

every reason to be flattered by their reception.'

'I have no doubt you entertained them exceedingly,' interposed Sutton; 'you did very well, very well, indeed; for a plain audience, nothing could have suited them better. I suppose you consider yourself as having made quite a speculation; at fifty cents a head the receipts must have been considerable.'

Miss Thompson glanced at him with a look of irritation, which, however, changed to one of merriment at the comic stare of the itinerant, his only answer.

Just then there was a bustle in the entry, and the landlord was saying in a tone of expostulation—'The gentleman is at his breakfast, sir; have a little patience, and, no doubt, he will satisfy you afterwards. The other boarders are all at the table, and it would only cause a confusion.'

'So much the better,' returned a stentorian voice; 'let me in, sir, or you shall be exposed for harboring a swindler; and a formidable looking person, large of size and exceeding fierce of countenance, entered. He was accompanied by Mr. Smith of the rival house, who designated the lecturer, and striding up to him, he exclaimed, in a strong Connecticut accent. 'So, sir! you are the gentleman that entertained this community last evening with a lecture on the 'Genius of the American People; you are Azariah Chowders, are you?'

'I sir,—by no means! I rejoice in quite a different appellation.'

'No sir,—I myself am Azariah Chowders, and I hereby pronounce you an impudent impostor. I demand to know, sir, how you could dare to avail yourself of my name and well earned reputation to deliver a spurious lecture and rob the pockets of a large audience?'

'From several reasons, sir. In the first place, to relieve the solitude of this gentleman, Mr. Smith.'

'That shall not serve you! your flagitious conduct,—'

'Pray hear me out, sir! secondly, as he assured me a number of persons would be disappointed if they should not hear a lecture—common philanthropy—'

'A benevolent youth, upon my word! laughed Mr. Chowders in derision; 'I'll not listen.'

'Then for my third and last reason,—how could I resist such a capital opportunity for showing off? A gentleman of your aspiring disposition should not be too severe upon the ambition of others. I had no fame of my own to procure me a welcome, and as there was no claimant for yours,—'

'Young man, you had better confess the truth at once! you could not resist the temptation of pocketing the dollars which you know would be collected on my credit. I shall have redress, sir—there are such things as indictments for swindling.'

'My good sir! you would not menace me with any thing so terrific! remember how much labor I have taken off your hand,—the exertion of your brain and lungs, besides securing for you every cent of the admittance fees. Lord! oblige me by bringing here the handkerchief which I requested you last night to deposit in your desk.'

The host of the Eagle complied with alacrity, and the young stranger unrolling his handkerchief, displayed a collection of notes and silver, particularly inviting in these hard times. The sight of it mollified the assailant at once. 'Here, sir,' said the other 'you have the emoluments of the lecture just as they were placed in my hands by the gentleman besides you, Mr. Smith. My worthy host will be my voucher that I have not seen it since; and I think I may be equally confident that it has lost nothing by being in his possession. I beg pardon if I have incommoded you by presuming to supply your place; but I hope your friend, Mr. Smith, will do me the justice of attributing it in part to his mistake and solicitations.'

'Willingly,' said Mr. Smith: 'and in explanation of my share of the business, it originated from a remark made by that gentleman,' nodding towards Mr. Sutton.

Mr. Chowder, with some accession of graciousness, remarked that an accident to his carriages had caused the delay on his part, and he condescended to add, that it was well enough some one had been found to entertain the company in his stead.

'You are lenient, sir,' said the offender 'and, in return, I give you my word that I shall never again attempt to win a laurel leaf in your name. The audience shall be undeceived, and all the opprobrium of my presuming to represent your oratorical abilities shall rest on myself. At present, I have no other security to offer than my

name, which, however, I hope will prevent similar mistakes for the future,' and he glanced at Sutton; 'it is Norman Oakley, and my occupation is that of an artist,—a painter,' and the visitors retired.

[To be concluded.]

LET ME GO HOME.

'Let me go home!'—'tis a plaintive cry
On the wayward path of infancy;
The truant is weary and bramble torn,
And it longs in a mother's arms to mourn,
And to feel its troubles hushed in sleep
Where a mother's love its watch shall keep.
'Rest, child, rest! and never more
Wander away from thy father's door.'

'Let me go home!'—'tis the lost one's cry;
'Let me go home—go home to die.'
The traitor who robb'd her of maiden fame
Has cast her forth to a life of shame;
And the gnawing tooth of gaunt despair,
Prays on a cheek no longer fair,
Let the erring daughter in;
Open gates to the Magdalen.

'Let me go home!'—'tis the exile's prayer—
O what to him in the balmy air—
Of the genial south, when far away
His fond wife weeps and his children play,
Where the snows of the north are on the track
O'er which the look'd for comes not back,
He comes, and brightly the hearth shall burn
To light the joy of that blest return.

'Let me go home!'—from the wanderer's breast
Burst the hearing sigh of the soul's unrest;
Long hath he roam'd through countries strange
Breaking ties in the love of change;
One, long forgot, bath his pride usmann'd—
He would make his grave in his native land,
Through a ruin'd hall the night winds sweep,
As we lay him down where his fathers sleep.

