

is coyetous: he was ready to sacrifice all—all, and every one to quell that painful longing of his heart for revenge.

He was like the Eastern monarch, who, bewildered among the sands of the desert, felt thirst which he had never known before, till it had become an anguish worse than death; and who in the agony of those dreadful moments, offered crown and dominion, power and pride, unbounded wealth, and the luxury of an absolute will—all, in short, that had constituted his possession and joy before, for one drop of water to cool his arid lip.

He would have given all for revenge. He was ready to hazard all; to risk fortune, fame, the world's applause, honor, station, life itself, for that dark, fearful cup. To some men, in such a moment of excited passion, the death of him he hated would have been sufficient; and, though they might have staked all to obtain that satisfaction, they would have desired no more. But Dillon's vengeance took a wider range: his imagination was the slave of his passions; and, at their bidding, had, through life, built up, with her wild powers of enchantment, a thousand fairy fabrics in a moment, and spread out the wild world of what may be, as matters for inspiration and endeavor. And now in the excitement of that hour she displayed a thousand means, probable, improbable and impossible, for ruining the object of his hatred; for pursuing, step by step through years of misery, to the brink of the grave; for depriving him of honor and fortune, and love, and hope, and wringing the last drop with agony from his heart. What, what, he asked himself, that a man with a large fortune, great talents, cannot do, when he determines to use all means, to hesitate at no measures, to overleap all obstacles, to hazard all dangers, to sacrifice all other objects, for the one deep, determined purpose of his heart! he felt that in casting from him the fear of death, dishonor, and destruction, with all the apprehensions of this world and the next, he gained a power that submitted him he hated to his will; and sending his servant from him, he remained with his hands clasped over his eyes, meditating, through the livelong night, the schemes for carrying his dark purposes into effect.

From that moment Henry Dillon was a changed being. He abandoned all his former pursuits: the senate no longer heard the sound of his eloquent voice; the court no longer beheld the graces of his striking person; ambition was forgotten; interest was no longer considered; the choice of his society was marked by what appeared to all men, a strange and whimsical taste; and his movements were guided by principles which no one could ascertain. He made no confidant; he trusted alone to his own powers; and bending every energy, both of mind and body, to the one great object, he strove only and alone for revenge.

(To be Continued.)

A SCENE IN THE DESERT.

Few European readers are, probably, able to form an adequate idea of the horrors of such a situation as is here described. The following description may serve to paint to us the terrors of the desert and the danger of perishing in it with thirst:—"The desert of Mesopotamia now presents to our eyes its melancholy uniformity. It is a continuation, and, as it were, a branch of the great Arabian desert on the other side of the river Euphrates. Saline plants cover, at large intervals, the burning sands or the dry gypsum. Wormwood spreads here, as the furze in Europe, over immense tracts, from which it excludes every other plant. Agile herds of gazelles traverse those plains where formerly many wild asses roved. The lion, concealed in the rushes along the rivers, lies in wait for these animals; but, when he is unable to seize them, to appease his hunger, he sallies forth with fury, and his terrible roaring rolls like thunder from desert to desert. The water of the desert is, for the most part, bitter and brackish. The atmosphere is, as usual in Arabia, pure and dry: frequently it is burning in the naked and sandy plains; the corrupt vapors of stagnant waters are diffused there; the exhalations of the sulphurous and salt lakes increase the pestilential matter. Whenever any interruption of the equilibrium sets a column of such

infected air into rapid motion, that poisonous wind arises which is called "samum," or "sam-yel," which is dreaded less in the interior of Arabia than on the frontiers, and especially in Syria and Mesopotamia. As soon as this dangerous wind arises, the air immediately loses its purity; the sun is covered with a bloody veil; all animals fall alarmed to the earth, to avoid this burning blast which stifles every living being that is bold enough to expose itself to it. The caravans, which convey goods backwards and forwards from Aleppo to Bagdad, and have to traverse these deserts, pay a tribute to the Arabs, who consider themselves as masters of these solitudes.

They have also to dread the suffocating wind, the swarms of locusts, and the want of water, as soon as they leave the Euphrates. A French traveller affirms that he was witness to a scene, occasioned by the want of water, the most terrible that can be imagined for a man of feeling. It was between Anah and Dryjeh. The locusts, after they had devoured everything, at last perished. The immense numbers of dead locusts corrupted the pools from which, for want of springs, they were obliged to draw water. The traveler observed a Turk who, with despair in his countenance, ran down a hill, and came towards him. "I am," cried he, "the most unfortunate man in the world. I have purchased at a prodigious expense, two hundred girls, the most beautiful of Greece and Georgia. I have educated them with care; and, now that they are marriageable, I am taking them to Bagdad, to sell them to advantage. Ah, they perish in this desert for thirst; but I feel greater tortures than they."

