

From the Philadelphia Courier.

CONSEQUENCES OF GAMBLING.

In the year 184—, a number of individuals were arrested for keeping a house on Chestnut street, near Independence Hall. The counsel for the prosecution was sitting in his office, when a young man of genteel exterior and good address entered, and the following dialogue ensued—

'I have been summoned to appear to-morrow as a witness against —, for keeping a gambling house. Unless it is absolutely necessary,' said he, 'as his agitation increased, I wish sir, you would not urge my attendance.'

'I do not know,' said the Counsel, 'that the conviction will depend upon your testimony, but as you are an important witness, it may be necessary to bring you upon the stand.'

'My reasons for asking this favor are urgent,' said he, 'and the consequence of a refusal may be fatal to my prosperity, and the happiness of others. He became more agitated, and at the request of the gentleman who accompanied him, he continued, 'In a few days I am to be married to Mr —'s daughter, residing on Chestnut street. The preparations are made and the day is fixed. If I am called upon as a witness in this case, I shall criminate myself, and be exposed to the public gaze as a gambler. My character will be lost, my prospects in life blighted, and of course my domestic happiness destroyed.'

'You shall not be called, young man,' said the counsel, 'unless it is absolutely necessary,' and with this assurance they separated—not without some painful misgivings on the part of the legal gentleman that he was about to be accessory to a wrong, which might result in the utter ruin of a confiding yet unsuspecting girl. The trial came on, but conviction was obtained without the young man, and he went on in his course of duplicity and crime unexposed. In a few days he was married!

Two years passed, and a young but heart broken wife appears before the legal tribunal seeking a divorce! Her counsel was startled, when the husband came forward, at discovering, confronting the wife, the identical young man who plead not to be exposed as a gambler! The interview with the witness instantly occurred to the counsel's mind. The painful incidents of a deserted house, neglected wife, and the cruelties which had followed his gambling habits, that came up in fearful array before the individual who saved him from his merited exposure.

The trial proceeded, and a gradual succession of acts of injustice, neglect, coldness, alienation, domestic discord and cruelties, on the part of the husband against a confiding and affectionate wife, were disclosed which melted the heart of the oldest spectator. His defence was feeble, and her cause triumphed. Happily she was liberated from the monster who had wounded her heart, destroyed her peace, and deprived her of that happiness which beamed upon her joyously during the morning of the bridal day.

His fate hardly need even briefly be told. He soon lost the esteem of his friends, if the gambler has friends, and his credit followed with his reputation. His fashionable and elegant establishment on Chestnut street, was closed by the sheriff a few weeks since, and more recently he has been arrested for forgery! What a brief, but melancholy detail of the fruits reaped from the pursuits of the gambler!

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!  
Yet twilight lingers still,  
And beautiful as dreams of heaven,  
It slumbers on the hill.  
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things  
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,  
And rendering back the hues above,  
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rock the forest trees,  
In shadowy groups recline,  
Like nuns at evening bowed in prayer,  
Around the holy shrine.  
And through their leaves the night winds blow,  
So calm and still—their music low  
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer  
As echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,  
Retiring from the sky,  
So calmly move, as softly glow,  
They seem to fancy's eye  
Bright creatures of a better sphere  
Come down at noon to worship here,  
And from their sacrifice of love,  
Returning to their homes of above.

The blue eye of the golden sea,  
The night arch floating high,  
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,  
The bright streams leaping by,  
Are living with religion—deep  
On earth and in its glorious sleep,  
And mingle with the star light rays,  
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eye  
Comes through the silent air,

To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes  
A gush of music there.  
And the fair depths of ether beam  
So passing fair, we almost dream  
That we can rise and wander through  
The open paths of trackless blue

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,  
Each pulse is beating wild,  
And thought is soaring to the shrine  
Of glory undefiled.  
And holy aspirations start  
Like blessed Angels from the heart,  
And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—  
Our spirit to the gates of Heaven.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

From 'Our Mess,' by the Author of Charles O'Malley.

A STIRRING SCENE.

