

Poet's Corner.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY!

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaulted.

But when he returned, with the fiendish laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow dented.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her
feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl re-canted.

Then softly he whispered—'How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted.
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;
Say, "wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
"See! here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said, "Shan't we, my dear?" so they shantied!
—[N. Y. Spirit.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

[The following deeply interesting story was related by Dr. Giberson, in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The Hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of the Italian surgeons.]

Andre Vesale, first saw the light in the city of Brussels. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of the Emperor Charles V., and governess of the low countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood, as scarcely to merit that the term of science should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relating to it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science; surmounting with admirable courage and constancy, the disgust, the terror, and even the peril, inseparable from this description of labor, in which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries surrounded by the festering remains of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals left there to be devoured by the carrion bird.

It was during a sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbien, the painter, Isabella Van Steenwryk, the daughter of a merchant at Haerlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. He was scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of well directed ambition.

The family of Van Steenwryk was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted.—The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Haerlem burgher; the Emperor's first physician was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law.—The marriage solemnized, Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court.

Though she loved her husband, there was so much awe mingled with her affection as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanor towards him, even in the privacy of domestic life.—The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance, in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature required skilful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, mistook her temerity for coldness, and resented it accordingly: this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Amidst the galleries of Seville, where for a woman to be young and attractive, was to command the attention and authorize the devotion of the other sex, it was no difficult task to arouse the susceptibilities of a suspicious husband.

Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm indifference to the admiration that followed wherever she was seen: but, at last, something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was men-

tioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret of causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alvar de Solis, and as he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever the nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alvar was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked, by indifference. This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not on one occasion when his back was turned towards Don Alvar, perceived him, in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella, with an expression not to be mistaken while she grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room. Shortly after, Vesale received an anonymous note, saying, "Look to your wife and Don Alvar de Solis, and be not deceived by appearance. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about him the gloves she dropped for him at mass."

Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual means of avenging himself. His resolution was promptly taken. Having established schools of anatomy at San Lucar and Cordova, he obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville, ostensibly for that purpose, but returning the same night, concealed himself in a tenement belonging to him, at some distance from his abode in Aleazar; which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone in his vengeance, and he listened to his own counsel. At dark in the following evening, he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a note at Don Alvar's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabella's and these words:

"I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory, during his absence, be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella."

The assignation was promptly kept by Don Alvar. At an hour past midnight he left his house, alone; but he never returned to it. Whither he had gone none could say; nor could any trace of him ever be discovered. It was supposed he must have missed his footing and fallen into the Guadalquivir, near which his abode was situated; and that his body had been swept away by the waves into the ocean.

Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it had happened; and Vesale, recalled three weeks after by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alvar the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed, by Vesale, to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alvar, and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings.

It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to do honor to her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and seating herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alvar gardens, she watched for his coming. But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing by her.

"I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study," said he; and taking her hand, he led her away to the room, in question, dismissed the attendant and closed the door. Everything wore a festive air: yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops from a vial of elixir in a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to her:

"Drink this," he said, "it is a sovereign cure for the complaint you are suffering from."

"Pledge me in the draught," she replied, filling a goblet from the same flask, and handing it to him, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friend, Andre."

Vesale accepted the offering, and they emptied their goblets together.

"Talking of absent friends," said he, and suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "you have not spoken to me of Don Alvar de Solis. Are all hopes of hearing from him relinquished? He was a braggart and libertine, and boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him." Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to a door at the farther end of the room, and throwing it wide open, revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of his bony hands, one of her embroidered gloves.

"Behold," he said, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alvar de

Solis, the object of your guilty love—contemplate him well, if the sight can render your moments happier, for you are about to die too—the wine I have given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence, and its more dreadful illustration, burst upon the affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion, the scream which had risen to her throat, died there, in strangling murmurs, and sinking back she fell, as one dead, upon the arms of Vesale.

She was not dead, however; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit, yet he was none the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and at last she died; and in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attends the dying. Awaking from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them, a calm, and courage she had never possessed in the flush of life.