'Let me go home!'—'Poor outcast, say,
Hast thou a home?' 'Yes, a house of clay—
Wherever my faltering feet shall fail,
There my life shall end its mournful tale;
And they'll make me a home, and I'll there abide,
Nor envy the homes of living pride;
Let me go home—to HIM who gave—
Yet another home—beyond the grave.'

READING.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard working man, after his daily toil, or in its daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps, too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and loneliness. It transports him into a livelier, and graver, and more diversified and interesting scene: and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or, at least laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family, and without the headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work: and if the book he has been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent and looking forward with pleasure to. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir J. Herchel.

From the Relics of Great Men.

THE CHARM OF ASSOCIATION.

The charm of association softened the rugged bosom of Johnston in many features of character resembling Warburton. In one of his visits to Litchfield he observed a rail over which he had jumped when a boy, and leaped over it again with great delight. Pope's regard for an old door post, remembered in childhood would scarcely have glowed into so warm a flame of enthusiasm. The feeling is not new to our nature. Seneca visited with reverence the house of Scipio, in the words of Linterna. They who are insensible to other lofty feelings, yet respect the sacredness of genius. The painting room of Titian is preserved in the same condition in which he left it. Adam Clarke wore a piece of the rock Horeb about his neck suspended by a silver chain. The chair in which Wickliffe was carried home in his last sickness, and the table on which he probably completed his translation of the Bible, are preserved at Lutterworth, and stimulate the heart of every thoughtful beholder to follow the good example of the great reformer. We love to brush the dew from the grassy haunts of Chaucer at Woodstock; to wander along the glimmering lanes of Horton, where Milton walked with contemplation; suspend the dashing oar as we glide in the moonlight by the tomb of Thomson, to meditate in the house in Huntingdonshire—in fancy, for it is now destroyed—where Dry-

den inscribed with a diamond upon a pane of glass the first lines of his Virgil.

The graves of Stoke, that dimmed the eyes of Gray, continue to bring tears into our own. The banks of the Jed derive a fresher bloom from the early footsteps of Thompson,—and Nabersland recalls the magnificence of his winter storm. Pope saunters before us down the verdant alleys of his own forest. The garden of Shenstone blooms to the eye of memory in the fields of Hales Owen. We live with Wordsworth amid the scenery of Rydal, and hear the clear stream of the Greta tinkling over the pebbles while we recline under the palm trees in Thalaba.

A Ready Wit.—Lord William Lennox, describing a ride to Epsom with Theodore Hook, says:—As we reached Vauxhall Bridge, 'I wonder if this bridge pays?' I remarked. Go over it, and you'll be tolled,' replied the ever ready punster. 'So,' said he, addressing the gatekeeper, who was hoarse, 'you havn't recovered your voice yet?' 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'I've caught a fresh cold.' 'But why did you catch a fresh one?' asked Hook—'who don't you have it cured?'

Never refuse, if it be in your power, to aid the unfortunate; a generous act is always followed with a glow of happiness, far surpassing any mere animal gratification.

From James's new Novel, entitled "The Jacquerie."

THE BURNING OF THE CASTLE OF PLESSY.

There was a man singing at his work, and two or three children playing about the door, while a mother sat within, rocking a wicker cradle with her foot, and twirling the busy distaff with her hands, in the little village of peasants' huts which lay at the distance of about a mile from the tower of Plessy en Val. The short afternoon was drawing towards its close, and the evening light of a bright day in the beginning of the year shone calm upon the peaceful scene, the woods swept up over the neighboring hills, the tall dojon of the castle was seen rising over the trees, and there was a sort of misty calmness in the aspect of all things, which communicated a sweet and tranquil feeling to the mind.

Merrily worked on the contented laborer, watching the gambols of his babes, and speaking, from time to time, a word to his wife within. Suddenly some unusual sound caused the man to look up and turn toward the road which came out of the wood. The noise was a very peculiar one: neither cry nor shout, nor human voice was heard; but there was the quick tramp of many feet, blended with the buzz of a number of people speaking in a low tone.

'What is all this?' said the peasant, raising himself to his full height, and leaning on the axe with which he had been hewing into shape a large mass of oak. 'What is all this, Janette? Here's a crowd of several hundred men coming down, as fast as they can come without running; a number of the good folks of St. Leu I see, and some of the people from Beauvais; there is Jacques Morne, too, and long Philippe of Argenton, and some of the serfs of Beaulieu; but who is that at their head, with a sword in his hand? On my life, I believe it is the telon William Caillet! They must be about some mischief.'

A minute more brought the first men of the crowd to the entrance of the village, and the loud voice of Caillet exclaimed, in a tone of command, 'Take your axe on your shoulder, and join us to deliver France from her tyrants.'

'I beg your pardon, Master Caillet,' replied the man to whom he addressed himself; 'I never join people without knowing what they are going to be about.'

