



LITERATURE.

NO!

- No sun—no moon!
- No morn—no noon—
- No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
- No sky—no earthly view—
- No distance looking blue—
- No road—no street—no "tother side the way"—
- No end to any Row—
- No indications where the Crescents go—
- No top to any steeple—
- No recognitions of familiar people—
- No courtesies for showing 'em—
- No knowing 'em!
- No travelling at all—no locomotion,
- No inking of the way—no notion—
- "No go"—by land or ocean—
- No mail—no post—
- No news from any foreign coast—
- No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
- No company—no nobility—
- No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
- No comfortable feel in any member—
- No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
- No fruits, no flow'rs, no leaves, no birds,
- November!

[From the New York Mirror.]

THE THREE BRIDES.

"Do you see," said the sexton, "those three hillocks yonder, side by side? There sleep the three brides whose history I am about to relate. Look there sir, on yonder hill you may observe a little isolated house, with a staggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple-trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the wind were high now, you might hear the old crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the winds tearing the gray shingles off the roof. Many years ago, there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of arable land which belong to it.

The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and, as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood and grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night, at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him, and even hated him, as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and among others the minister and lawyer and physician of the place, who showed some willingness to afford him countenance; but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and, moreover, their vanity was wounded by discovering the extent of his knowledge. To the ministers he would quote the Fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemical controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So they all deserted him, and the minister, from whom the old man differed in some trifling points of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him; and by and bye all looked upon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. But he little cared for that, for he derived his consolation from fottier resources, and in the untracked paths of science found a treasure in the pathless woods! He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, philosophy, science, where unfolded one by one, to the enthusiastic son of the solitary. Years rolled away and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around his shattered dwelling, and the lightning played about the roof; and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the thunder and commotion of the elements. I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a time, as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few cold and hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbours, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of the old man's dwelling, came to his funeral.—With a proud and lofty look the son stood above the dust and the dead in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but a serenity on his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave to bury his grief in the privacy of his deserted dwelling.

He found, at first, the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the echoing floors from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly imploring heaven for relief. It came to him at last in the guise of poetical inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from

his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool!) of immortality.—Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquiries were set on foot in the hopes of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this remote region, and send forth lays which astonished the world, was, indeed, a triumph to the visionary bard.

His thirst for fame was gratified, and now he began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share the laurels he had won, to whisper consolation in his ear in the moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and, as he had chosen for his motto—*what has been done may still be done*—he did not despair of success. In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mazy, Adelaide, and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of those young girls. Mary was the youngest, a fair-haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon a green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark-haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father was a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not altogether encourage the affection which he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the recluse took to his solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance, within and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlour in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate, to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by coral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected by their neighbours, what cared they? Their endearing and mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary fell suddenly sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

Days, months, rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide, at length, he offered his widowed heart. She came to his lone house like the dove, bearing the olive branch of peace and consolation. Their bridal was not one of revelry and mirth, for a recollection brooded over the hour. Yet they lived happily; the husband again smiled, and with a new spring the roses again blossomed in their garden. But it seemed as if a fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered and the leaf fell in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide, too, sickened and died, like her younger sister, in the arms of her husband and of Madeline.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, young man that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar.—But he was a mysterious being, whose ways were inscrutable, who, thirsting for domestic bliss, was doomed ever to seek and never to find it. His third bride was Madeline. I will remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine; but I cannot avoid exclaiming upon hers. She might have sat upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood within her veins had descended from a hundred kings. She was a proud creature, with a tall, commanding form, and raven tresses that floated, dark and cloudlike over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony, the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and at the moment when the third bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response with a steady voice, and her eyes glittered with wild-fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. He remarked a kind of incoherence in her expressions as they rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arrived at his house she sunk upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of a maiden. When they were alone he clasped her hand, it was as ice! He looked into her face—

"Madeline," said he, "what means this? Your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown!" The bride uttered a frantic shriek—

"My wedding gown!" exclaimed she; "no, no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour for confession is arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I have lost my soul. Yes—yes—I am a murderess! She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug! Adelaide twined her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take care to your arms; I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"She spread her long white arms, and stood like a maniac before him," said the sexton, rising, in the excitement of the moment, and assuming the attitude he described; "and then," continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all the horror that he felt.

"And the bridegroom," asked I; "the husband of the destroyer and the victims—what became of him?" "He stands before you!" was the thrilling answer.

