

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.

No rise, however, occurred within the fortnight that I was able to hold my new acquisition. Prices moved, it is true, but they moved the wrong way for me, they advanced backward.

A man falling from the roof of a house, would not reach the ground more quickly than my stock tumbled to a point five per cent. below what I had given.

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 money I have lost.

The sun had now set in the west, and the 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.

ARNOLD AT BEMIS' HEIGHTS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

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 command.

Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Angereau for his horse, vaulting to the saddle, he rode a while round the camp in a tempest of passion.

It was told, to Gates 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 before, spurred, seriously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him galloped into the volleys, 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.

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

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.

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.

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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.

THE CENTURY PLANT. BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

AN hundred summers, and the sun Hath poured on the his light;

AN hundred winters, and the storm Hath swept the earth in night.

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AN hundred winters, and the storm Hath swept the earth in night.

Or break the darkly-woven chain By silence round it cast.

Thou of the hundred years! what change Hast seen around thee wrought?

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

Oh think what pangs thy heart have wrung For dear ones laid at rest.

THE MISSISSIPPI. There is one unique feature connected with the river Queen, which gives it, at times, a most romantic appearance.

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ly loaded down with clothing, pistols, guns, and ammunition. He is accompanied by a few covered waggons, a jolly servant to be his right-hand man, and two dogs, which are trotting on the prairie ahead, and while the man directs the attention of his master to some game, the master shrugs his feeble shoulders, seems to think this mode of travelling exceedingly fatiguing, and personifies the latter end of a mis-spent life.

These pictures completely epitomize a personal revolution which is constantly taking place on the frontiers.

But enough about these productions of art. I am bound to the tomtaint head of the Mississippi, and feel impatient to be with nature in the wilderness.

I had been taking a lovely walk along the banks of the Mississippi, and, in fancy, reveling amid the charms of this great western world, as it existed centuries ago.

While sauntering leisurely through a retired street, I was startled from a waking dream by the sound of a deep-toned bell, and, on lifting my eyes, I found that I stood before the Catholic cathedral.

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