\* \* \* The next moment the lock turned, and my room was filled with dragoons, their uniforms plashed and dirty, and evidently bearing the marks of a long and severe march.

'Are you the Guerilla Guiposcoa de Condeiga?' said one of the party, accosting me, as I stood wrapped up in my cloak.

'No; I am an English officer.'

'Show your epaulettes, then,' said another, who knew that Spanish officers never wore such.

I opened my cloak, when the sight of my red uniform at once satisfied them. At this instant a clamor of voices without was heard, and several persons called out, 'We have him; here he is.' The crowd around me rushed forth at the sound, and, following among them, I reached the street, now jammed up with horse and foot, wagons, umbrellas, and caissons—some endeavoring to hasten toward the road to Bayonne; others, as eagerly turned toward the plain of Victoria, where the deafening roll of artillery showed the fight was at its fiercest. The dragoons issued forth, dragging a man among them, whose enormous stature and broad chest towered above the others, but who apparently made not the slightest resistance as they hurried him forward, shouting, as they went, 'A la grande place! a la place!'

It was the celebrated Guerilla Guiposcoa, who had distinguished himself by acts of heroic daring, and sometime savage cruelty, towards the French—and who had fallen into their hands that morning. Anxious to catch a glance at one of whom I had heard so often—I pressed forward among the rest, and soon found myself in the motly crowd of soldiers and townspeople that hurried toward the Plaza.

Scarcely had I entered the square when the movement of the multitude was arrested, and a low whispering murmur succeeded to the deafening shouts of vengeance and loud cries of death I had heard before; then came the deep roll of a muffled drum. I made a strong effort to press forward, and at length reached the rear of a line of dismounted dragoons, who stood leaning on their carbines—their eyes steadily bent on a figure some twenty paces in front. He was leisurely employed in divesting himself of some of his clothes; which, as he took off, he piled in a little heap beside him; his broad guerilla hat, his dark cloak, his sheep's wool jacket, slashed with gold, fell one by one from his hand; and his broad manly chest at last lay bare, heaving with manifest pride and emotion, as he turned his dark eyes calmly around him. Nothing was now heard in that vast crowd, save when some low, broken sob of grief would burst from the close drawn mantillas of the women, as they offered up their heart-felt prayers for the soul of the patriot.

A low parapet wall, surmounted by an iron railing, closed in this part of the Plaza, and separated it from a deep and rapid river that flowed beneath—a branch of the Ebro.

Beyond, the wide plain of Victoria stretched away toward the Pyrenees; and, although two leagues distant, the scene of the battle was discernible, from the heavy masses of cloud that lowered over-head, and the deep booming of the guns, that seemed to make the air tremulous.

The Spaniard turned his calm look toward the battle field, and for an instant his dark eye flashed back upon his foes with an expression of triumphant daring, which seemed as it were to say—I am avenged already! A cry of impatience burst from the crowd of soldiers, and the crash of their firelocks threatened that they would not wait longer for his blood. But the guerilla's manner changed at once; and holding up a small ebony crucifix before him, he seemed to ask a moment's respite for a short prayer.

The stillness showed his request was complied with—he turned his back toward the crowd, and placing the crucifix on the low parapet, he bent down on both his knees; and seemed lost in his devotions. As he rose I thought I could perceive that he threw a glance, rapid as lightning, over the wall toward the river that flowed beneath. He now turned fully round; and unfastening the girdle of many a gay color that he wore round his waist, he threw it carelessly on his left arm—and then, baring his breast to the full, knelt slowly down, and, with his arms wide apart, called out in Spanish, 'here is my life—come, take it.' The words were scarcely uttered, when the carbines clanked as they brought them to the shoulder—the sergeant of the company called out the words, 'donces—a pause—feu!' The fusillade rang out, and,

as my eyes pierced the smoke, I could see that the guerilla had fallen to the earth, his arms crossed upon his bosom!