The traveler ascended immediately the hill: a dreadful spectacle here presented itself to him. In the midst of twelve eunuchs and about a hundred camels, he saw these beautiful girls, of the age of twelve to fifteen, stretched upon the ground, exposed to the torments of a burning thirst and an inevitable death. Some were already buried in a pit, which had just been made: a greater number had dropped down dead by the side of their leaders, who had no more strength to bury them. On all sides were the sighs of the dying; and the cries of those who, having still some breath remaining, demanded in vain a drop of water. The French traveller hastened to open his lantern bottle, in which there was still a little water. He was going to present it to one of those unhappy victims.—"Madman!" cried his Arabian guide, "wouldst thou have us die from thirst?" He immediately killed the girl with an arrow, seized the bottle, and threatened to kill any one who should venture to touch it. He advised the slave merchant to go to Dryjeh, where he would find water. "No," replied the Turk, "at Dryjeh the robbers would take away all my slaves." The Arab dragged the traveller away. The moment they were retiring, these unhappy victims seeing the last ray of hope vanish, raised a dreadful cry. The Arab was moved with compassion; he took one of them, poured a drop of water on her burning lips, and set her on his camel, with the intention of making his wife a present of her. The poor girl, fainted several times, when she passed the bodies of her companions, who had fallen dead on the way. Our travelers' small stock of water was nearly exhausted, when they found a fine well of fresh and pure water; but the rope was so short, that the pail would not reach the surface of the water. They cut their cloaks in strips, tied them together, and drew up but little water at a time, because they trembled at the idea of breaking their weak rope, and leaving their pail in the well. After such dangers, they at last arrived at the first station in Syria.—*Dr. Burder's Oriental Customs.*

Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death—in others. In one of his battles, a battalion of his veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out—"Why do you run away, you old blackguards? Do you want to live forever?"

A METAPHOR.—Poetry permits her votaries to indulge in many metaphorical ideas, but the latest one we have met with is positively the most original. Hear:

"With eye of fire, majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely thro' his double barrelled nose."

THE VENTRILOQUIST NONPLUSED.

As Mr. Bennet, whose ventriloquistic powers are confessedly unrivalled, was lately travelling in the country at a considerable distance from Glasgow, he was met by an acquaintance, who urged him to try his necromantic skill upon a ferocious Celt who lived in a small thatched cottage at no great distance. Mr. Bennet having, without much reluctance, entered into the frolic, they proceeded to the hut, and having got admittance, they asked for a drink. They met with rather a gruff sort of a reception from the inhospitable Ian Dhu, for so he was called, although his poll was as red as a carrot. His voice and manners bore by no means a faint resemblance to those of the "swinish multitude" of Tiree, of which classic island he was a native. Besides himself, his wife and five children were in the cottage. Having somewhat tardily got a can of water, Mr. Bennet and his friend seated themselves by the fire, when a voice was suddenly heard at the top of the chimney. Ian, thinking there was somebody on the roof of the house, ran out to see who it was, but soon returned, saying it must have been the wind; again the voice was heard, but more loud and distinct than before, and apparently half way down the chimney. The house was filled with consternation. Ian stood the picture of blank dismay; his wife smote her breast and ejaculated "O Dhia!" and the children squallied as if for a wager. At last he summoned up all his courage, approached the chimney, and bawled out, "Wha the devil's up in the lum?" A lugubrious voice answered, "A poor devil, who will be chocked, unless you put out the fire." Ian ran for water, but finding the pitchers empty, he hit upon a rare expedient for extinguishing the fire. He seized a fry-pan, and pressed it down upon the red-hot coals with tremendous energy. But his efforts were unavailing, and the imprisoned voice became more clamorous than ever. He stood upon the floor for a few seconds in a state of utter bamboozlement and perplexity, and then as if in a fit of desperation, bolted out at the door. In his haste he capsized an old woman who was coming in. He stopped to raise her, and briefly explained in Gaelic what was the matter. She uttered an exclamation of terror; and the ventriloquist on looking out at the window, saw her scampering across the fields as if the devil was after her. Ian remained out for some time, and Mr. Bennet and his friend sat by the angle, laughing in their sleeves at the success of their frolic. Again there was heard proceeding from the chimney—"Take me out, or I'll be chocked," and the ventriloquist stared in astonishment and terror at his friend, and exclaimed—"What can that be?" "Come, come, Bennet," was the answer, "none of your tricks; do you think I'm so simple as to be deceived?" Bennet protested that the voice was not his, and the other being convinced that it was not, on hearing it a second time, they both ran out to ascertain what it could be, when they were convulsed with laughter on looking up to the top of the house, and seeing Ian Dhu, with his nether end up in the air and his head down the chimney, bawling out lustily for assistance. It seems he had got a ladder and mounted the rigging; and, in his eagerness to discover who was in the chimney, had lost his balance, and stuck in it himself.—Some of his neighbors came running to his rescue, and soon succeeded in placing Ian in his natural position. Before this, however, the two wags had thought it prudent to sheer off, and and well it was that they did so, for the stultified Celt, having learned that it was a trick, seized a hatchet, and pursued them with infuriate gestures and menaces; but they, having a start of him by nearly a furlong, plied their heels well, and soon left him out of sight.

