

own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.

**THE TURNPIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.**—It was during a panic some years since, that a gentleman, whom we shall now call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look, in his back room, watching his clerk paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Mr. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer corner than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his bank to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was of all others, the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily, watching the outpouring of his gold, and with grim smile listened to clamorous demands on his cashier: for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door was opened, and a stranger ushered in, who, after gazing a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him:

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question; but I am a plain man and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir? impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir?"

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you; and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir, I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask you what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a deposit."

"The money dealer started.

"You seem surprised, you don't know my person or my motive: I'll at once explain.—Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate and was very often honored with a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir, few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen however, only a few moments, and I shall have done."

The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you my lad,' replied you—'thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so; and you threw me a seven shilling piece.—It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining; your present brought good fortune; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing

accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is; and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. 'In a few days I will call again;' and snatching up his hat, the stranger throwing down his card, immediately walked out of the room.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require the prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The London firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

#### COL. BOWIE.

The late celebrated Mr. Clay was a man of great resolution and considerable daring. He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours. Travelling, in early manhood in a public conveyance in a South Eastern State, he found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and of an individual muffled up in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a tete-a-tete with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach smoking a cigar and frowning fiercely around as much as to say, 'I'm half horse, half alligator; the yellor flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis.' In fact he looked as savage as a meat axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance.

Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accents requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered, 'I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all creation shan't stop me no how.' With that he looked dangerous, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was evident that he had no objection to quarrel, and if it occurred, it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent. Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere; but experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country he knew his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself physically unequal to the contest and he thought after all, it was not his business Quixotically to take up another man's quarrel.

Feeling pity for the insulted and disgust towards the insult, he determined to take no notice; when—very quietly indeed the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was suffered to fall from it without effort or excitement. The small, but muscular frame of a man plainly dressed in a tightly buttoned frock coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright gray eyes sought the fierce optics of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word this "lay-figure" passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a long—extremely long—and glittering knife from his sheath in that singular place. "Stranger," he said, "my name is Col. James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of the window in a quarter of a minute I'll put this knife through your bowels as sure as death."

Clay said he never forgot in after life the expression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled and apparently the same conviction impressed itself long on the mind of the offender.—During two or three seconds his eye met that of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse he tore the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it scowling but downcast, out of the coach window. Upon which Col. James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its eccentric hiding place, and without saying a word to any one else, or even vouchsafing a glance at any one, refolded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.

**NOR BAD.**—In the New York Independent we find the following from a mother:

"But did I never tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?"

"No; what was it?"

"Why, I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma,' said he, all at once, 'oh ma! just look at that poor little lion way behind there, he won't get any!'"

**EMPEROR ALEXANDER.**—About the year 1806 or 7, an American supercargo at St. Petersburg, took a walk one evening on the banks of the river Neva, puffing his cigar in real Yankee style, and while indulging in this luxury, he was accosted by a gentleman who was passing by, who asked him if he knew that he was violating the municipal laws of the city. He replied that he was not aware of it, and asked wherein he was violating the laws; he told him in smoking the cigar in the street; he immediately threw his cigar in the water, and finding the gentleman rather communicative, commenced a walk with him, conversing on various topics; but our supercargo could not help noticing that wherever he went, the people lifted their hats to his companion, which induced him to say that he must be greatly beloved by the people, as he observed they all lifted their hats to him as they passed. His companion replied that he did not think they had much love for him, but the respect they paid was probably in consequence of the office he held, for, said he "I am their Emperor."

**AT HOME IN THE EVENING.**—One of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the spending of his evenings. Darkness is the temptation to misconduct; suffering the youth to be out when the day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seeding. Riots, mobs and crimes, giving fearful foreboding, are the result of youth becoming fit agents for outrage, by running unlearned for in the evenings.—What we see in these respects is deplorable enough; but what is this compared to what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world; and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth, that pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospect of their offspring.

#### Marie Antoinette.

The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was one of the kindest-hearted of human beings, as might be proved by a thousand traits of her domestic life. One evening, Mons. de Chalabre, the banker of her Majesty's faro table, in gathering up the stakes detected by his great experience in handling such objects, that one of the rouleaux of fifty louis d'or was fictitious. Having previously noticed the young man by whom it was laid on the table, he quietly placed it in his pocket, in order to prevent its getting into circulation, or proving the means of a public scandal.

