

de Beaugency was in that closet? How do you know the count had not first released him?

'Ah, madame,' she replied, ominously shaking her palsied head, 'you would not ask that question if you had known Buy Gonzalez as I did. The moment the words were out of Philippe's mouth I saw it all. It was just like him—just the revenge for that stern and inflexible spirit to take. Besides madame, when all was over, and he durst speak, Didier the mason told me that nothing should ever convince him that there was not some living thing in that closet at the time he walked it up, though who or what it could be, he never could imagine.'

'And do you think, Rosina,' said I, 'do you think the countess ever suspected the secret of that dreadful closet?'

'Ay did she, madame,' answered she; 'and it was that which killed her; for when my mistress came back so unexpectedly, the count was closeted up stairs with his agent, making arrangements for quitting the place for ever, and had given orders not to be disturbed. He had locked up her apartments, and had the key in his pocket; but he had forgotten that there was a spare key for every room in the house, which the housekeeper had the charge of; so my lady sent for her to open the doors. Now, though putting this and that together—the count's agitation, my sudden disappearance, her own removal, and the innkeeper's story—she felt sure there was some mischief in the wind; she had no suspicion of what had really occurred; as, indeed how should she, till her eyes fell upon the door of the closet. Then she comprehended all. You may imagine the rest, madame. Words cannot paint it. When they came into the room, she was battering madly at the wall with the poker. But a few hours terminated her existence. She was already dead when I heard of her return.'

'It is a fearful tragedy to have lived thro', said I. 'And Philippe: what became of him?'

'He died like the rest, madame, about six months after these sad events had occurred. When I recovered my health I went into service, and for something better than forty years I have been the housekeeper of M. le Cure.'

'And he is, I presume, the only person that now enters that melancholy house?'

'Yes, madame. I went there once—just once—to look at that fatal chamber, and the bed where my poor mistress died. When the place was let these apartments were locked up; but—and she shook her head mournfully—'all the tenants that occupied it were glad to leave it.'

'And for what purpose does Monsieur le Cure visit the place so frequently? I asked.

'To pray for the souls of the unfortunates,' said the old woman, devoutly crossing herself.

Deeply affected with her story, I took leave of this sole surviving witness of these long-buried sorrows; and I, too, accompanied by the cure, once more visited the awful chamber.

'Ah, madame,' said he, 'poor human nature! with its passions, and its follies, and its mad revenges. Is it not sad to think that so much love should prove the foundation of so much woe?'

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

GENERAL CONDUCT.

NONE but a firm mind, resigned to the course of Providence, can meet with composure the various events of humanity. One, who in his pusillanimity dreads a future calamity, feels it daily; a good man, who by his virtuous forethought is armed against it feels it only on its approach.

Prosperity enjoys; adversity reflects.—Prosperity resembles childhood, which finds in itself its own enjoyments; adversity resembles age, which passes beyond itself, and seeks the consolation it so much needs. Pursue not, then, chiefly what will adorn prosperity, the advantages of fortune; seek principally what will cheer adversity, the remembrance of virtuous deeds.

The remembrance of the past rises full to memory, especially at a time when the mind is depressed, and needs consolation. The greatest pain in adversity is the consciousness of having deserved it, and the greatest consolation is a mind free from self-reproach, trusting in Omnipotence.

How opposite and contrasted are the characters of men! How ignoble is man in his ignorance and vice! How noble in his knowledge and virtue! In the one view, he is little above the beasts that perish; in the other, he is little below the angels, and crowned with glory and honor.

In thought, think nought but what is good; in language, speak nought but what is true; in conduct, do nought but what is just. In this sentence is included the whole of moral duty.

VARIETIES.

A person of weak and doubtful virtue, who is desirous of the favorable opinion of others, assumes the qualities which he thinks best fitted to accomplish his aim. His artifice succeeds; he imposes on others a feigned character, and this character, his self-love deceived and pleased, is disposed to view as a true likeness of himself; but short is his imposition, short is his triumph.

