Well, I did wait, and that most patiently, for a fall of stocks—and a fall at length occurred, a greater one than had been known for a long time, and prices were depressed below what they had been in several months Now thought I, is the time to take down my feet from the stove, and walk into the fancies; whereupon I went into Wall street, and borconsiderable sum for a fortnight, rowed a considerable sum for a fortoignt, pledging the stock as accurity, according to the modes operandi well understood in that region. Every thing promised well; and I felt encouraged, deeming it next to impossible that fortune should always fight against me. I to ght the stock very low, comparatively, and went home to replace my feet upon the stove, and await patiently another rise.

No rise, however, occurred within the fort-

No rise, however, occurred within the fort-night that I was able to hold my new acquisi-tion. Prices moved, it is true, but they mov-

tion. Prices moved, it is true, but they moved the wrong way for me, they udvanced backward. I thought when I purchased, they were low enough in all conscience; but if appears they were lower depths still to which they were destined to stiain. Idid not wait long enough. The principle on which I had acted was a good one—the fault was in me.

A man falling from the roof of a house, would not reach the ground more quickly than my stata umbled to a point five per cent. helow what I had given. A new element had arisen to produce this sudden, unlooked-for, and extraordinary change. The Texas question came upon the brokers like a thunderbolt, knocking every thing into a cocked hat; and the upshot was, that I sold my stock at a loss which swept away the remainder of my capital, and left me as penniless as a street beggar.

tal, and left me as penniless as a street beggar.
This was the last of my operations, and thus
the savings of several years disappeared like
dew on a summer's morning. Nor is that the
worst feature of this unfortunate business; for the excitement of speculation, the handling of large sums of money, the high-wrought expectation of realizing large profits in a short time, have totally unfitted me for the labours by which I accumulated what noney I have lost. which I accumulated what noney i have lost. How can I go to work again on a mere salary two thirds of which I must spend in support of my family, the remainder being a petty sum only, which any lucky broker would make on a clear morning at a single throw? I am ready to die through pure vexation; but I will not leave the ground yet. I know a friend who leave the ground yet. I know a friend who will lend me five hundred dollars, and by hypothecating the stock I shall buy, I can borrow of Jack Little five thousand. Yes, I must bave one more chance—one more—and then, if fortune favours me, as she always does the brave, (so the Latin grammar declares) I soon shall be on my feet again; but if she should contidue to frown, and disappoint my hopes, I will abandon speculation forever—perhaps.

AENOLD AT BEMIS' HEIGHTS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY,

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Gates took Arnold's division from him and gave it to General Lincoln, so that when the second battle of the 7th of October occurred, he, the best and the bravest, and most successful General in the army, was without a som-mand. This cutrage was enough to madden a less stormy nature than his, and he immediately demanded a passport to Washington. It was granted; but on a second thought he concluded it would have an ngly look to leave concluded it would have an ngly look to leave the army on the eve of an important engagement, and resolved to remain. He was in the camp when the cannonading of the 7th of October commenced, and listened, one may gness with what feelings, to the roar of bettle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, followed by the storp rattle of musquetry, his impatience and excitoment could be no longer restrained. Ho walked about in the greatest agitation—now pausing to listen to the din of war, and now wittching the fiercely ascending volumes of smoke that told where the fight was raging. And who can tell what gleomy thoughts and fierce purposes of revenge were then and there born in his maddened soul—it is ferrible to drive the hrave to despair. The hero of Quebec, Champlain, and Ridgefield, to whom the headlong charge and perilous march was a delight, who panted like a war horse for the conflict, was here doomed by an insticient commender to rewain inactive. war horse for the conflict, was here doomed yan inefficient commander to remain inactive. His brave followers were rushing on death without him, and sudden resolves and over-whelming emotions kept up such a turnult in ma bosom, that his excitement at length amounalmost to madness.

Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the belpless Augereau for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode a while round the camp in a tempest of passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth temble beneath him, burst on his ear. He paused a moment, and leaned over his saddle low, then plunging his rowels up to the gaffs in his horse, taunched like a thunderbolt away He was mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare, named Warren, after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him

like the wind into the battle. It was told to Gaios that Arnold had gone into the field, and he immediately sent Colonel Armstrong after him. But Arnold expecting this, and determining not to be called back as had been done bolore, spurred for ourly smid the ranks, and as the former approached him. galloped into the vollies, and thus the chase was kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and dan ppointment almost into insanity, he eviy was resolved to throw away his life, and at once his troubles and his career. Where

the shot flew thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reaped down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard, ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skilful officer, but the headlong warrior, reckless of his hip. His splendid horse was fleckless of his hio. His splendid horse was flecked with form, and it seemed impossible that his rider could leng survive amid the fire thre' which he so wildly galloped. Some of the officers thought him intoxicated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head, he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front, and galloped the whole distance thro' the cross fire of the combatants, while a long huzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed, except when too desperate for the brayest to fulfil—and receiving no orders himself, he conducted when too desperate for the brayest to fulfil—
and receiving no orders himself, he conducted
the whole buttle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new
spirit into the troops, and they charged after
him, shouring like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he
dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his
men as he wished, and opened his head with
his sword. He was everywhere present, and
pushed the first line of the enemy so vigourously, that it at length gave way. Burgoyne
moving up his left wing to cover its retreat, he
hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into the camp. Not satisfied with this, he prepared to atorm the camp also. But once behind their entrenchments, the British rallied, and fought with the fury of men strongling for life. The grape shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leader, carrying every thing before them. The sun had now set in the west, and the night was drawing its mantle over the scene. night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold enraged at the obstinacy of the enemy, and resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his brave troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to a last charge on the camp itself. 'You,' said he to one, 'was with me at Quebec; you in the wilderness, and you on Champlain—Follow me!' His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their serried array—the next moment he galloped in front, and riding right gal-lantly at their head through the devouring fire, broke with a clatter and a crosh into the very sally-port of the enemy, where horse and rider sunk together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec. This ended the fight, and the wounded hero was borne pale and bleeding from the field of his fame, only to awaken to chagrin and disappointment. There is but little doubt, that when he violated his orders and galloped to the field, he had made up his mind to bury his sorrows and disappointment in a bloody grave Would that he had succeeded, and saved himself from the

THE CENTURY PLANT

curse of his countrymen and the scorn of the

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELLI To ted

An hundred summers, and the sun Hath poured on the his light; An hundred winters, and the storm Hath swept the earth in night.) Yet thou, unhart by sun or storm; Art standing firm and green As when by bright eyes long ago Thy broad dark leaves were seen.

Art standing stately in thy pride, While fragrant flowers unfold From every branch of thy tall stem, As if thou wert not old. Not old! an hundred years has time

Borne silently away; Of all who saw thee first, not one May look on thee to-day. I to sense

I would that every flower of thine Were gifted with a spell; Which whispering to this hear! of mine; Of all the past might tell. O salls an For much I love the olden time, And many an olden theme: 1 199 15 01 Their pleasant memories haunt my heart

Like shadows in a dream goods liw

And I a tale from thee would hear Book! Ere thou dost fade away, For thou, with all thy thousand years, Art hasting to decay! A true, true tale of human hearts, Of human hopes and fears, And I will give to joys a smile, 'Fo griefs will give my tears.

And yet, mayhap, the wish is vain, To wake the solemn past,

Or break the darkly-woven chain By silence round it cast. Mayhap 'tis but a foolish wish, And yet the thoughtful mind Will love the lore of human hearts, That links it to its kind.

Thou of the hundred years! what change Hast seen around thee wrought? Hast thou no voice, no truthful voice, To tell of buried thought ? Still silent-but thy rostling leaves Whisper in spirit-tone, Wouldst learn the tale of other hearts, Look, then, into thine own.

Think of the warm, height hopes that sprung Within thy youthful breast,

Oh think what pangs thy heart have wrung For dear ones laid at rest. Think what a mighty lore remains Still to be read by thee; The past-the present-future-at! Blended in one eternity?"

New Works.

From a Sammer in the Wilderness. THE MISSISSIPPI.