**A BRAVE GIRL.**—In the state of Illinois, no minor can obtain from the county commissioner's courts a license, without obtaining the consent of his or her parent or guardian! and without such license, cannot marry in the State. Young couples frequently fly to the opposite side of the Mississippi, where no license is required. These "runaway matches," as they are called, are very frequent. A laughable occurrence of that kind happened a few weeks ago, which has made much sport in that region.

A young lady about 17 years of age, who is the heiress to an estate worth \$10,000, lately ran away in company with a bridesmaid and her lover, who was nearly thirty. Her guardian believing the man totally unworthy of her, had refused his consent. When they reached the bank of the Mississippi, the ice was running furiously in the river; but the young lady, expecting every moment her guardian would arrive in pursuit, urged her lover to lose not an instant in pushing the boat from the shore. His courage seemed to have a good deal abated; but he, with the owner of a large skiff, and the bridesmaid, embarked with his intended bride. They had nearly reached the head of an island, about the third of the distance from the opposite shore, when the current became more rapid, and their situation extremely dangerous. The lover, excessively frightened, and forgetful of every body but his own dear self, hawled out, in the most piteous accents, "Oh, I shall be drowned!—I shall be drowned!" and bitterly reproached his lady love as the cause of his probable death. She uttered not a word, but her courage and presence of mind seemed to increase with the peril. A tremendous cake of ice fairly capsize the boat, but it was so large that all got on it, the lover rendering her no assistance. It bore them to the head of the island, and, as good fortune would have it, the chuts between it and the Missisipi shore was frozen over, and they crossed it without difficulty.—They reached a tavern near the river, and after changing their wet garments, and becoming warm at a good fire, the lover hinted to the young lady that it was now time for them to have the knot tied, as the magistrate had arrived for that purpose, and was in the next room. She gave him a most withering look of contempt, and declared she would never unite her destiny with one who was so selfish and cowardly. It was in vain that he attempted by entreaty and argument, to change her resolution; she was immovable, and replied to him with scorn. A few days afterwards, she returned to the house of her guardian, thankful that she escaped marrying a man whose only object was her fortune. Her lover returned to this side of the river also; but such showers of ridicule and contempt were bestowed upon him that he found it best to camp, which he did a few nights ago, leaving behind him a host of unpaid demands.

**FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE.**—Mr. Moffat in his "Scenes in Southern Africa," gives an account of his escape from a tiger, and a serpent, which was truly providential. He had left the wagon to which he belonged, and wandered to a great distance among the coppice and grassy openings in quest of game. He had a small double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot. An antelope passed, at which he fired and shortly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, he saw a tiger cat staring at him between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring upon its prey. This he knew was a critical moment. Not having a shot or ball in his gun, he moved about as if to search for something in the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as he thought, a suitable distance to turn his back, he moved somewhat more quickly, but in his anxiety to escape what was behind, he did not escape what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra dicapello serpent, asleep on the grass. It instantly twined itself round his leg, on which he had nothing but a thin pair of trousers, when he leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous, deadly, and enraged reptile after him, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, he threw his piece over his shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, he brought it to his people at the wagons, who on examining the bags of poison, asserted, that had the serpent bitten him, he could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long.

**APOTHECARY'S LATIN.**—The recent melancholy death of a citizen of Boston, through the carelessness of an apothecary in sending him corrosive sublimate for calomel, is the subject of much comment. The prescription for calomel is—"Sub. Muriate Hydrar." For corrosive sublimate—"Muriate Hydrar." In England such cases are considered in the light of manslaughter, and in one instance there of very gross carelessness, resulting in death, an apothecary was sent to Botany Bay; and in New York city, within a few years, an apothecary's clerk was indicted for this crime, convicted and imprisoned.—Had the physician, in the case just alluded to, written "ten grains of Calomel," the death of his patient would not have been caused by the carelessness of the apothecary. But the custom is to write all prescriptions in Latin abbreviated, and hence fatal mistakes are liable to occur frequently. Now, it is as easy to abbreviate English as Latin, and there is no reason why the Legislatures of the States should not require the substitution of English for Latin prescriptions. Such a measure of medical reform, it strikes us, is at the least as necessary as the legal reform of which we hear so much and see so little at the present day; and we hope that our medical friends will not oppose it.—Physicians employing German and French apothecaries, might also be required to write their prescriptions in those languages.—*Albany Atlas.*

**KEEP YOUR TEMPER.**—Mr. C., of Newburyport, was one of the irascibles. Many a story is told of his fretful temper. One winter, his son who kept a grocery in that town, was elected as representative to the State legislature. The store was left in charge of the old man and a boy. One day, whilst the boy was gone to dinner, the old man happened to have a flood of customers, all at a time; and he had wanted a cent's worth of sand put up in a paper—