When one indulges a vice, and conceals it, the moral distemper may be chiefly confined to himself; but if it breaks out, and he attempts to defend it, he disseminates the vice

by the perversion of argument, and the contagion of example. There is some hope of one who can blush for his faults, but there is little hope of him who parades his vices before the world.

What is most useful, is most obvious; what is most necessary to our well-being is of easy acquisition. The food which health demands is simply prepared; luxury, for its gratification, has composed an art. The knowledge which is essential to right conduct, is gained without laborious research; the knowledge of nature and of mind, that invites investigation, is illimitable.

The contempt of wealth is sometimes the pride of poverty and the sloth of indolence; it is sometimes the nobleness of genius and the elevation of virtue. A wise man in the contentment of competence, in the exercise of his talents, and the complacency of virtue, finds an equivalent—more than an equivalent for the want of riches. Nevertheless, if riches follow his labor and industry, he affects not to despise them, but commands their advantages without submitting to their evils.

The laws of human nature, somewhat like the laws of the material world, proceed in a regular course; but we can alter or modify them to a considerable extent, agreeably to our peculiar tempers. An indifferent action, which a churlish temper converts into an offence, a complaisant demeanour renders a pleasing compliment. A common event from which wisdom derives experience, and reduces to a profitable result, folly contrives to mismanage, and turn into mischief.

A person successively loves himself, his family and kindred, the community or nation in which he lives, the great family of man, and lastly, the Supreme Being, his Maker and Preserver. If he loves himself intensely, to himself his regard is confined; and thus it is with all the relations save the last; the strong and exclusive love of one intercepts the sympathies that point to the others. But when love is fixed on the Almighty with true devotion, a purifying influence runs through all the relations, and man becomes the brother of man.

A person of education and taste, but of warm feelings, discovers a talent for poetic composition in an individual in humble life—a lowly flower, as he supposes, of genius in a desert spot of society. Pleased with the discovery, he calls on mankind to admire what he admires, and many respond to the call; but the mental plant wants elegance of form, as vigour of perennial growth, and neglected, it soon withers and expires.

It is the duty of every one to cultivate his mind, as far as opportunity and leisure permit, for, by cultivating his intellectual and moral powers, he rises higher in the scale of human nature, and becomes more competent to appreciate the character of the Supreme Being in whose image he is created. But it is equally the duty of every one, whose subsistence is derived from some employment, to repress a predilection for literature which might divert him from his avocation, and involve him, and those who depend on him, in poverty and distress.

Prudence and virtue require that the deeds of charity and beneficence should be exerted for the advantage, and never to the injury, of those who are the objects of it. Many have contracted vicious desires, and to afford gratification to those desires, is a dereliction of duty. It is as much our duty to protect an erring fellow-mortals from a moral disease, as it is to protect him from a corporeal accident.

The individual dies, but the species continues. Man exists in two capacities: the one has reference to himself, the other to human kind. Live, then, to virtue as if you were to die to-morrow; but lay down your plans of usefulness as if your years were to be many.

HINTS TO A MOTHER.

THE influence of a mother upon the manners and salvation of children, especially the latter, is probably greater than that of all other created beings united. On you, then, it chiefly depends, under God, what your children shall be in both worlds. If you lose your authority over them, you lose, of course the chief part of your influence, and then your children lose the choicest means which God has appointed for their happiness here and hereafter. If you once form such habits of management as to lose your authority, you never can regain it; for not only your own habits will stand in the way, but the confirmed habits of depraved and untamed children, who will no longer brook restraint. The present is your forming period. Two or three years to come will settle the question unchangeably (especially if the habits are wrong), whether you are to have a government which will form your children to honor and glory, and immortality, or one which will leave their corruptions to take their natural course. God will certainly hold you answerable for those young immortals, and for the distinguished talents which he has given you for their benefit. If you have any piety, my dear child, let it be brought to this bearing. Make the management of your children the object of your most anxious exertions, and the subject of your agonising and unceasing prayers. I have no time to go into a full treatise on family government, but will lay down the following rules for your daily and prayerful examination:—1. Exercise your authority as seldom as possible, and instead of it employ kind persuasion and deliberate reasoning; but, when you exercise it, make it irresistible. 2. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie. Threaten seldom, but never fail to execute. The parent who is open-mouthed to threaten, and threatens hastily,

