

From the New Novel of the Match-maker.

LAUGHABLE SCENE.

A LOVER PROPOSING.

A ruined captain of the Guards, supposed to be a good match, flings himself at the feet of the matchmaker's daughter. 'His last writ was still in his glove, and the usurer's iron smile before his eyes. He had had a letter that morning from his brother, who had twice paid his debts, refusing him any further assistance, and two friends to whom he had applied had declined lending him a few pounds. Poor Dashington, the pallor of his cheeks and the earnest agitation of his manner struck Augusta and her mother, and were attributed, of course, to passion, not poverty. So fine, so elegant and so habitually supercilious a man humbled and trembling before her! How great a change had been wrought by the 'might, the majesty of loveliness!' Both the lady and her mother felt a relenting kindness moisten their eyes and soften their hearts. 'May I speak to you for a moment alone, Miss Lindsay?' he said, imploringly, fixing his eyes upon Augusta. 'Dear madam!' he exclaimed, going up to Mrs Lindsay, and taking her hand, 'you have a kind, a gentle heart; beauty is not all that Miss Lindsay has inherited from you—you, who most often have driven men mad, you can pity me; grant me a few minutes' private interview with Miss Lindsay. Oh! if you have a son? 'I have no son,' said Mrs. Lindsay? much moved. 'Well, then, let me plead my cause a moment, and if I succeed, you shall have a son in me. The presence even of one so kind and good as you are chills my tongue. Oh, do be merciful! I plead for life—existence. I cannot exist if I am unsuccessful now.' There was truth in that assertion. Well, thought Mrs Lindsay, perhaps Augusta may as well accept him: he is brother to a baronet, who, being a fox hunter, stands a fair chance of a broken neck: he is by far the most desperately in love with her of all her suitors. What an altered man! I will just let him speak to her alone for five minutes; if there should be anything odd in his manner, she knows the other two are in the conservatory, and can call out to them. Poor fellow! he is, indeed in love! 'Captain Dashington, I cannot refuse you five minutes' conference with my daughter; your evident agitation would make it cruel to deny you an opportunity of expressing your feelings. Be guided entirely by your own heart, dearest,' she said, embracing her daughter, and added, in a hasty whisper, 'If his manner grows odd call out to the other two, and let your answer be regulated by circumstances—his circumstances, I mean.' She was scarcely gone when Dashington rushed forward, and throwing himself on both his knees, caught Augusta's hands and bursting into tears exclaimed, 'I cannot live without you, Augusta! and not an hour longer can I exist without your promise to be mine!' 'You agitate, you alarm me,' said Augusta, much flattered by this proof of the maddening power of her charms. Forgive me. I am well nigh mad myself. I have heard of rivals here there everywhere. Augusta, divine Augusta. Who loves you as I do? Who deserves you as I do? Say you will be mine—only say it. To-morrow, with your uncle, I will enter on all discussions of business. But say, to-day Ferdinand, I will be yours.' 'I cannot be so hurried, I must reflect.' 'Be it so, madam; and while you reflect, I will act. Either say you will be mine to-day nay, sign it, sign your promise with your own sweet name, that I may have something to live upon, something to support me something to look forward to, or hear, to-morrow, that the man who could not exist without you is a corpse.' Augusta shuddered. She looked at the handsome man and thought, 'None other loves me thus. I shall be his death.' She hid her face in her hands. 'You cannot look at me and doom me to death—angel of mercy, you cannot do it. I would not agitate you, loveliest: say you will be mine, and I will be calm. Here, beloved one,' and he led her to the table, 'write a few sweet words,' and he put the pen into her hand. 'Say I promise, Ferdinand Dashington, to be your wife, within six weeks from this time, and sign your own dear name, 'Augusta Lindsay,' Angel, if you will, I can live—I can positively exist upon those words.' Augusta took the pen: Dashington bent over her pale and trembling with eagerness. 'Write, loveliest,' he said. 'I cannot—it is unwisely, unfeminine, in such haste, unadvised, even my mother not consulted.' 'Then doom me to death? I swear—' and he knelt

down before her. 'No, no,' and she took the pen.'

From Bentley's Miscellany.  
MY POCKET.

GREATER by far than head or heart,  
My chiefest, best, and noblest part,  
My real dignity thou art, My Pocket.

What matters it how learned or wise?  
Such mean distinctions all despise,  
In thee alone true merit lies, My Pocket.