A shriek, wild and terrific, burst from the crowd. The blue smoke slowly rose, and I perceived the French sergeant standing over the body of the guerilla, which lay covered with blood upon the turf. A kind of convulsive spasm seemed to twitch the limbs, upon which the Frenchman drew his sabre—the rattle of the steel scabbard rang through my heart—the bright weapon glanced as he raised it above his head; at the same instant the guerilla chief sprang to his legs—he tottered as he did so, for I could see that his left arm hung powerless at his side; but his right held a long poniard. He threw himself upon the Frenchman's bosom—a yell followed, and the same moment the guerilla sprang over the battlements, and with a loud splash dropped into the river beneath. The water had scarce covered his body, as the Frenchman fell a corpse upon the ground.

A perfect roar of madness and rage burst from the French soldiers, as, rushing to the parapet, a hundred balls swept the surface of the river—but the tall reeds of the bank had already concealed the bold guerilla, whose left arm had received the fire of the soldiers, who now saw the meaning of that quick movement by which he had thrown his girdle around it. The incident was but the work of a few brief moments, nor was there longer time to think on it—for suddenly a squadron of cavalry swept past, at the full speed of their horses, calling out the words, 'place, there—make way there in front!'

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.

We were, we believe, amongst the first to hail the appearance of Mr. Alison's instructive and interesting volumes, and we now offer him a sincere and cordial congratulation upon their close. He has completed a very full and graphical history of Europe, during a period replete with interest, and abounding in events of absorbing magnitude; and he brought to his task a candid, an elevated, an inquiring mind; and a laborious and persevering diligence and research, which have enabled him to present to the English reader, for the first time, in a continuous form, the multifarious transactions which he has undertaken to elucidate, so as to preclude the necessity of referring to any other work for such knowledge on the subject as may satisfy the general reader.

The tyro in history may now study, with an undivided mind, all the consequences of that mystery of iniquity—the French Revolution. He may discern its origin in the superstition by which the pure simplicity of the Gospel was obscured; he may trace its growth in the infidelity which such superstition is sure to engender, when the religious system of any country falls below the requirements of the age; he may witness its progress in the development of those passions and propensities which are sure to manifest themselves in corrupt human nature when the restraints of religion are removed, and in that violent reaction against tyrannical establishments which ended in the overthrow of social order, until society became convulsed, humanity demonized, and a whole nation infected with an epidemic frenzy, which rendered them a curse to themselves, and a scourge and an astonishment to the world.

The reflecting student may also learn, if he deeply ponder the pages of this enlightened man, that, amidst all the disorders incident to revolution, and the temporary triumph of impiety and wickedness, 'verily there is a God that judgeth the earth.' To this point Mr. Alison always has a special reference; and we deem it impossible that many of the details which on former occasions we deemed it right to bring before our readers when noticing his earlier volumes, can be attentively considered by any competent judge, without impressing the conviction of an overruling Providence. In this tenth and last volume, the great historical drama is brought to a close. The great man who so long rode the whirlwind and directed the storm of the revolution, and whose genius and whose energy was such that he seemed to have subdued the monster who had destroyed all others, and subordinated him to his own will and pleasure, is himself the victim of that vaulting ambition which had stimulated his rise, and finds that in the deeds of darkness and of blood, by the perpetration of which he had hoped to grasp universal empire, which engendered that avenging wrath by which he was stripped of his dominions, and steeped to the lips in humiliation.

Yes; Bonaparte was the concentrated essence of the French revolution. In him was exemplified all the terrific energy of that dreadful explosion, with a vigor of intellect, and an energy of purpose by which it was controlled and directed. The lightning which played around his head he collected, by means of his conductors, and converted into an artillery, by which, for a season, he was enabled to spread confusion amongst his enemies. He thus, for a time, appeared to be a god. All nations, with one glorious exception, at one or another time, bowed down and worshipped him. And this was the cause why he was so holden with pride, and so sarcharged with cruelty, that he deemed no lot or impediment could be placed to his dominion from the sea unto the world's end. 'I would have your master to know,' was his language to the ambassador from the Emperor of Russia, 'that I propose, and I dispose.' And oh, how sig-

nally was the impiety avenged! The confiscation of Moscow, and the snows of Russia, were the answer to the profane and wicked boast; and the debris of the most splendid armament that Europe ever saw, in rout, and confusion, and despair, through the countries which they had so recently traversed with a conqueror's tread, was but the precursor to that tissue of calamities, which thenceforth, in uninterupted sequence, attended the French arms, until the potentate who would wrest the bolt from Omnipotence, was precipitated to his doom, and became as memorable for the reverses which he sustained, as he had ever previously been for the brilliant successes which conducted to his exaltation.