The movements of the banker, meanwhile, were not unobserved. The Queen, whose confidence in his propriety had hitherto been unlimited, saw him pocket the rouleaux; and when the company assembled around the play table were making their obeisance previous to retiring for the night, her Majesty made a sign for Mons. de Chalabre to remain.

"I wish to know," said the Queen, as soon as they were alone, "what made you abstract just now from the play table a rouleaux of fifty louis?"

"A rouleaux, Madam?" faltered the banker.

"A rouleaux," persisted the Queen, "which is at this moment in the right hand pocket of your waistcoat."

"Since your Majesty is so well informed," replied Mons. de Chalabre, "I am bound to explain that I withdrew the rouleaux because it was a forged one."

"Forged?" reiterated Marie Antoinette, with surprised and indignation, which were not lessened on Mons. de Chalabre's producing the rouleaux from his pocket, and tearing down a strip of paper in which it was enveloped, proved that it contained only a piece of lead.

"Did you notice by whom it was put down?" inquired the Queen. And when Mons. de Chalabre, painfully embarrassed, hesitated to reply, she insisted in a tone that admitted of no denial, on a distinct answer.

The banker was compelled to own that it was the young Count de C—, the representative of one of the first families of France.

"Let this unfortunate business transpire no further, Sir," said the Queen with a heavy sigh. And with an acquiescent bow, Mons. de

Chalabre withdrew from his audience.

At the next public reception held in the apartments of the Queen, the Count de C—, whose father was ambassador from the Court of Versailles to one of the greatest powers of Europe, approached the play table as usual.—But Marie Antoinette instantly advanced to intercept him.

"Pardon me Mons. le Conte," said she, "if I forbid you a gain to appear at my faro table. Your stakes are much too high for so young a man. I promised your mother to watch over you in her place, during her absence from France, and preserve you, as far as lay in my power, from mischance."

The Count, perceiving that his misdeeds had been detected, colored to his temple. Unable to express his gratitude for so mild a sentence of condemnation, he retired from the assembly, and was never again seen to approach a card table.

**ANECDOTE OF DR. HAWKS.**—A few years since, when the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the distinguished episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestrymen of a small church in Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doctor graciously received the committee, but respectfully declined the proposition, urging as a chief objection, that the salary, though large for the parish they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for.—One of the committee replied: "The Lord will take care of them—he has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, and to provide for them." "Very true," said the reverend gentleman, "but he has no where said he would provide for the young Hawks."

**A hint to Parents.**—The prison statistics, in an education point of view, clearly indicate that the cause of so many being brought up before the Judge, is owing to their being so badly brought up before they arrive at maturity.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partridge. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat!"

A friend once visiting an unworshipful philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed his surprise at the smallness of his apartment; "Why, you have not room here to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative answer, "I do not want to swing a cat."

"Billy, where'd you git that hoss?"

"Up at the Thirty-Seventh Street Market."

"What did you give?"

"Twenty shillen."

"Oh, shah! why didn't you pay five dollars and git a good one?"

If you want to start a woman right out of her moral economy and things, and yourself outside the door, just tell her she's got big feet. The feminine institution can stand most anything but that.

A lady in this vicinity, consoling her neighbor for the loss of her son, was answered in tears, "if Billy's grandmother is in heaven, I know she won't see Billy abused!"

**Stern's Uncle Toby** says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend that they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look into it; and he says the man is sure gone if he looks there for that something.

An old lady looking at the curiosities in Barnum's Museum, came to a couple of large sea-dogs, and after gazing at them with wonder, enquired of a wag who stood near, "if they ever barked?"

"No, madam," replied he, "not now: their bark is on the sea."

It is somewhat singular that the shoes which are most likely to let in water are pumps.

"Georgiana! Georgiana! where's the butter paddle?" "Tim's got it in the woodshed spanking Romy Anne."

You might as well try to harpoon a whale with a sausage, as expect an old maid to tell her age.

At the door of a ladies' shoe-store is a large case containing gaiters—and a card which was nailed to the box, said,

"Look at these Gaiters for one dollar."

Not having a dollar to spare, we did not stop to look.