There is one unique feature connected with the river Queen, which gives it, at times, a most romantic appearance. It is the point whence must start all distant expeditions to the North and West, and where the treasures of the Wilderness are prepared for re-ship-ment to the more distant markets of our own and toreign countries. Here, during the spring and summer months may often be seen cornwans about to depart for California, Santa Fe, the Rocky Mountains, and Oregon, while he sprightly step and sparkling eye will speak to you of the hopes and anticipations which enimate the various adventurers. At one time, perhaps, might be seen a company of toil worm treppers entering the city, after an absence of months, far away on the head waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, where they have hunted the beaver, the buffalo, the otter, the bear, and the deer; and as they steal away to their several homes, from the door of the Fur Company, where they have just rendered their account, it does the heart good to ponder on the joys which will be brought into exisfrom different nations, who often visit this place; also add greatly to the picturesque appearance of its streets. Summoned by curiosity, they congregate here in large numbers, and while their gaudy trapping and painted faces remisd us of the strange wild life they lead, their prowling propensities and downcast eyes inform us of the melancholy fact, that they are the victims of a most heartless, though lawful oppression. This remark, by the way, reminds me of a living picture which I lately witnessed, and will briefly describe. It was the sunset hour; and I was returning from a ride on the castern hank of the great river. The Western eastern bank of the great river. The Wessern Sky was flooded with a saffron glow, in the midst of which floated unnumbered cloud-islands, traged with deepest gold. Underneath lay the beautiful city, with its church-spires up-pointing to the Christian's home; then passed the rushing tide of the Mississippi, plowed by many a proud keel; and in the foreground was a woody bluff, on the brow of which sat a collary londer, humaning a strangely solemn was a woody blutt, on the brow of which sat a solitary Indian, humming a strangely solemn song, as hie white locks and eagle plumes wared in the evening treeze. I asked no question of the sorrowing dreamer, but pursued my way, pondering on the cruel destiny which has power to make man a stranger and an exile on the very soil from which he sprang, and where repose the askes of his forgotten kindled.

Lover as I am of genuise art, it will not do for me to leave this city, the study child of a great and new empire, without alluding to its treasures in this particular. The bright particular star, who uses the pencil here, is Charles Deas. He is a young man who left New York about eight years ago, for the purpose of studying his art in the wilds west of the Mississipp. He makes this city his head quarters, by annually spends a few months among the ladien tribes, familiarizing himself with their indian tribes, familiarizing himself with their manners and customs, and he is honorably identifying himself with the history and scenery of a most interesting portion of the continent. The great charm of his productions is found in the strongly marked national characier which they bear. His collection of sketches is already valuable. are a few of the pictures which I saw in his studio, and which pleased me exceedingly studio, and which pleased me exceedingly. One, called the ladian Guide, represents an aged lodian riding in the evening twilight on a piebald horse, apparently maying upon the times of old. The sentiment of such a painting is not to be described, and can only be felt by the beholder who has a passion for the wil-

Another, Long Jake, is the liberal portrait of a celebrated character of the Rocky Mountains. He looks like an untamed hawk, figures in a flaming red shirt, and is mounted on a black stallion. He is supposed to be on the ridge of a hill, and as the sky is blue, the figure stands out in the boldest relief. Artistically speaking, this is a most during effort of the pencil, but the artist has decidedly triumphed. In a pinture called Setting out for the Mountains, can Cockney, who has made up his mind to visit the Rocky Mountains. He is mounted on

a bob-sailed, eaucy-looking pony, and completely loaded down with clothing, pistols, guns, and emmunition. He is accompanied by a law cevered waggons, a jolly servant to be his right hand man, and two dogs, which are trolicing on the prairie ahead, and while the snan directs the attention of his master to one game, the master shapes his feeble shoulsome game, the master strugs his teeble shoul-ders, seems to think this mode of travelling exceedingly fatiguing, and personifies the latter end of a mis-spent life. You imagine that a few months have elapsed, and, turning to another picture, you behold our hero Returning from the Mountains. Exposure and hardships nave transformed him into a superb looking fellow, and he is now full of life and bueyandy, and rading with the most perfect elegance and case a famous steed of the prairies. The wagons, servants and dogs, are now in the rear of our adventurer, who, comically dressed with nothing but a cap, a calico shirt, and a pair of buckskin pantalcous, is dashing ahead fearless of every danger that may happen' to pair of buckskin pantaloous, is dashing ahead learless of every danger that may happen, to cross his path. These pictures completely, epitomize a personal revolution which is constaintly taking place on the frontiers. One of our artist's more ambilious productions, represents the daring feat of Captain Walker, during a recent memorable battle in Mexico. The storyle shat the Captain, who happened to be alone on a plain, had his horse killed from under him, and was himself wounded in the leg. Supposing, as was the "see, that the Mexican savage would approach to take his scalp, he leigned himself dead, as he lay upon his horse; and as his enemy was about to butcher him, he fired and killed the rascal on the spot, and seizing the rein of his enemy's horse, he mounted him and rode into his own camp. In the ted him and rode into his own camp. In the picture Walker is in the act of firing. But the picture upon which Mr Deas's same will probably rest, contains a large number of figures, and represents the heroism of Captain James Clarke, who, when about to be murdered by a council of indians at North Bend, threw the war belt in the midst of the savages, with a defying shout, and secually overwhelmed them with astonishment, thereby saving his own life and those of his companions. This picture is true to history in every particular, and full of

