

which he could nowise forbear to enter. A sweet voice which seemed to come from a deep and tender soul, was warbling a plaintive little air, within—

Oh, man can seek the downward glance,
And each kind word—a feeling's spell—
Eye, voice, its value can enhance;
For eye may speak, and tongue can tell.

But woman's love it waits the while
To echo to another's tone,
To linger on another's smile
Ere dare to answer with its own.

He bent his head, and passed through the lowly door. As his foot sounded upon the threshold, a young woman advanced from the dusky interior of the house, at first hastily, and then with a more uncertain step, till they met face to face. There was a singular contrast in their two figures: he dark and picturesque—one who had battled with the world—whom all suns had shone upon, and whom all winds had blown on a varied course; she neat, comely, and quiet—quiet even in her agitation—as if all her emotion had been subdued to the peaceful tenor of her life. Yet their faces, all unlike as they were, had an expression that seemed not so alien—a glow of kindred feeling, flashed upward anew from half-extinguished embers.

"You are welcome home!" said Faith Egerton. But Cranfield did not immediately answer; for his eye had been caught by an ornament in the shape of a heart, which Faith wore as a brooch upon her bosom. The material was the ordinary white quartz, and he recollected having himself shaped it out of one of those Indian arrow-heads, which are so often found in the ancient haunts of the red men. It was precisely on the pattern of that worn by the visionary maid. When Cranfield departed on his shadowy search, he had bestowed this brooch, in a gold setting, as a parting gift to Faith Egerton.

"So, Faith, you have kept the heart!" said he, at length.

"Yes," said she, blushing deeply; then more gaily, "and what else have you brought me from beyond the sea?"

"Faith!" replied Ralph Cranfield, uttering the fated words by an uncontrollable impulse, "I have brought you nothing but a heavy heart!" May I rest its weight on you?"

"This token, which I have worn so long, said Faith, laying her tremulous finger on the heart, "is the assurance that you may?"

"Faith! Faith!" cried Cranfield, clasping her in his arms, you have interpreted my wild and weary dream!"

Yes; the wild dreamer was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure, he was to till the earth around his mother's dwelling and reap its products! Instead of warlike command, or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children! And now the visionary maid had faded from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood! Would all, who cherish such wild wishes, but look around them, they would oftenest find their sphere of duty, of prosperity, and happiness, within those precincts, and in that station, where Providence itself has cast their lot. Happy they who read the riddle without a weary world-search, or a lifetime spent in vain.

Miscellaneous.

PERSIA.—A CAVALRY CHARGE.—We receive from an eye-witness the following spirited account of the charge of the 3d Indian Cavalry upon a square of Persian infantry at Khooshat:

"When Forbes, who commanded this regiment gave orders to charge, he and his adjutant, young Moore, placed themselves in front of the 6th troop, which was the one directly opposite the nearest face of the square. The other Moore, Malcolmson, and Spens came the least thing behind, riding knee to knee, with spurs in their horses' flanks as if racing after a hog. In the rear of them rushed the dark troopers of the 3d, mad to avenge the death of poor Mulet at Bushire. In spite of steel, fire, and bullets, they tore down upon the nearest face of the devoted square. As they approached, Forbes was shot through the thigh, and Spens's horse was wounded; but, unheeding, they swept onward. Daunted by the flashes and the fire, and the noise and crackle of the musketry, the young Moore's horse swerved as they came up. Dropping his sword from his hand and letting it hang by the knot at his wrist, he caught up the reins in both hands, screwed his head straight, and then coolly, as if riding at a fence, leaped him at the square. If, therefore, any man can be said to have been first, the younger Moore is that man. Of course the horse fell stone dead upon the bayonets; so did his brothers, ridden with equal determination. The elder Moore—eighteen stone in weight, and six feet seven inches, or thereabouts in height—cut his way out on foot. Malcolmson took one foot out of his stirrup when he saw his brother officer

down and unarmed (for his sword had been broken to pieces by the fall,) and holding on to that, the younger Moore escaped. The barrier once broken and the entrance once made, in and through it poured the avenging troopers. On and over every thing they rode till, getting clear out, they reformed on the other side, wheeled and swept back—a second wave of rain. Out of five hundred Persian soldiers of the 1st Regular Regiment of Fars who composed that fated square, only twenty escaped to tell the tale of its destruction. Thus the 3d Light Cavalry, to use their own phrase, gave our enemies "a *jewab* (answer) for the death of Mulet Sakib Bahadur."

