

## Poetry.

## Country Lassie and her Lover.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen!  
And William Grimes, the drover,  
Has popped the question to me, ma,  
And wants to be my lover!  
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,  
He's coming here quite early,  
To take a pleasant walk with me  
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter, dear,  
There's no use now a talking;  
You shall not go across the field  
With William Grimes a walking.  
To think of his presumption, too,  
The dirty, ugly drover!  
I wonder where your pride has gone,  
To think of such a rover?"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,  
And William is so lonely;  
Besides, they say to Grimes' estate  
That William is the only  
Surviving heir to all that's left,  
And that, they say, is nearly  
A good five thousand pounds, mamma—  
About three hundred yearly."

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,  
Your last remark quite clearly;  
But William is a clever lad,  
And no doubt loves you dearly.  
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,  
To be up bright and early,  
To take a pleasant walk with him  
Across the field of barley."

## Literary Selections.

## THE STORY OF A MAD PRIEST.

[The following thrilling and romantic tale was translated from a Spanish manuscript, discovered by an American officer in the "Desierto," a ruin of noted celebrity, near the city of Mexico, and communicated to the "Spirit of the Times." It is a singular sketch of the vicissitudes of human life.]

My clerical name is Juan de Madrid, and I was born in Old Spain, in the province of Malaga, of noble parentage and to great possessions. I was the only son of my fond and dotting parents, who looked upon me as the only stay of our ancient and honorable house, with none other than a younger sister to share their joys and favors. I very young learned to feel my importance, and at eighteen I begged my fond parents to permit me to enter upon the profession of arms, which had long since been marked out for me; my father himself having served with distinguished honor in the wars of —, had only to ask to obtain for me the rank of sub-lieutenant in the Queen's Guard. Here I soon became very popular, for, with (and I may now mention it without a show of vanity) a sufficiently good personal appearance, and moderate mental acquirements, added to a large fortune, which I expended with a lavish hand, I soon drew around me a host of sycophants and admirers. I also now rose rapidly in my profession by means of an adventure which has been the precursor of all my misery and ruin. Having been passing a few days of absence with a messmate, at his father's residence, in shooting, angling, &c., I received an order which compelled my immediate return to my regiment. I at once complied, accompanied by a single attendant; we had not proceeded three leagues, when the heavens began to lower and very soon the threatening storm broke forth with terrific violence. We put spurs to our horses, and endeavored to reach some friendly cottage, where we might find protection from the raging tempest; at this moment I descried a horse without a rider, dashing furiously by, yet sufficiently near to discover that he was caparisoned with the Queen's livery; which was always worn upon her hawking excursions. I immediately checked my steed, and gazed wildly around; and oh God! what was my horror to see rushing directly towards me, a carriage drawn by six white Arabian steeds, who in their mad flight were furiously dashing over rocks and precipices, threatening at every moment to hurl the carriage and its inmates (if any there were, for driver and postillion there were none) to atoms—what was to be done—was there no rescue? My determination was at once formed; those mad steeds should pass on but over my dead body, as I would oppose it as a bulwark for the preservation of her gracious majesty, the Queen; for I at once discovered that the carriage and livery were hers—

I ordered my attendant to seize and make ready one of his pistols, and at a signal from me to shoot one of the leading horses; I at the same time unloosed from my saddle bow, a rope, which I always carried, known as the "Lasso," and when all was prepared, which occupied but a moment, we silently awaited the approach of the frantic beasts; on they came with terrific speed, and at the proper moment I cried, "now's our time," and with the sharp crack of my attendant's pistol—down tumbled one of the foremost horses, and whirling the Lasso, the fore legs of the other were soon tightly bound within its coils, and he too "hors de combat." The others rushing upon the prostrate bodies of their companions, were completely entangled, and forced to yield themselves unwilling prisoners of war. We immediately rushed to the carriage, wrenched open its doors, and oh God! what was the spectacle which there met our view; there lay the Queen with one of her maids of honor, senseless and prostrate. The storm having partially abated, we lifted them upon the green sward, which was completely saturated with water, having spread my cloak to receive them, and using all the means at our disposition, it was some considerable time ere we discovered the least signs of returning animation; at last the Queen opened her eyes and gazed wildly around her, but immediately closed them again, and with a shudder, as if to shut out some horrible reflections which were forcing themselves upon her mind. I was kneeling by her side chafing her hands, when she again opened her eyes, and in a feeble voice asked me where she was, what had been the horrible scene through which she had passed, or was it a dream? I endeavored to tranquilize her, and begged her to quiet herself; assuring her that when she became composed, I would explain all to her satisfaction—but this was impossible; she again demanded:

"Who are you, sir, that rescued me from the horrible death which yawned before me? Speak, sir, speak I implore you; I command you!"

