

such a cause. Love, too—intense, ardent love!—pleaded eloquently for the course which Dil- lon suggested. He took means to follow it.— There was but one voice spoke up in Lucy Grange's heart—it was that of love; and that voice persuaded her, first, that her father would soon forgive her one disobedient act—the first of her whole life.—and next, let the worst hap- pen which could happen, poverty and privation with Charles Neville was a thousand times preferable to wealth and splendor without him. She was easily persuaded; and quitting her paternal home, she became the bride of him she loved, though no flowers strewed their pathway to the altar, and no merry bells rang out a gratulating peal for the marriage of Lord Grange's daughter.—(To be Continued.)

THE HORSE; HIS MEMORY AND SAGACITY.

An aged and venerable friend, residing in one of the cities on our Eastern seaboard, a gentle- man of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse; illustrat- ing in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a va- luable horse, stolen from the stable in the night. Great search and enquiry were made for him, but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace of him could be discovered.

Almost six full years had now elapsed, and the recollection even, of the lost animal, had nearly faded from the mind. At this period, a gentleman from the East, in the course of busi- ness, was travelling on horse-back on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. When within four or five miles of a village on the road, the trav- eller was overtaken by a gentleman on horse- back, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side, they soon engaged in a pleasant desul- tory conversation. The gentleman was imme- diately struck with the appearance of the trav- eller's horse, and every glance of the eye cast towards him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before; and soon established in his mind the impres- sions that for all the world he looked like the horse he had lost some six years ago. This soon became so irresistibly fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveller—"You have a fine horse, sir."

"Yes," he replied, "an exceedingly valua- ble and excellent animal."

"What is his age, sir?"

"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."

"You did not raise him, then?"

"No, I purchased him of a stranger, a trav- eller, nearly six years since."

"Do you reside in this part of the country?"

"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia on business. How far is it now to New York?"

"Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience—but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in possession a horse that I must claim."

The traveller looked with surprise and amaze- ment, and replied:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, be- longs to me. Five years ago last autumn, a valuable horse was stolen from my stable.— Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In color, appearance, and movements, it seems to me that he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, I think, for two to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncom- monly intelligent, sagacious animal, and I will make a proposition to you, that will place the matter in such a position, that the result will be conclusive and satisfactory, I think, to both of us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door, the horse I am on to the west post. After stand- ing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off, and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, and pass over, and go round to the east side of the bars, and

pull out a pin, and open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveller assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few minutes—the bridle was then taken off—he raised his head—pricked up his ears—looked up the street, then down the street, several times—then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door as described, and with his teeth and lip drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered into his old stall. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by the neighbors, who fully at- tested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveller lost his title to the horse.—*American paper.*

THE DUTCH JUDGE.—A friend gives us an amusing idea of a Dutch Judge in the following sketch. He was about to sentence a prisoner; and on looking around for him found him play- ing chequers with his custodian, while the fore- man of the Jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broadcast per- son, he thus addressed the Jury:—"Misdere- voreman and voder juymans: Der brisoner, Hans Vlecter, is finished his game mit the Sher- riff, and has peat him, but I shall dake gare he don't peat me. Hans has been tried pefore you, and you must pring in der verdik, but it must pe 'cordin to der law. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, as it was broved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep sdealing. Put dat ish no madder. Der law says ven dere ish a tou't you give 'em to der brisoner: put here dere ish no tou't, so you see dat der brisoner ish guilty. Pesides he ish a great loafer. I haf know'd him vifty year and he hasn't tone a s'ditch of work in all dat times; and dere ish no one de- bendin' upon him for deir livin, and he ish no use to nopody. I dink it would pe goot blans to hang him for de examble. I dink, Mr. Vore- mans, dat he petter pe hung next Fourt' o' July, as der militia ish goin' to drain in anoder gounty, and dere would pe no yup goin' on here!" It should be added to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this "learned and impartial charge," they acquitted the "brisoner," finding him "Not guilty, if he would leave the State."

Old Deacon Spavin had a very unruly son, who was so bad that people were everlastingly prognosticating his end by some shorter process than is desirable or natural. One day the young- ster was brought in by a neighbor with the old tale of violence and fighting; he had flogged the neighbor's boy unmercifully.

"John," said the old man, solemnly, "what did you do it for? how could you be led into it?"

"He struck me first," replied John with very little show of remorse.

"Well," continued the old man, "haven't I told you, and hasn't the Bible told you, that if you are struck on one cheek you must turn the other also?"

"Yes, father, so I did, and then I hit him back again; there's no Bible against that is there?"

The old man groaned to see such depravity in one so young.

An Englishman and Frenchman were travel- ling by railroad. They were alone in the same car. The Frenchman, always polite, asks per- mission to smoke; his companion made no re- ply, drew a cigar from his pocket, and smoked also. At the first station, "Sir," said the French- man, "your cravat is awry."

The Englishman silently arranges his cravat. A little farther, "Sir," said the Frenchman, "your cap is falling off."

The Englishman, without even saying "thank you," secured his cap.

A few moments after, "Ah, sir," cried the Frenchman, "take care; the ashes have fallen on your collar, they may burn your coat."

"Well, sir, let me alone," replied the Engli- shman, "you have been burning this half hour and I didn't bother you about it."

"Hans, where do you live?" "I lives aginst de pack street what de hills cross as you come up and down mit de prewery in your right hand."

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

One of the most extraordinary adventures of a child of which we ever heard, occurred in this vicinity last week. On Thursday, the 10th inst., a son of John Keenen of this place, aged only three and a half years, disappeared from his home, and no tidings of him could be obtained by his parents. On the following day bills were circulated soliciting information respecting him. It was at length ascertained that a child answer- ing his description had been seen in an easterly direction from the village, and an active search was immediately instituted for the missing boy. It appears that he was seen by several persons, but in one instance only under circumstances that excited suspicion that he was lost, and in this instance the person neglected to take charge of him immediately, and when followed he had disappeared in the woods and could not be found.