THE RUINS OF CHALDEA.—I know of nothing more exciting or impressive than the first sight of one of those great Chaldean piles looming in solitary grandeur, from the surrounding plains and marshes. A thousand thoughts and surmises concerning its past eventful history and origin—its gradual rise and rapid fall—naturally present themselves to the mind of the spectator. The hazy atmosphere of early morning is peculiarly favourable to considerations and impressions of this character, and the gray mist intervening between the gazer, and the object of his reflections, imparts to it a dreamy existence. This fairy-like effect is further heightened by mirage, which strangely and fantastically magnifies its form, elevating it from the ground, and causing it to dance and quiver in the rarefied air. No wonder, therefore, that the beholder is lost in pleasing doubt as to the actual reality of the apparition before him.

OLD TIME BARBARIETY.—The Edinburgh Echo, of Jan. 10, 1779, says: "This day, Japhet Crooks, alias Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory an hour at Charing Cross, after which a Chair was brought up, and he being seated therein, the hangman, with a surgeon's instrument, somewhat resembling a sickle, cut off, pursuant to his sentence, one ear close to his head, which he held for the view of an infinite number of spectators, and while the surgeon was dressing it and stopping the blood, the other was cut off, and held in the same manner, after which the hangman, with a pair of scissors, slit up his nostrils, and seared them with a red-hot iron; of those operations none seemed to affect him in any degree like that of burning."

A LAUGHING CLERGYMAN.—We have heard the anecdote of the minister whose gravity was so overcome at the ludicrous antics of a man who had fallen asleep on the steps of the church door, and been upset by a pugnacious ram, who mistook his nodding for a signal of defiance, and charged upon him accordingly. The minister beheld the scene through the church door, and burst into laughter in the midst of his sermon, much to the astonishment of his hearers, who could not understand the cause of his mirth. His mortification at this untoward incident was so great that he would never again enter the pulpit. In the "Recollections of a Lifetime," by S. G. Goodrich, we find related a circumstance of a somewhat similar nature, which he gives as follows.

Once upon a time there was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. T., a man of high character, and distinguished for his dignity of manner. But it was remarked that frequently when ascending the pulpit stairs, he would smile and sometimes titter, as if beset by an uncontrollable desire to laugh. This excited remark, and at last scandal; finally, it was thought necessary for some of his clerical friends at a meeting of the association, to bring up the matter for consideration.

The case was stated, the Rev. Dr. T. being present. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "the fact charged against me is true, but I beg you to permit me to offer an explanation. A few months after I was licensed to preach, I was in a country town, and on a Sabbath morning was about to enter upon the service of the church. Back of the pulpit was a window, which looked upon a field of clover, then in full bloom, for it was summer. As I rose to commence reading the scriptures, I cast a glance into the field, and there I saw a man performing the most extraordinary evolutions—jumping, whirling, slapping in all directions, and with a ferocious agony of exertion. At first I thought he was mad, but suddenly the truth burst upon me—he had lunched up a *bumble bee* in his pantaloon! I am constitutionally nervous, gentlemen, and the shock of this scene upon my risible sensibilities was so great that I could hardly get through the services. Several times I was upon the point of bursting into a laugh. Even to this day, the remembrance of this scene—through the temptation of the devil—often comes upon me as I am ascending the pulpit. This, I admit, is a weakness; but I trust it will rather excite your sympathy and prayers than reproaches."

THE FIRST SAW-MILL.—The old practice in making boards, was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in a better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty that deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a dutchman, in 1633; but the public outcry against the new fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did Dutchman before. The "evil" was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time, the public would be less watchful of its interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces.

A WATER POPULATION.—The enormous river population of China, who live only in boats, who were born and educated, who marry, rear their families, and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any shelter other than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards of their sampans—shows to what an extent land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the numbers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone it is estimated that 300,000 persons dwell upon the surface of the river; the boats, sometimes twenty or thirty deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population, some dwell in decorated river boats used for every purpose of licence and festivity—for theatres, for concerts, for feasts, for lust, for solitary and social recreations. Some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity; others are moored, and their owners engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are nearly as various as those of the land population. The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice—others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to another—some, called centipedes, from their being supposed to have one hundred rowers, convey with extraordinary rapidity the most valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports—all these from the huge and cumbersome junks, which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse construction of the remotest ages, to the fragile planks upon which a solitary leper hangs upon the outskirts of society—boats of every form and applied to every purpose—exhibit an incalculable amount of population, which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic. Not only are land and water crowded with Chinese, but many dwell on artificial islands which float upon the lakes—land with gardens and flowers raised upon the rafters which the occupants have bound together, and on which they cultivate what is needed for the supply of life's daily wants. They have their poultry and their vegetables for use, their flowers and their scrolls for ornament, their household gods for protection and worship.

