

and the prisoners were discharged out of custody.

I saw in about three weeks afterwards in a morning paper that Mr. Malvern, "whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was, with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, where they intended to remain some time." The expressed, but uncompleted will of the late baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr. Malvern paid over to him. "The Williamses never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America."

Thus not only "Offence's gilded hand," but some of the best feelings of our nature, not unfrequently "shove by justice," and place a concealing gloss over deeds which, in other circumstances, would have infallibly consigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulk. Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives so natural and so amiable, is a question which I must leave to wiser heads than mine to discuss and determine.

#### MUSIC IN CHURCH.

BUT NOT CHURCH MUSIC.

DONALD MOORE, a dashing young drover, from somewhere be-north the braes o' Doune, had purchased at Carlisle, where he had been with cattle from the trust of Falkirk, a musical snuff-box, and on his return home, determined to make a display, he carried the same to church the next Sunday. The snuff was prime, but, unfortunately, when handing a pinch to a crony, and just as the minister had begun to draw his inferences, off went the box to the not inappropriate tune of "We're a' noddin'." Donald applied himself to the stop catch, which he mistook, and away went the music to the profane tune of "Maggy Lauder." In the perturbation of the moment, Donald tried to smother the box with his sporran; but at last fairly took to his heels, when just as he was about to slam the door behind him, as if in reply to the inquiring gaze of the astonished audience, the dying cadence of the instrument ended with "My name is Maggy Lauder."

#### A HERO OF THE MODERN SCHOOL

My second chum was Captain Quadrille, a young staff officer who had joined as a volunteer. He was one of those characters which I used to consider fabulous, or appertaining to the days of chivalry and romance. He was what is called in modern times a complete dandy and no woman ever bestowed more attention to (on) her toilette than he did; but when he had completed this important affair he was up to any thing—to head a tiger hunt or a storming party was all the same to him; indeed it was only requisite that there should be the spirit of enterprise or adventure about it; and he was withal so good humoured and of such a gay and lively temperament, that it might be truly said of him that he was beloved by the men and adored by the women. Indeed with respect to these last, it was not surprising, for he was the soul of true chivalry. "Loyante vuz dames" was his motto, and among them he was so very gentle that it almost amounted to girlishness, and you might have fancied he was one of the sex in disguise; but woe unto the man who hath dared to breathe a syllable in his disparagement. I suspect, from his name, he must have been of French extraction, for it was quite impossible that any genuine Englishman could have been so truly amiable. If he had a fault or a foible it was one also peculiar to the age of chivalry; he was in money matters thoughtless and extravagant to a degree; but peace to his manes, he died some years afterwards the death of the brave, and a pillar erected by his brother officers marks the spot of his interment, to which I recommend every good and gallant gentleman who may be in that part of India, to make a pilgrimage, as it is seldom they have an opportunity of laying their hands or crossing their swords upon the tomb of a braver or better fellow.—Yadhamuh.

#### CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds not an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

From Francis's Chronicles of the Stock Exchange.

#### BRIBERY IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

To produce the peace which followed this contest, bribery was resorted to, and the public money wasted. "The peace of 1763," said John Ross Mackay, private Secretary to the Earl of Bute, and afterwards treasurer to the ordinance, "was carried through approved by a pecuniary distribution. Nothing else could have surmounted the difficulty. I was myself the channel through which the money passed. With my own hands I secured above

one hundred and twenty votes on that vital question. Eighty thousand pounds were set apart for this purpose. Forty members of the House of Commons received from me one thousand pounds each. To eighty others I paid five hundred pounds a piece." The continued corruptions produced continued irregularity. George II. said he was the only master who did not see his servants remunerated; adding to Mr. Pelham, that if the civil list were not paid he would find another minister. Remonstrances on the national and individual interest were so frequent that the King declared he would inspect the accounts himself. The Duke of Newcastle then bowed, and promised to send the papers; and the following morning, a cart loaded with official accounts, was paraded in the court yard of the palace. With much violence the monarch demanded the cause of the display. "They form a portion of the accounts your Majesty deemed to inspect," was the reply. "There is another wagon full on the road." One specimen of the accounts His Majesty had offered to investigate, was, however, quite sufficient; and the public complaint remained unalleviated.

From Hogg's Instructor.

#### THE ADVENT OF SUMMER.

BY MARGARET T. WIGHTMAN.

I come, I come, with light and joy,  
In my warm and kindling beams;  
I come with the song of a thousand birds,  
And the hum of a thousand streams.

I come to clothe the forest oaks  
With robes of verdure now—  
To wreath with gold the laburnum-tree,  
And with snow the hawthorn-bough.

I have loosen'd the rills from their wintry chain,  
And made them wander free  
Through long green vales, where shining flowers  
Arise to welcome me.