but is irresolute to punish, and when the child is not subdued by the first threat, repeats it half-a-dozen times with a voice of increasing violence, and with many shakes and twitches of the little culprit, will certainly possess no authority. 3. Avoid tones and gestures expressive of agitation for trivial matters indicative of no depravity, indicating only the heedlessness or forgetfulness of children, or perhaps nothing more than is common to all young animals—a love to use their limbs. In all such cases, the tones should be kind and persuasive, rather than authoritative; and the severity, and even the gravity of authority, should be reserved exclusively for cases of disobedience or depravity, or for the prevention of serious evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things will inevitably harden their hearts, and totally destroy parental authority and influence. There never was a fretting parent, who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.—Dr. Griffin to his Daughter

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMEN.

When the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have given up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the sidewalk, who have to turn out? If there are not seats enough for all the company, who have to stand up? When there is danger to face who must go forward? If there is curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eat at the second? Who has always the right hand and the most enviable position? We could mention a hundred other cases in which, on the simple question of right, every thing is yielded to the woman. But there are many cases in which the condition of men is still worse. For instance, if on any public occasion a pew at church or a seat anywhere, be occupied by men ever so respectable or aged, a smirky little beauty trips along and presents herself at the top of the seat, and then they must all jump up and run out as if they had been shot,—especially ought it be noticed that when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burden of performing the delicate, and often embarrassing part of making proposals is thrown upon the men while the women sit and say no, no, as long as they like, and never say yes until they have a mind to.

THE TEARS OF OYSTERS.

Glancing around the anatomical workshop we find amongst other things, some preparations shewing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and you will find that there are dark and dingy pearls just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going farther in the search, we find the smooth glittering lining upon which the fish moves is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called the *mantle*, and for explanation sake we may add, that gourmands practically know the mantle as the *beard* of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with *nacre*, and pearl is thus formed. The pearl is in fact a little globe of the smooth glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielding in large drops—real pearly tears—if he is hurt. When a beauty glides proudly among a throng of admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell-fish.—Household Words.

HARK YE!

Young man, I don't think so much of that new coat. Many of your friends think it a little beyond your means, so that instead of winning approbation, you only get censure. Or if within your means, you set an example that you can better afford to omit, than others to imitate. And your gloves and vest, and hat, and pants; your head is a little too tall for them. The tailor can't make a man of you; and if you think so, those about you know better. Content yourself with appearing well without rendering yourself an object of remark, and perhaps ridicule, behind your back. Nobody thinks the better of you, unless it be some silly school girl, who, like yourself, has yet to come to years of discretion. Never exert yourself to excel those who dress respectably. Those who try to do this get more censure than praise. They may not be aware of it because no one wants to wound your vanity. Vast numbers of young men are spoiled by this habit. They get in debt, lose their credit and self respect, and when these are gone their integrity is very likely to follow.

If you have doubts about taking our advice in this matter, look around at the most successful men you know, and see what their examples teach you. Are there any dandies among them? Did you ever know a dandy to accomplish much in the world, except to cheat the tailor and make a fool of himself? Submit yourself then to the direction of your common sense in regard to dress, and be assured that men and women of common sense will approve of your appearance.

AN ELECTIONEERING SPEECH.

As the time of election approaches, our candidates may perhaps find something available in the following model speech, delivered by Mr Daniel Russell, the Union candidate for

auditor, at the late election in Mississippi.—Swan was his competitor, and the secession candidate, and, according to the Tuscaloosa Monitor, from whence we get the report, he was sorely puzzled for an appropriate reply. The speech is a rare specimen of American humor:—

Ladies and Gentlemen; I rise—but there's no use of telling you that; you know I am up as well as I do. I am a modest man—very—but I have never lost a picayune by it in my life. Being a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I didn't you never would hear it.