FACE-IT.

Some forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper, (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet,) when a more knowing neighbor of his happened in perhaps to borrow his paper—observing to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman drawing himself up in all the pomp of affronted dignity, exclaimed: "I will have you know, sir, that if I take a paper and pay for it; I have a right to read it which end up I please."

A schoolmaster, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and, at the same time, promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The young sinner, being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact and thus address his fellow pupil: "A common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, negative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the confines of the other end of the room which transmits a few sentences to you in the present tense."

At an inn in Sweden there was the following inscription, in English on the wall: "You will find at Trollhaas the excellent bread, meat, and wine, prepared by bringing in a Troll."

Harry H—, of Providence, tells a good story about a young friend of his who had a light and incipient mustache. One day, while fingering a few hairs, he said to Harry:

"Hadn't I better dye this moustache?"

"Oh, no," replied Harry, "let it alone and it will die of itself."

A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it was a letter or not. "If it were not," he said, "it would make me ill all the days of my life!"

Special Notices.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—This dangerous and often fatal disease had long baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, when the discovery of Dr. McLane's Liver Pills solved the difficulty, and presented to the world the great specific, which has attained such wide celebrity for its certainty of cure. This successful remedy was the result many years' study, in which the symptoms were narrowly observed, and are thus described by the Doctor himself: "Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.—Pain in the right side, and sometimes in the left, under the edge of the ribs—the patient being barely able to lie on the left; pain sometimes under the shoulder-blade, often mistaken for rheumatism; sickness of stomach, and loss of appetite; bowels mostly constive, but sometimes alternate with lax; dull, heavy sensation in the back part of the head; loss of memory, with uneasiness of having neglected something, dry cough, weariness and debility; feet cold or burning, and prickly sensation of skin; low spirits, lassitude, disinclination to exercise, although satisfied it would be beneficial. In fact, patient distrusts every remedy."

Have you any, or all of these symptoms? If so, you will find a certain remedy in Dr. McLane's Pills. Prepared by Fleming Bros. of Pittsburg.

* * * Purchasers will please be careful to ask for Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, manufactured by LEMING BROS. of Pittsburg, Pa. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. McLane's genuine Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores.—none genuine without the signature of

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Impurities of the blood are often developed in disgusting eruptions, ulcers, tumors, scrofulous sores, boils, and other external affections. For all these distressing and dangerous complaints, Holloway's Ointment is literally a healing balsam. It neutralizes the *materia morbi*, or seeds of disease in the exterior secretions, and dispels the inflammation. Nature does the rest. The experience of every human being who has tested the efficacy of the Ointment is the same. It has never failed. When the internal organs are alone affected, as in liver complaint, dyspepsia, and irregularities of the bowels, a few doses of the Pills afford certain and permanent relief.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHEENIX BITTERS.—More lives have been saved during epidemics by these well known and world renowned medicines than by any other ever invented or patented in this or any other country. Being of purely vegetable compounds, they are well adapted for travellers, and as a certain cure for fevers, agues and other disorders. Sold at 335 Broadway, New York. W. T. BAIRD, Agent for the County of Carleton. A. P. HAYWOOD, Agent for Houlton.

AN OLD AND TRIED MEDICINE.—Under our Special Notice head will be found the advertisement of Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian Balsam of Liverwort and Houndhound. This is an article which has been before the public for upwards of twenty years. In the meantime, many other preparations have been introduced and passed away, while the experience of many thousands of patients has tested the value of this above all. It is prescribed by the most skillful and prominent physicians, as the best remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended. Messrs. WEEKS & PORTER, wholesale Druggists, 154 Washington-street, Boston, are the General Agents, who have with much liberality supplied the Rev. Moses Thomas, Minister at large, of this city, with a quantity for gratuitous distribution among those who may be unable to purchase.—New Bedford Standard.

THE MOFFAT LIFE PILLS AND PHEENIX BITTERS.—At this season of the year the human system requires purification. To dwellers in cities that one thing needful is manifested by the pallid cheek, sunken eye and faltering gait. These are the precursors of fever, ague and dyspepsia; and these symptoms should be attended to instantly by giving moderate doses of the Pills, followed by the Bitters. These medicines, having stood the test of twenty years' experience, can be relied upon as the best of preventives, as well as restoratives. W. B. MOFFAT, 335 Broadway, New York.

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