My breath is the fragrance from roses borne;  
My smile is the bright sunbeam;  
My eyes are the sheen of the wild blue flowers,  
That peep by the lonely stream.

My voice is the cuckoo's call at morn,  
The thrush's song of love,  
The sound of waters by echo borne,  
And the plaint of the woodland dove.

My tears are the showers that in sunny June  
Bid the roses leaves unfold,  
That brighter paints the violet's blue,  
And the gloss of the kingcup's gold.

My sigh is the zephyr, that gently steals  
At eve o'er the valley's breast,  
To kiss the cheek of the pure white rose,  
Before it droops to rest.

My gems are the drops that, each balmy morn,  
O'er leaf and flower shine;  
Brighter, fairer, purer far  
Than those of Golconda's mine.

My path's the lone spot where harebells bloom,  
And the zephyr wanders free;  
But my home is the young and unblighted heart  
For it best can welcome me

With mournful smile I have silent been,  
By strange old haills sublime,  
And threw bright veils of radiant green  
O'er the wrecks of war and time.

I have scatter'd flowers of shining bloom,  
In the paths of the gay and fair;  
I have passed with light o'er the lonely tomb,  
And smiled on the mourner there.

And still shall I come with my heaven-sent glow,  
On my errand of joy and peace,  
From immortal realms to your vales below,  
Till my glorious mission cease.

With an emerald robe and a crown of flowers,  
As radiant I come again,  
As when first in Eden's rosy bowers  
I hoped for an endless reign.

I bring bright morn and gentle even,  
And love, and hope, and mirth;  
I come with all that's left of heaven,  
To cheer the fleeting earth.

From the Boston Book of 1850.

#### CLERKS AND EMPLOYERS.

THE relations sustained by clerks to their employers are a source of many troubles, and occasion unpleasant thoughts, and oftentimes result in mutual and reciprocal hatred. In many departments of science, the compensation allowed to clerks is so small, that the sons of wealthy men have a monopoly of the places, which operates unfavorably both ways: it drives away a large and meritorious class of young men, while it introduces another, who, from the very nature of the case, cannot take so active an interest as those whom want and necessity urge forward. The influence of these rich clerks, in situations where little or no compensation is allowed, is very pernicious, in inducing habits of extravagance, inattention to business, and of substituting the swell manners and flash appearance of the route for the gentlemanly bearing and manly dignity of the good citizen.

In branches of trade where a compensation

is allowed, it is generally too small for the interests of both parties. Enlightened selfishness would seem to dictate a reform in this matter. We are proverbial for our thrift, and have a character for knowing what investments will produce the best dividends; and I submit, whether an investment, in the shape of increased salaries, would not exhibit as large returns as any stock known to the board of brokers.

Let any merchant reflect how large a portion of the details of his business is in the hands of clerks; how powerful an agency they exert in his affairs, how often he is the victim of their negligence, incompetency, or dishonesty, and he will perceive the great necessity for care in the selection; and may we not hope a careful investigation of the subject will lead him most cheerfully to pay ample remuneration for services rendered. Two poorly paid, dispirited clerks, are not so valuable as one who takes an active interest in his employer's affairs, and goes to his business in earnest.

A boy whose existence is an experiment, showing the lowest point at which body and soul can be prevented from dissolving their painful connection, is as far from being the living intelligence he was created for, and is as much below the level of his race, as are the jaded and broken-spirited animals, we see carted about in caravan cages, below their brethren of the boundless forest.

The best help, like the dearest law, is the cheapest; and it will always be found the truest policy to practise the inspired precept, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

There is a strange want of confidence exhibited in the intercourse between merchants and their clerks. Too frequently their conversation resembles what might be termed cross examination. Confidence begets confidence. No man has so much talent and power as to be above learning many important points of intelligence, respecting both men and business, from his young men. Each of the parties move in a different circle; and the clerk, from the nature of his young companions, has many opportunities of acquiring valuable information equal to that which his master enjoys.

What would be said of a military commander, and what would be his success and fate, did he not avail himself of all the talent and diversity of character in his subordinate officers? A mechanic is careful to attend to the suggestions of his workmen. A shipmaster should have the most perfect confidence in his mates and crew. And should a merchant lose all the advantages to be gained from an active exercise of all the talents and means of information his clerks possess?

Another evil, attendant upon this intercourse, is the want of interest manifested by employers respecting their young men, during the time they are away from their places of business. In a very large majority of cases, employers do not trouble themselves about this matter; and yet who does not see that upon this point depends, in a great degree, the value of the services rendered while the clerk is on duty.

I ask clerks, How many of you receive any indications that your services are appreciated? How many of you have ever been invited to meet your employers at a house of worship, even in cases where they are professedly Christian? I ask again, how many of you are requested, even once a year, to visit your employers at their dwellings for one evening of social intercourse?