Candidates are generally considered as *missances*, but they are not; they are the politest men in the world, shake you by the hand, ask you how's your family, what's the prospect for crops, &c., and I am the politest man in the State. Davy Crockett says the politest man he ever saw, when he asked a man to drink, turned his back so that he might drink as much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow; I give a man a chance to drink twice if he wishes, for I not only turn around, but *shoot my eyes*. I am not only the politest man but the best electioneerer. You ought to see me shaking hands with the variations—the pump-handle and the pendulum, the cross cut and wiggle-waggle. I understand the science perfectly, and if any of the county candidates wish instructions they must call on me.

Fellow-citizens, I was born—if I hadn't been, I wouldn't have been a candidate; but I'm going to tell you where; 'twas not in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right side of the negro line; yet that's no compliment, as the negroes are mostly born on the same side I started in the world as poor as a church mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it; and if I did start poor, no man can say but that I have held my own remarkably well.

Candidates generally tell you, if you think they are qualified, &c. Now, I don't ask your thoughts, I ask your votes. Why, there's nothing to think of, except to watch and see that Swan's name is not on your ticket. If so, *think* to scratch it off, and put mine on. I am certain that I am competent for who had ought to know better than I do? Nobody. I will allow that Swan is the best auditor in the State—that is till I am elected; then perhaps it's not proper for me to say anything more. Yet, as an honest man, I am bound to say that I believe it's a grievous sin to hide anything from my fellow citizens; therefore, I say that it's my private opinion publicly expressed, that I'll make the best auditor in the United States.

'Tis not for honor, I wish to be auditor, for in my own country I was offered an office that was all honor—coroner—which I respectfully declined. The auditor's office is worth some \$5,000 a year, and I am in for it like a thousand of brick. To show my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer to my competitor, I am sure of being elected, and he will lose something by the canvass; therefore, I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these two offers; I'll take the salary, and he the honor; or he may have the honor, and I'll take the salary.

In the way of honors, I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, ate pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed everything except live Mexicans. If 'ordered to go, I went; 'charge, I charged; 'break for the chapparal, you better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing my duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the auditor's pond, at \$5,000 a year. I am for rotation I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in. There's plenty of room for him to swim outside that pond; therefore *pop* in your votes for me, I'll *pop* him out, and *pop* myself in.

I am for a division of labor. Swan says he has to work all the time, with his nose down to the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a *pint*. Poor fellow, the public ought not to insist on having the handle of his mug *clean off*. I have a large, full-grown, and well blown nose, red as a beet, and tough as sole leather. I rush to the post of duty. I offer it up as a sacrifice. I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow-citizens grind away—grind till I *holler enuff*, and that will be some time first, for I'll hang like grim death to a dead African.

Time's most out. Well, I like to forget to tell you my name. It's Daniel—for short, Dan. Not a handsome name, for my parents were poor people, who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names; therefore they had to take what was left, and divide round among us; but it's as handsome as I am—D. Russell. Remember, every one of you that it's not Swan.

I'm sure to be elected; so, one and all, short and tall, great and small, when you come down to Jackson, after the election, stop at the auditor's office: the latch string always hangs out; enter without knocking; take off your things, and make yourself at home.

Two sons of the Emerald Isle having robbed a traveller of his purse and various eteteras, were at loss how or where to conceal their booty so as to avoid detection. At last it was agreed that it should be hid Tim's "thunk." What was to be done with the key was the next question.

'Arrah, Pat,' says Tim, 'meself does'nt know what to do wid the key at all. I'm asfeard they'll be afther findin' it out if I kape it wid me. I'm bothered intirely.'

'Whisht now, Tim,' exclaimed the cunning Pat; 'can't you lock it in the thunk wid the purse?'