For, though the truth may harshly sound,  
Here man and beast alike are found,  
Each valued only at per pound, My Pocket.

When I was poor and Tompkins fine,  
Why was I never asked to dine?  
Alas! alas, the fault was thine, My Pocket.

Or, if I made a morning call,  
Why did I shiver in the hall?  
This was my crime, the worst of all My Pocket.

But, when my rich relation B—  
Left me his only Legatee,  
How glad was Tomkins then to see My Pocket.

Then invitations by the score  
Loosened the knocker on my door;  
Strange it was always stiff before, My Pocket.

Then hosts of albums, lily white,  
Came rolling in, with notes polite,  
And—would I but one stanza write My Pocket.

Jane, who to all my vows was mute,  
Or called me fool and ugly brute,  
Now wheedling sighed—would no one suit My Pocket.

Then, first, my little nephews knew  
Their uncle's house was No 2:  
Was it respect for me or you, My Pocket.

My surest stay, my best ally,  
When duns were loud and friends were shy,  
On thee my future hopes rely, My Pocket.

Befriend me still, thy suitor prays,  
Great chairman of the means and ways,  
In losses, panics, quarter days, My Pocket.

Thus helped, I will not care a pin  
What bubbles burst, what parties win,  
Or who are out or who are in, My Pocket.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

ONE DAY AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

MR. EDITOR,—Do you chew tobacco? I did till last Sunday, when I put my veto on the practice. The why and wherefore I have sent you, hoping that if you are guilty of using the Indian weed, a leaf from my diary may be the means of reforming you.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1840.—Took my hat for a walk; wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages, upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin M—'s and borrow for her 'The Sorrows of Werter.' Hate a wife to read such pambly stuff—but must humor her whims and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's sorrows, than employ her tongue in making 'sorrow' for your obedient servant.

Got to cousin M—'s door. Now cousin M— is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy ones, because I'm always in dread while on their premises, lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the soles of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in—delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane-bottomed chairs, while she rummaged the book case. Forgot to take out my cavendish before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spit box in the room. Window closed. Floors carpeted. Stove varnished. Looked to the fire place—full of flowers and hearth newly daubed with Spanish brown. Here was a fix! Felt the flood of cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, bedaub the hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the meantime pretty well filled. To add to my misery, she began to ask questions. 'Did you ever read this book, Mr —?' 'Yes, Ma'am,' said I, in a voice like a frog in the bottom of a well, while I wished book, cousin and all were with Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. 'How did you like it,' continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of a chair, mouth downwards, to prevent an overflow. She at last found 'The Sorrows of Werter,' and came towards me, 'Oh dear Cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair, now don't, you'll grease it, and take off the gilding!' I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely and my cheeks were distended like those of a mushroom.—'Why, Oliver,' said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the reason of my appearance, 'you are sick, I know you are, your face is dreadfully swelled,' and before I could prevent her, her hartshorn

was clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing places. Judge then, what a commotion a full snuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories.

I bolted for the door, and a hearty chee he chee relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., all at once disgorged from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience. I told her I had been trying to relieve the tooth ache by the temporary use of tobacco, while, truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

Sunday Forenoon—Friend A— invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr — preach. Conducted by neighbor A— to his pew. Mouth, as usual, full of tobacco! and horror of horrors, found the pew elegantly carpeted, white and green, two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand; but no spit box! The service commenced; every FEEL on the organ was answered by an internal APPEAL from my mouth for a liberation from its contents; but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit box; then of turning over one of the crickets; but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plenitude of her officiousness that my wife placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die! I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife (confound these women how they dog me about) imagining me unwell (she might have known better), got up and followed me. 'Are you unwell, Oliver?' said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog with a flood of tobacco juice. 'I wish,' says she, 'Mr — had a spit box in his pew.' 'So do I.' We footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate—confound them—no, I don't mean so. But she might have known what was the matter with me, and kept her seat.

Tobacco, oh Tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not all told yet. After the conclusion of the service, along came farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church, and stopped at the open window where I sat. 'Sick to day, —?' 'Rather unwell, answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of tobacco. 'We had powerful preaching, Mr. —; powerful preaching; sorry you had to go out.' My wife asked him in—and in he came—she might have known he would—but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over, I gave him my chair by the window. Down he sat, and, fumbling in his pockets, drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco, and commenced untwisting it. 'Then you use tobacco,' said I. 'A LITTLE, occasionally,' said he, as he deposited three or four inches in his cheek. 'A neat fence that of yours,' as flood after flood bespattered a newly painted fence near the window: 'Yes,' said I, 'but I like a darker color.' 'So do I,' answered Ploughshare, 'yaller suits my notion; it don't show dirt.' And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good, thought I, wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinner. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. He then drew them across his mouth,—I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and—shocking to relate—deposited it beside his plate,—on my wife's damask table cloth!