'To deliver France, I tell you,' answered Caillet, sternly.

'Ay, ay,' cried the peasant; 'but how? How are you going to begin?'

'By burning down the Castle of Plessy, and setting free good old Thibault Rue,' growled forth Jacques Morne. 'Waste not many words upon him, Caillet; I told you all the people here are willing slaves.'

'I am an honest man, at all events,' cried the peasant boldly, 'and I will have no hand in burning down the castle of my good lord, or setting free an old rogue who never left us at peace while he was among us. Think what you are about, my men,' he continued, addressing the followers of Caillet. 'Think what you are about, and where these people are leading you.'

'Take that for your pains,' cried Jacques Morne, plunging a knife into his throat; and, as the unfortunate man fell back, weltering in his blood, Caillet exclaimed, 'So die all the willing slaves of the tyrants of our country! Disperse through the houses; gather all the arms and the tools that you can get, and let us on as fast as possible.'

In a moment every cabin was invaded, and a general pillage began; some men were found in the houses who willingly joined the

insurgents, some it may be supposed, followed the example of the peasant whom the insurgents had first met, and more than once a scream, or a deep groan, or a supplication for mercy, issued from the doors of the huts, telling how well the orders which had been given were obeyed. When the crowd again began to move on, flames were bursting from various parts of the village, and a few women and children were seen flying in terror and agony toward the woods. It required but five minutes to change a sweet and peaceful place into a scene of blood and devastation.

Caillet himself had entered none of the houses, but stood for a short time in the midst of the road, with his right hand still grasping his naked sword, and his left pressed tight upon his brow. At length he shouted to his followers to come forth; and as they obeyed that loud and echoing voice, he led them on without looking behind.

Forward they rushed through a narrow winding lane, with a small stream crossing it in the bottom of the valley; but ere the multitude had proceeded half a mile, swelling their numbers by some peasant who had been working in the fields, they were suddenly met by the white haired Lord of Plessy and three attendants, galloping down at full speed toward the village, the flames of which had been observed from the watch-tower of the castle. The good old baron was all eagerness to give aid to his people in the calamity under which he thought they were suffering, and he was within twenty or thirty yards of Caillet and his followers before he saw the threatening aspect of the crowd.

At that moment, however, the thundering voice of the leader of the insurrection exclaimed, somewhat too soon for his own purpose, 'This is one of the tyrants! Upon him, upon him, my men, and tear him to pieces!' And he himself rushed forward to seize the bridle of the old lord.

But one of the nobleman's attendants spurred forward his horse before his master, exclaiming, 'Fly, my lord, fly! We are too few to resist.' The lord of Plessy and the rest, confused and astounded, and guessing but vaguely what had occurred, turned their horses and fled at full speed toward the castle, while the furious mob darted upon the gallant servant who had devoted himself for his master, and ere he could strike three strokes in his own defence, had pulled him from his horse and dashed his brains out with an axe.

Caillet caught the beast the man had ridden by the bridle, and sprang at once into the saddle, exclaiming, 'Follow me quickly! we must not lose our advantage. If you delay a moment, you will have to choose another leader; and thus saying, he galloped on at full speed after the Lord of Plessy and his attendants.

The crowd who came behind quickened their pace, and hurried forward as fast as possible; but they could not keep pace with Caillet, and at the turn of the road which led up toward the castle, lost sight of him altogether. Some anxiety and apprehension took possession of them, and made them waver for a moment; but Jacques Morne, waving a heavy axe over his head, exclaimed, 'Run, men, run! Why do you pause? If you hesitate, he will be killed before we are there.'

Onward they rushed again, and in two minutes more the barbican of the castle was before them. The sight that they there saw renewed their courage, and roused them into fury. Caillet himself had reached the place almost at the same moment with its lord, and to insure that the gates of the outwork should not be shut, he sprang from the horse which bore him, and plunged his sword into the animal's chest. Falling dead under the archway, the carcass blocked up the way, and both served as a rampart for the bold man who stood there unsupported against the armed followers of the feudal chief, and prevented the portcullis from falling completely, or the heavy door beyond from being closed.

All was confusion and bustle in the gate, though only a few of the usual guards had as yet arrived. Some were endeavoring to drag the horse away, some were striking at Caillet with swords and partisans, some were calling for crossbows and quarrels to shoot him as he stood; but as the head of the rushing multitude appeared and came on with a wild yell of rage and exultation, a panic seized upon the soldiery, and abandoning the barbican and the drawbridge, they sought for safety within the walls of the castle itself.

'Victory! victory!' shouted Caillet; 'we have won the first triumph. On, on, my men, and the place will soon be ours.'

The crowd rushed forward; the portcullis which had partly fallen, was soon raised; the barbican was rifled of the various weapons it contained, and defended by some shields and casques which had belonged to the soldiery of the place, Caillet and seven of his followers passed the drawbridge in spite of the arrows and quarrels which were now showered thickly from the walls. Each man bore with him a load of faggots and wood, which had been found in the houses who willingly joined the