It is, in truth, in the vindication of the ways of God to man, by pointing out the retributive justice which sooner or later overtakes long triumphant wickedness, that the value of Mr. Alison's volumes chiefly consist. He has studied his subject with the mind of a man deeply imbued with this truth, that 'verily there is a God that judgeth the earth;' and he seldom fails to trace 'a departure from moral or religious principle, the heaviest calamities to which the nations of Europe were subjected, during the tyrannous ascendancy of the principles of the revolution.'

The reader who has traced even our brief and necessarily meagre analysis of the preceding volumes, will have seen how inevitably the first outbreak of the revolution proceeded from the abuses engendered by tyranny and superstition. He will have seen how forcibly oppressed humanity at length vindicated itself, and how terribly its oppressions are avenged. As he proceeds, he will see the demonizing effects of unbalanced democratic power upon the multitude, when either godless or unenlightened. He will see the fury with which the different factions assailed each other, after they have, by their united efforts, completed the destruction of the privileged orders. He will thus see society resolved into its original elements, and an anarchy of evil passions in which confusion itself is worse confounded, taking the place of the government that had been overthrown, until France, ran with the blood of its most virtuous citizens; and resolving itself into a nation of atheists, firebrands, and assassins, affronted the eye of heaven by impieties too shocking to be described, and disturbed the peace of surrounding nations by a progandism too monstrous to be tolerated, until indignant Europe was roused to arms, and every civilized country felt itself concerned in arresting a course of things which must if unresisted, have led to universal disorder. He will then see the desperate and convulsive struggle of the regicide power to make head against the hostility which has been provoked by her misdeeds, until sinking under the exhaustion of her own efforts, she succumbs under the domination of the military chief, who curbed her factions, retrieved her fortunes, and led her armies to victory. A tyranny was now established, a splendid, gorgeous, military tyranny, in which Bonaparte made his little finger feel more heavy, than the feeble minded Louis had ever made his whole loins, and by which, the madness and wickedness of revolution was well avenged. Nor does the retributive justice of heaven appear only in the oppressions and calamities which a guilty nation brought upon itself by its misdeeds. It is clearly discernible also in the dealings of God with the surrounding nations, whose reverses, during the ascendancy of Bonaparte, are all distinctly traceable either to defects in their government, or a want of principle in their councils, by which they might have well provoked the Almighty Ruler's high displeasure. It is impossible to behold the great continental monarchies so repeatedly prostrated before the terrific energy of France, and steeped to the lips in misery and humiliation, without thinking of the partition of Poland, and considering that it was when their own hands were still reeking with the blood of an unoffending nation, which in their profligate ambition they had torn assunder, they were compelled to feel that galling tyranny by which the iron was made to enter into their souls. But long enough had the great oppressor been suffered to prevail as the scourge of God.

His own iniquities, and those of the nation whom he punished while he governed, loudly challenged divine vengeance. And, though long delayed, at last it came; and the interest and the value of the volume before us chiefly consists in the vivid detail of those circumstances which led to a more cordial and better principled combination of the European powers against the great oppressor, and the struggles of that extraordinary man against the tide of destiny which now rushed upon him with an overwhelming flood, but which he boldly braved to the last; and when he was eventually overborne by it, a single man against an embattled world still left him 'not less than archangel ruined.'

From Mary Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.

HOW TO FIND OUT THE ENGLISH IN GERMANY.

AN American gentleman gave us a curious example of this slowness of action, and in fact introduced himself to us on the occurrence of it. We were embarking on the Danube at Linz, for Vienna. The steamer had not been able to get up to Linz from the lowness of the water. It lay at the distance of twenty English miles further down, and we must be conveyed thither in a common Danube boat. The company had known this fact for three