I saw from her manner it would irritate, rather than benefit, to attempt to parley any longer, and at once told my name and rank; and that having, as the reader already knows, been passing a few days with a friend in the country, I was returning, when I accidentally discovered a carriage without driver or postillion madly dashing across the plain; to check the mad career of those wild horses, and rescue, if possible, the inmates, was the first impulse which crossed my mind, and having most happily succeeded, I begged that her gracious majesty would return to the carriage, and allow me to accompany them to the palace. The fair Countess of — was also fast recovering, and we happily learned that neither of the ladies, with the exception of some severe bruises, was seriously injured. I again urged her majesty, as the ground and atmosphere were exceedingly damp, to return to her carriage.

"Not before, sir, I have at least rendered a trifling return to our deliverer; accept Sir Captain, this small token of our favor and esteem," at the same time taking an elegant gold chain from off her own neck, and throwing it over mine; she now turned and presented me to the beautiful creature, her companion, and told her to thank me as their deliverer. I replied that I had already been sufficiently repaid by the honor of having been instrumental in rescuing them, and required no other thanks or acknowledgements; yet the fair Countess, with a smile so bewitching that I could not object, said—

"Kind sir, I must be permitted to join our gracious Queen in thanking you for your generous self-devotion in rescuing us from the most terrible of deaths."

I bowed my head in silence; my lips refused utterance to the feelings of my heart, and I felt that I would have encountered dangers ten thousand times as imminent, to have received another such smile from that fair face. To me it was more gracious than all the gifts and honors of the Queen; and even now although far off from the land of kindred and birth, shut out from contact with the world in this miserable cell, the recollection oftentimes provokes a return of memory to that fair face as mantled with a timid blush, she thanked me as her deliverer.

The Queen now signified her readiness to return, and as my assistant and myself were re-harnessing the horses, up came dashing several of the lords, in attendance on the morning's excursion, expressing in earnest tones their congratulations at her majesty's almost miraculous escape.

"My lords," said she. "I have only to thank this gallant young officer, Capt. —, and his faithful attendant, for this poor life, and that of my dear little Countess. They at least, my lords, were not frightened in the hour of danger, but nobly perilled their own lives to check the mad flight of our treacherous Arabs, and rescue that of their Queen."

I at once read in her majesty's tone a rebuke to those lords for a conceived want of proper attendance in the morning's excursion. The Queen then signified to an elderly, dignified gentleman, to approach closer, and said, in an under tone:

"My Lord —, see that this young officer is confirmed in the rank which he deserves, and which I have given him; and that his faithful attendant be promoted to the rank vacated by him, and that they both be placed over that department of the Queen's guard which is always nearest our person."

My mind was so bewildered with the events of the morning, that I could neither reason nor reflect, and it was only after arriving safely at the palace, and retiring to my own room, that I endeavored to calmly survey my own position. What was it? But yesterday comparatively an obscure individual, to-day prominently in favor with the great source of all favors—the Queen. Yesterday an inferior, the very lowest officer in my regiment—to-day the chief of a distinguished command. Yesterday a being without a thought or an aim for the future—to-day one whose very soul wildly throbs at its mention. All my leisure hours, all the energy of my character, all the faculties of my mind, must, henceforth, instead of being squandered with reckless companions, be centred in the one great object—for the happy termination of that which has been so gloriously begun.

'Tis useless to dwell upon events as they occurred—'tis sufficient to say that I became day by day more highly honored and favored; 'twas like a dream, so smoothly and happily did life then glide away, and I only awoke to find myself the affianced of my lovely Countess. Yet her stern old father had decreed, ere I could call her mine, I must carve a name high in the "niche of fame," which should not only honor his noble house, but descend to the latest posterity.