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion, now I was sick. I returned to the table; but my departure did not discompose Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see Farmer Ploughshare replace his quid in his mouth to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell opportunely ringing, called him away before he could use his plate for a spit box, for such I am persuaded would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundations, and floods, and fire harassed me. I thought I was burned and smoked like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks, and was about to overflow me with its waters.

I could not escape—the water had reached my chin—I tasted it—it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and, awakening found I had been asleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entering at the moment I threw away the filthy weed. 'Huz, if I

were you I would not use that stuff any more!' 'I won't,' says I. Since Sunday last I have kept my word. Neither Plug nor Twist, Pigtail nor Cavendish, have passed my lips since then, nor ever shall they again.

From Bicknell's Reporter.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CHINA.

China is an empire of Asia, the most populous and ancient in the world, being 1,390 miles long and 1,630 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Peking, with 1,000,000 inhabitants; Nankin 1,000,000, and Canton 1,100,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue 200,000,000; army 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Buddhism the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morals of Confucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called 'Hong merchants.' Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations or 'factories,' below Canton. The Chief trade is with England. The first American ship reached China in 1784; now the annual average of United States ships visiting Canton is 32. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the Emperor varies from \$4,000,000 to 9,000,000. According to Mr Dunn, opium smuggled into China, to the injury of the people, amounted to \$20,000,000 annually for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London. The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 characters of letters. The Chinese are eminent for agriculture, and once every year the Emperor ploughs a piece of land himself in presence of his people.

VEGETABLE SELF COMBUSTION.

It is not by any means an unusual circumstance for persons travelling by dark, during the night, in the vicinity of the northern Circars which abut on the line of road between Simeles and Rhoordah, in the Province of Bengal, to behold vast conflagrations, extending for a considerable distance upon the tops of the hills which range along the interior of the Indian peninsula. The above eminences are enveloped in forests of thick jungle, and are quite uninhabited, and it was some time before it could be warrantably ascertained how these instances of incendiarism could so frequently occur, which is for the most part, the case during the last months of April and May. It has since been discovered, that these igneous outbreaks are occasioned by the long and successive friction of the contiguous branches of bamboos, and other arundinaceous timber, which abound in the above named localities, and which, when once ignited, spread desolation all around. The wild beasts, on these occasions descend into the plains beneath and do great mischief among the herdsmen by carrying away their cattle, and not unfrequently the farmer. The wood of the bamboo is cased with silicious coating, and to the dry weather, is easily ignited by friction. These brilliant coruscations, in a dark night, produce a very imposing effect on the eye of the beholder, and were, for a long time, attributed by the native peasantry to a supernatural agency.

The Old Forest Ranger, or Wild Sports of India.

LOVE OF THE TIGER FOR HUMAN FLESH.

It was my lot to be stationed, for several years, in a remote part of our Indian possessions, adjoining the Mysore frontier, and in the immediate vicinity of the great chain of Western Ghats. In the pathless thickets of their eternal forests, untrod by the foot of man, the tigress reared her young, and wandered, with her savage partner, into the smaller jungles of the plain, proving a scourge that drove every feeling of security from the hamble dwellings of the wretched inhabitants. In such a country, inhabited by the poorest classes, living in small villages, surrounded by jungle, and forced to seek their subsistence amongst the tiger's haunts numerous casualties of course occurred, and I had frequent opportunities of studying the habits and witnessing the ravages of this formidable animal. Some idea may be formed of the havoc committed by tigers, when I mention, from returns made to Government, that, in one district, three hundred men and five thousand head of cattle were destroyed during three years.

Whilst confined to the forest the tiger is comparatively harmless. Their feeding principally on deer, he rarely encounters man, and when the solitary hunter does meet the grim tyrant of the woods, instinctive fear of the human race makes the striped monster avoid him. But, in the open country, he becomes dangerous. Pressed by hunger, he seeks his prey in the neighbourhood of villages, and carries off cattle before the herdsmen's eyes. Still he rarely ventures to attack man, unless provoked, or urged to desperation. But un-