The course of the child was followed in part by the information of those who had seen him, but mainly, we understand, by his foot-prints in ploughed fields and muddy places. He was at length found on Saturday evening, at half- past five o'clock, near the boundary line between Seekonk and Rehoboth, five and a half miles in a straight line from his home, and fifty-four and a half hours after his disappearance, and fifty-nine after he ate his breakfast on the previous Thurs- day morning. He left home barefooted and very thinly clad, having nothing on but a thin calico dress and an apron, and these were wet when he was found. In this condition he had wandered to the place where he was found, through ploughed fields and woods, and across ditches and swamps. So far as is known or believed he had not eaten a mouthful of food since the previous Thursday morning. Two nights the little fellow must have slept on the cold, damp ground, and they were cold nights, too, there being a frost on each, if our memory is correct. His feet were badly lacerated by stones, briars, &c., and much swollen, but he appeared to be otherwise in good condition, and is doing well. His greatest anxiety on being found was to be taken to his mother, for whom he said he had been looking. When asked if he did not sleep cold the previous night, he re- plied that he did.

The latter part of the strange adventure of this child was in and through an extensive swamp in which people have been lost, and where, some forty years ago, a woman, unable to find her way out, perished, and her body was not found until nine days afterwards. In this swamp is a stream of water five or six feet wide and of considerable depth, and the mud in its bed and on its banks is so deep and soft that it is difficult to cross it. But this child did cross it! how, every one who has seen it is puzzled to conjecture. From the appearance of his tracks in this swamp, it is supposed that he wandered about therein several miles. He was found on the margin of the swamp, but was supposed to be in it, and between one and two hundred men were engaged on Saturday in searching for him.

We question whether there is another instance on record in which a child of so tender years survived so much fatigue, privation and expo- sure. If this little Keenen lives and does not make a tough specimen of a man, his age will "believe the promise of his spring."—*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

MODERN GIRLS.

- Ever raffing, constant changing.
- Sometimes pleasing, sometimes teasing,
- Sometimes coaxing, sometimes hoaxing,
- No expressing how much dressing,
- Little knowing, little sewing,
- Little walking, greatly talking,
- Mischief making, promise breaking,
- Duty shirking, hating working,
- Novel reading, dainty feeding,
- Idle dreaming, sudden screaming,
- Cap-dog doating, Byron quoting,
- Piano playing, gems displaying,
- Body bracing, tightly lacing,
- Over sleeping, often weeping,
- Dandy loving, white kid gloving,
- Thin shoes wearing, health despairing,
- Daily fretting, sickness getting,
- Ever sighing, almost dying—
- What blessed wives to cheer men's lives.

POLICE SKETCHES.

The following sketch delineates a character that infests the docks of New York, and altoge- ther confined to that sphere of life. The prisoner in this case, whose name was *Dicky Swivel* alias *Stove Pipe Pete*, was placed at the bar, and ques- tioned by the Judge to the following effect:—

Judge.—"Bring the prisoner into Court."

Pete.—"Here I is, 'bound to blaze,' as the spirits of turpentine said, when it was all a-fire."

J.—"We will take a little of the fire out of you. How do you live?"

P.—"I ain't particular," as the oyster said when they axed him if he'd be fried or roasted."

J.—"We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?"

P.—"Anything that comes in my way," as the locomotive said, when he run over the little nigger."

J.—"We don't care anything about the loco- motive. What's your business?"

P.—"That's various," as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table."

J.—"That comes nearer the line, I suppose."

P.—"Altogether in my line," as the rope said, when it was choking the pirate."

J.—"If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I'll give you twelve months."

P.—"I'm done," as the beefsteak said to the cook."

J.—"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your an- swers. I suppose you live by going round the docks?"

P.—"No, sir; I can't go round the docks without a boat, and I 'hain't got none."

J.—"Answer me; how do you get your bread?"

P.—"Sometimes at the baker's, and some- times I eat taters."

J.—"No more of your stupid insolence. How do you support yourself?"

P.—"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a cheet." (*chair.*)

J.—"I order you now to answer this question correctly. How do you do?"

P.—"Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?"

J.—"I shall have to commit you."

P.—"Vell, you've committed yourself, fast, that's some consolation."

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our Courts of Justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:

Judge.—What's your native language?

Witness.—I pe no native, I se a Dutchman.

Judge.—What's your mother's tongue?

Witness.—Oh, fader say she be all tongue.

Judge.—(in an irritable tone)—What language did you speak in the cradle?

Witness.—I did not speak any language in the cradle at all; I only *cried in Dooch.*

Then there was a general laugh in which the Judge, Jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

REVERENCE FOR THE SABBATH EXTRAOR- DINARY.—In the "Chronicles of London," the following curious item is found:—

In the year 1258, at Tewkesbury, a certain Jew fell into a cess-pool, and would not allow him- self to be drawn out on a Saturday on account of his reverence for the Sabbath. Richard de Clew, Earl of Gloucester, would not allow him to be drawn out on the following day, because of his reverence for his Sabbath; and so the Jew died.

TRUE FAITH.—"Ah!" said Mrs. Sparrow- grass, a "blood relation" of Mrs. Maleprop,—"there's more joy in Heaven over one sinner, than over nine hundred and ninety-nine that repent of their goodness. This is very queer to me, but I suppose it is so, and when I don't, may my right hand forget to be cunning, and my left cleave to the roof of the house."

A BROAD HINT.—At a party the other even- ing, the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the other con- venient subject besides the weather when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously, (as she explained) said:—"If I were you and you me, I would have been married long ago!"