'Twas now that the newly discovered continent of America was filling the civilized world with such startling adventures—'twas there my own countrymen were performing deeds worthy of demigods, and there I determined to seek my own career of glory and renown. I immediately communicated my plans with my reasons to the Queen, and prayed her co-operation, which she reluctantly yielded, and I set sail a few months after for the New World, with a special commission, and as fine an armament as ever left old Spain. The enthusiasm and romance of the new country had drawn around my standard some of the most distinguished cavaliers of the old world. My mission for a time proved more successful than my most ardent or enthusiastic wishes had anticipated; in the language of the great Roman—"I came, I saw, I conquered." Among my band of followers, there was a young Arragonese, a cavalier of ancient and noble family, and of most promising character. Upon this young man I lavished more than ordinary kindness, and of the whole band he alone at all enjoyed my confidence, for with a gay and cheerful disposition, he carried a heart, for danger, as brave, as ever throbbed in Roman's breast; and for these, with other good qualities, I loved him. Sitting alone one evening, deeply absorbed in reflections, I had unconsciously taken from its hiding place the miniature of my affianced wife—there I sat gazing wildly upon it, and so deeply chained were my faculties, that I had not discovered that my young Arragonese had silently entered the room, and had been for some moments, gazing with fascinated eyes, and as much absorbed in contemplating the miniature as myself.

self. I at last discovered him, thrust the miniature in my breast, and in a stern voice, demanded:

"How is this, sir, that you intrude yourself, without being announced, upon my privacy?"

The young man, taken by surprise, stammered an apology, and left the room. Loving the youth, I soon repented me of what I had done, and when a few days after, as he entered my room with—

"Pardon me, captain, for conduct a few days since, which must have appeared both rude and ungentlemanly; but wishing to consult you upon business, I announced myself in my usual mode, by knocking at your door, and receiving no reply, I opened the door, and seeing you, entered; observing you deeply engaged in reflection, I hesitated about disturbing you, and was about retiring, when my eye accidentally fell upon the miniature which you held in your hand, and oh! kiad sir! the resemblance it bore to a fond and absent sister, so completely fascinated and attracted my attention, that I entirely forgot the object of my coming. I again beg your pardon, my Captain, and ask as a favor, (if possible,) that you will again permit me to gaze upon that miniature?"—(Conclusion in our next.)

## Wives, Save your Husbands.

How many "California" and "grass" widows, who pine in solitude, lamenting the loss of their mates, would have now been comfortable and happy, could they have obtained and laid to heart the advice contained in the following laconic lecture:

How often we hear a man say, I am going to California, Australia, or some where else.—You ask him the reason of his going away, and the answer is, in nine cases out of ten, I am not happy at home. I have been unfortunate in business, and I have made up my mind to try my luck in California. The world seems to go against me. While fortune favored me, there were those whom I thought to be my friends, but when the scale turned, they also turned the cold shoulder against me. My wife, she that should have been the first to stand by me, and encourage me, was first to point the finger of scorn and say it is your own fault; why has not this or that one been so unfortunate. If you had attended to your own business as they have, you would not be where you are now. Those and other like insinuations often drive a man to other society, other pleasures, in consequence of being unhappy at home.—He may have children that he loves; he cannot enjoy life with them as he would; he may love them as dearly as ever, yet home is made unpleasant in consequence of the cold indifference of the wife. Now I would say to all such wives, sisters; and in fact all females; deal gently with him that is in trouble: remember that he is very easily excited. A little word carelessly thrown out may inflict a wound that time can never heal. Then be cautious; man is but human—therefore is liable to err. If you see him going wrong ever meet him with a smile, and with the kiss of affection show that you love him by repeated acts of kindness; let your friendship be unbounded; try to beguile his unhappy hours in pleasant conversation.—By so doing you may save yourself and children from an unhappy future. When a man is in trouble, it is but a little word that may ruin him; it is but a little word also that may heal him.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:

"I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have had excess to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are—

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers and define words with greater ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others,