I am well aware that the above suggestions will, by many, be regarded as unworthy serious consideration. One wise saying will, in their estimation, explode the whole train of thought, and they will not be induced to make trial of any new plan, fearing lest "familiarity should breed contempt."

But, until brothers and sisters cease to be bound by the warmest ties—till intimacies are not cherished, and love is extinguished—until friendship is unknown, and children repay their fathers' kindness and their mothers' love and affection with contempt,—then, and not till then, will it be admitted that the frank and friendly intercourse between master and clerk, employers and employed, at proper times and under judicious restrictions, will end in anything but increased interest, mutual respect, and manly confidence.

Another evil, which is more prevalent than formerly, is the false hopes often held out to young men to induce a sacrifice of present good upon the promise of future advancement—an advancement which is always future and ideal. What greater crime can be committed against society than to coolly calculate how far one can speculate upon the rising hopes of a young man, by basely holding before him a delusion, which, when exposed, will send him forth to the world a disappointed man, the victim of generous confidence, of human cupidity, and the foulest wrongs.

What punishment is due the niggard, who sunders or weakens the bonds which bind man to his fellow-man in ties stronger than ought save love and affection? What life worth when honor is gone? And who shall repair the ruin to that mind, cheated of its fondest prospects, and allured to sacrifice its time in vainly chasing a bubble, which bursts ere the hand could grasp its emptiness!

Let no young man for one moment imagine, however, that because his manhood is not acknowledged, and his better nature and nobler impulses are not thus appealed to, there is, on his part, any relaxation of the highest moral obligation to do every thing in his power to advance the interest of his employer.

No neglect or remissness of the employer can obliterate his claim to all the ability and force of character possessed by the young man. His duty is none the less plain, the

cause his life and enjoyments form no portion of the thoughts, and engage not the attention of the man who claims his time and talents.

Two wrongs will not make one right. And the boy, whose daily actions and every movement are regulated by any such narrow and grovelling standard, fails alike in the duty he owes to another and to himself.

Should negligence and heedlessness become a habit, the injury to the employer is transient and temporary; while the evils, of which they are the prolific parents, will follow their unfortunate victim through life, and prove a curse, from whose withering influence he will never be disenthralled.

The lessons of the past, and the united voices of reason and revelation, urge the young man forward to his duty in every relation of life. By the constant exercise of fidelity, he will rise superior to the obstacles which seem to arrest his progress, and, by serving others, he will confer lasting benefit upon himself. Enlightened self interest will press him onward in the path which duty and obligation mark out; and he will show the world—and experience himself—the wisdom which dictated to a son the wise counsel—

"To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

From the Nantucket Enquirer.

#### THE WHALE'S STRENGTH.

The most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made on the American whale ship *Essex*, Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket, for the Pacific Ocean in August 1840. Late in the fall of the same year, when in latitude 40 of the south Pacific, a school of sperm whales were discovered and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in the work, a sperm whale judged to be eighty feet long, broke water twenty rods from the ship on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate when he struck the bow of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of half a ship's length lashing the sea with his fins and tail, as if suffering the most terrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed, across the vessel's course to windward. Meanwhile the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were to be rigged. While the crew were working at them, one of the men cried out—"God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned about forty rods from the ship and was making for her with double his former speed, his pathway white with foam, rushing ahead, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in, the whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in five minutes from the first collision. But five men out of twenty were saved.

#### THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

TOWARDS the end of his days he was sorely depressed in spirits with the fear of torments in the next world. He retired to the monastery of St. Juste, in Spain, practised all the exercises of devotion there, shared in the austerities, and amused his leisure with gardening and nice mechanical pursuits, especially watchmaking. In private he disciplined himself with such severity, that his whip, found after his death, was tinged with blood. Not satisfied with such acts of mortification and humility, he fixed one as wild as any ever suggested by superstition to a disordered brain. It was to celebrate his own obsequies. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery; his domestics marched thither in funeral procession, holding black tapers. He was shrouded and laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The regular funeral service was performed, the living monarch joined in all the prayers for himself as dead. When the service was finished the monks and attendants quitted the church, leaving Charles alone in his coffin, where he remained some time; he then rose, knelt awhile in devotion at the altar, retired to his cell. He was soon afterwards seized with a fever, of which he died, on the 21st September, 1558.

#### A YARD OF PORK.

In a neighboring town, in which they were building a railroad, a party of Irishmen who were employed there, went to the store of a real Yankee, and thinking they would show a specimen of Irish wit, one asked for a yard of pork, whereupon the Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs feet, and handed them to the Irishman. "Pat, not at first understanding the joke, asked—'And sure, and is that what you would be after calling a yard of pork?'" "Ce tainly," replied the Yankee, coolly; "don't you know that in this country three feet make a yard!"

DOING AND NOT DOING.—Mankind in general, mistake difficulties for impossibilities. Therein lies the difference between those who effect and those who do not.