But enough about these productions of art. I am bound to the toantain head of the Missis-

an bound to the foantain head of the Mississippi, and feel impatient to be with nature in the wilderness. Before concluding this chapter, however, I will describe a characterstic incident which I met with 70 Saint Louis.

I had been taking a louely walk along the banks of the Mississippi, and, in fancy, reveiling amid the charms of this great western world, as it existed centuries ago. My mind was in a dreamy mood, and as I re-entered the city, the hum of business fell like discard. the city, the hum of business fell like discord on my ear. It was the hour of twilight, and the last day of the week, and the citizens whom I saw seemed anxious to bring their labours to a close that they might be ready for the Sabbath.

While sauntering leisurely through a retired street, I was startled from a waking dream by the sound of a deep-toned bell, and, on litting my eyes, I found that I stood before the Catholic cathedral. I noticed a dim light through one of the windows, and as the gates were open, I remembered that it was the vesper nour, and entered the church. The inner door noiselessly swang to, and I found myself alone, the spectator of a most impressive scene. A single lamp, hanging before the altar, threw out a feeble hight, and so faeble was it, that a solemn gloom brooded throughout the temple. While a dark shadow filled the aisles and remote corners, the capitals of the massive pillars on either side were lost in a still deeper shade. From the ceiling street, I was startled from a waking dream tals of the massive pillars on either side were lost in a still deeper shade. From the ceiling hung many a gorgeous chandelier, which were now content to be celipsed by the humble solitary lamp. Scriptural paintings and pieces of statuary were on every side, but I could discern that Christ was the ceatre of attraction in all. Over, and around the after too, were many works of art, together with a multitudunous array of sacred symbols. Just in front of these, and in the centre of the mystic throne, hung the lonely lamp, which seemed to be endowed with a thinking principle, as its feeble rays shot out into the surrounding darkness. ble rays shot out into the surrounding darkness. That part of the cathedral where towered the supendous organ, was in deep shadow, but f knew it to be there by the faint glistening of its golden pipes; as to the silence of the place, it was perfectly death like and holy. I chan-ced to heave a sigh, and that very sigh was not without an echo. The distant hum of life, alone convinced me that I was in a living world.

But softly! A footstep now breaks upon the silence! A priest in a ghost like robe, is passing from one chancel door to another. Another footstep! and lo! a woman, clothed in black, with her face completely hidden in a black, with her face completely hidden in a veil, passes up an aisle and falls upon her knees in prayer. She has come here to find consolation in her widowhood. And now, slowly tottering along, comes a white-haired man, and he, too, falls in the attitude of prayer. With the pleasures of this world he is fully satisfied, and his thoughts are now taken up with that strange pilgrimage, whence travellers never return, and upon which he feels he must soon enter.

Other life-sick mortals have also entered the sanctuary, offered up their evening prayer, and mingled with the tide of life once more, But egain the front door slowly opens, and a But again the front door slowly opens, and a little negro bey, some seven years of age, is standing by my side. What business has he here, for surely this offspring of a slave, and a slave himself, cannot be a religious devotee? I take back that thought. I have wronged the child. The spirit of God must tabernacle i his heart, else he would not approach the alterwith such deep reverence. Behold him, fike little Samuel of old, calling upon the Invisible