreed an absolute divorce. What renders this case more extraordinary, is, that Miss T. was proverbial for the blandness of her manners and her uniform sweetness of disposition. She was a blonde. The rose leaf tinted her lily cheek, as a sunbeam glows on snow. Her blue eyes were indescribably sweet, and her golden hair floated around a form more perfect and voluptuous than ever Apelles dreamed of or Petrarch sung. The sequel of this romance is yet more singular. Years rolled away, and W. continued a wretched and solitary man. But the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. He closed his stores, sold his estates, collected his ample means, and traced her to her distant retreat, to make a new offer of his hand. She had just married a gentleman of high standing, acquainted with all the details of her career—shuddering at the tragedy, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W! Then indeed did the iron enter his soul—the deadly arrow quivered in his side! His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his marriage, and the catastrophe—the flight—the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of his passion—and now his disappointment, final and forever—came crushing over him like an iceberg in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed for death. Whether this prayer was granted I know not. He may yet wander broken-hearted over the earth. If he be dead, a more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit never winged its flight to heaven.

## A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk up all the previous days allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top gallant fore-castle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall, powerful young seaman; "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner." In about half an hour the dinner bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger, of the name of Leigh; they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day, Ned?" said he addressing me. "Feared of shark, hey? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel." I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail

yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice on board cried out, "A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the fore-castle. "Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, "A shark! a shark! Come back, for God's sake!"

"Lay aft, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim, for God's sake!" cried the captain who was now on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; "they never take black when they can get white."

I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied that the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move! the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; "he is after you!" Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert, that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.—*Chambers' Journal*.

[From the London Family Economist.]

## ON FITS.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

THOUGH no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also; now then for my prescriptions.

*For a fit of passion:* walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. 'Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.'

*For a fit of idleness:* count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro. 'Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.'

*For a fit of extravagance or folly:* go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail; and you will be convinced.

'Who makes his bed of briar and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn.'

'Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?'

*For a fit of ambition:* go into the churchyard, and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of a man at his best estate. 'For what is your life? It is even a vapor; that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'—Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

*For a fit of repining:* look about for the halt, and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. 'Wherefore doth a living man complain.'

*For a fit of envy:* go to Brighton, Cheltenham, or some other place of the kind, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. 'A sound heart is the life of the flesh: envy is the rottenness of the bones.'

*For a fit of desponding:* look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.—'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet

praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God.'

*For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear,* whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulder, the head or the heart—the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord for he shall sustain thee.'

HALIFAX, August 13th, 1850.

The schooner Flora, Smith, master, has just arrived in 3 days from Sable Island. She brought up the Captain, crew, and materials, of the American ship Adonis, Prince, master, from Portland, U.S., in ballast, 10 days out, bound to Bic Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to load deals for London, which vessel went ashore on the 6th July, on Sable Island, and became a total loss. Also, the American Brig Hope, Jones, Master, from Baltimore, with a cargo of flour, pork, meal, &c., bound to St. John, Newfoundland. The H. went ashore on Sable Island on the 3d August, and became a total wreck. Cargo, materials, and crew saved.

## WHITTLINGS BY OUR "IMP."

Some repentant prodigal gives vent to his feelings in the following fashion:—

John Alcohol, my Joe John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
I'd money in my pockets, John,  
Which now I know there ain't.  
I spent it all in treating, John,  
Because I loved you so;  
But mark me how you've treated me  
John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,  
We've been too long together,  
So you must take one road, John,  
And I will take the other.  
For we may tumble down, John,  
If hand in hand we go,  
And I will have the bill to foot,  
John Alcohol my Joe.

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she had heard that when anybody was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him.

The Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread. Were such a law in our country, half the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of falling back into single blessedness.

A very tall man was in the streets of Boston, a few days since. An old lady, who admired his gigantic stature, addressed him:

"Mister, were you large when you were small?"

"Yes, marm, I was considered big when I was little."

This equals the Irishman who said that *Black berries* were always red when they were green.

"Why is a certain tree called a weeping willow?" asked a schoolmaster, addressing one of his pupils.—"Because you take sticks from it to whip the boys with."

Aunt Betsey is shocked to hear that "Mr. Smith keeps a Sally Amanda Sale in his counting house."—What would his wife say? She wouldn't—be safe then, nor he either.

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the Troy Museum, is a peck of potatoes, all of them cross-eyed.

A friend of ours says he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now, that he can't raise five dollars.

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?"

"No," says Pat, "I'm digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

"Come here, you mischievous little rascal, you."

"Won't you lick me, father?"

"No!"

"Will you swear you won't?"

"Yes!"

"Then I won't come, father; for Parson Atwood says he that swears will lie."

A MATCH FOR BLUEBEARD.—We know a lady in this town who has lost three husbands by death, within ten months, and is now engaged to the fourth.—*Cin. Com.*

A STRANGE BEAST.—While Van Amburgh's collection was entering New Haven, not long since, the elephant, completely enveloped in a huge blanket, reaching nearly to the ground, was very leisurely engaged in picking up with his proboscis, the end of which was only exposed to view, the fugitive straws of hay which were scattered about the streets; observing which, a son of the Emerald Isle among the bystanders, exclaimed—

"Be Jabers! an' what sort o' beast is that, sting hay with his tail?"

Mrs. Partington says, nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church, without their purses, when a recollection is to be taken.

Five or six years of connubial life rather knocks the romance, which accompanies love, out of a fellow who is troubled with a termagant of a wife. This thought forcibly struck us the other evening, when we saw a little boy sitting on the front stoop, and crying bitterly. We stopped to inquire the cause of his tears, when he informed us that "mother was pounding father, and if somebody didn't come, he was afraid she'd kill him."

JOE'S QUESTION In the 38th chapter 35th verse, "Can'st thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, here we are?" is no longer a problem. The telegraphic lightning says a great deal more.