"Andre," said she fixing her eyes on her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you by thought or deed; Don Alvar pursued me with his love and threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you. I feared and honored you as much as I loved, but I dared not tell you of his pursuit. Oh, Andre, believe my words, the dying deal not in falsehoods! Should I be thus calm were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knee, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and with choking sobs, adjured her to believe that he only feigned to give her poison, that he could not nerve his hand to take away her life; but the terror of death, not death itself was upon her! And while yet she spoke, Isabel murmured—

"Thanks be to Heaven for this!" and drawing his hand towards her, laid it upon her heart, and as she did so, it ceased to beat.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—Mr. D—, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire.—Here he long resided, unknowing, and almost unknown, by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and single stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter, employed at the washing-tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her:—"My girl, would you like to be married, because if you would, I will marry you." "Lord, sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Jones, "but, however, I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock tomorrow to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your father's consent, we will be married the following day."

He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like to have her for a wife and I have come to ask your consent." "This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger. Pray, sir, who are you?" "Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask this question; my name is Jones, the new house on the edge of the commons is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm and half the neighborhood."

Another hour's conversation brought all parties to one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and were blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed the greater part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; coming to a magnificent one, "This my dear," said he, "is B's house, the seat of the Earl of E., and if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it, it is an elegant house, and probably will amuse you."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion had lately died. He once had a nephew, who, in the gaieties of his youth, had incurred some debts, on account of which he had retired from a fashionable life, on about £200 per annum, and had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, estate and is the present Earl of E.—English Paper.

It is supposed that the fellow who left the house was not able to carry it.

LITTLE GEORGE'S STORY.—My Aunt Libby patted me on the head the other day and said "George my boy, this is the happiest part of your life I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her clime up to disentangle it. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled some Saturday afternoon, when it was 'prime' coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she didn't. I guess she never had a 'hocky stick' play round her ankles in recess, because she got above a fellow in the class. I guess she never had him twich off her best cap and toss it in a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give her humming-top to quiet the baby, and had the paint all sucked off. I guess she never saved up all her coppers a whole winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it makes too much noise.

"No; I guess my aunt Libby don't know much, little boys have troubles as well as grown people—all the difference is they dare not complain.—Now, I never had a 'bran new jacket and trowsers in my life—never; and I don't believe I ever shall, for my two brothers have shot up like Jack's bean stalk, and left all their old clothes to be made over for George; and that cross old tailor-ess keeps me from bat and ball, an hour on the stretch, while she laps over, and nips in, and tucks up, and cuts off their great baggy clothes for me. And when she puts me out the door, she's sure to say, 'Good-bye, little Tom Thumb.'

"Then, when I go to my uncle's to dine, she always puts the big dictionary in a chair, to hoist me up high enough to reach my knife and fork; and if there is a dwarf apple or potatoe on the table it is always laid on my plate. If I go to the playground to have a game of ball the fellows all say; 'Get out the way, little chap, or we shall knock you into a cocked hat.'

"I don't think I've grown a bit these two years I know I haven't by the mark on the wall—and I stand up to measure every chance I get. When visitors come to the house and ask me my age, and I tell them that I am nine years old, they say, 'Tut tut! little boys should not tell lies.' My brother Hall, has got his first long-tailed coat already,—I am really afraid I shall never have anything but a jacket. I go to bed early, and have left off eating candy and sweet-meets. I haven't put my fingers in the sugar-bowl this many a day. I eat meat like my father, and I stretch up my neck till it aches; still I'm 'Little George,' and 'nothing shorter,' or rather, I'm shorter than nothing. Oh, my Aunt Libby don't know much. How should she? she never was a boy!"—Little Ferns.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one. Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed; and to repeat kindness will soften a heart of stone.

What ever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

The Emperor of Russia, when riding in St Petersburg recently, saw an over-dressed fop, whom he invited into the caleche. The man, pleased with the honor done him, entered the carriage, when the Emperor drove him to the palace, and exhibited him to the Empress and others for their amusement, as one exhibits a monkey or a no haired horse. It had such an effect on the bear, that his mind did not recover its equilibrium for several days.