Flogging school-boys makes them smart, but then it is in the wrong place. If a boy has intellect he will get along without the cane. If, on the contrary, he is dull and stupid, pelting him over the head will not make him so ambitious to overcome algebra as to overcome the schoolmaster. Believers in rattan will please notice.

The Bath *Mirror* says that "the devil lies down in a miser's chest." Not the printer's devil, of course—that is the last place he is ever found in.

FIRST NEWSPAPER.

The first newspaper was issued (in manuscript) at Venice, in 1683, and was called the "Gazetta."

The first printed newspaper was published in England, in 1588, called "The English Mercury, imprinted by Her Majesty's Printer." This paper was not regularly published.

In 1624, the "Public Intelligencer and London Gazette" was established. Soon afterwards various papers had "their entrances and exits" in London, among which were "The Scot's Dove," "The Parliament Kite," "The Secret Owl," &c.

"The Spectator" was the first purely literary periodical. It appeared in 1711. This publication, as is known, owes its immortality to Addison. "The Tatler," conducted by Sir Richard Steele, though published a short time previous, was not exclusively literary.

The first French newspaper was established at Paris, in 1631, by Ronandot, a physician.

The first "Literary Journal and Review" ever published, was "The Journal des Scavans" commenced in 1565, in France.

The first American Paper was the "Boston News Letter," which appeared on the 24th of April, 1704, by James Campbell. In 1719, "The Boston Gazette" was started.

The third American newspaper was the "American Weekly Mercury," which appeared in Philadelphia, on the 22d of December, 1719.

The fourth American newspaper was the "New England Courant," established at Boston, August 17, 1721, by James Franklin, elder brother to him who rendered the name illustrious.

The oldest living paper is the New Hampshire Gazette. It was the first paper printed in New Hampshire, and was established by Daniel Fowle, at Portsmouth, in August 1756. It was originally printed on half a sheet of foolscap, quarto, as were all the papers of that day; but was soon enlarged to half a sheet crown, folio, and sometimes appeared on a whole sheet of crown.

The oldest living newspaper in England is the Lincoln Mercury, first published in 1695. The oldest in London is the St. James Chronicle, of 1761. The oldest paper in Scotland is the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of 1718. The oldest in Ireland, the Belfast News Letter, of 1787.

We hear of an editor down south, who, we think without exception, is the most industrious man of his time. He is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is a village postmaster, town clerk, captain of the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, is a pettifogger of notoriety, deals in red flannels, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin-ware two days in the week, is parish sexton, and always preaches on Sunday when the minister is absent. In addition to this he has a scolding wife, sixteen ungrateful and disobedient children, and a large circle of needy acquaintances, whom he entertains on conditions unknown to the public. What would the village do without him?

If half the pains were taken by some people to perform the labor allotted them that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hear much less said about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

"Pat do you know how to drive?" asked a Yankee traveller, in Ireland, of the keeper of a jaunting car. "Shure I do," was the answer; "wasn't it I who upset your honor in a ditch two years ago?"

"Poor old General Debility!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington; "it is surprising how long he lives, and what sympathy he excites—the papers are full of remedies for him."

Why is a tailor called the ninth part of a man? Because "money makes the man," and tailors never get more than a ninth part of what is due them.

Smith says that he always travels with a "sulky"—that is, he always goes with his wife.

The secret of trade in one word lies—and that one word is ADVERTISE.