

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.
 Three bells in a garden were viewing the
 plants,
 Conducted respectively by their gallants;
 "Louis," said William, "this plant will reveal
 "A secret which many families conceal;
 "For when pursons of heart has flown from
 her stand,
 "It withs at the touch and recedes from the
 hand."
 The young ladies gazed, as if rather dismay'd—
 Louisa at length said, "Beh! I'm not afraid."
 Her fair hand advanced, the experiment tried,
 When in an instant the plant droop'd and
 died.
 The poor girl first redded, then whiter than
 snow,
 Said faintly, "Lord help me! how does the
 plant know?"

THE ROSE.—Translated from the French.
 The rose, alas! thy guardian hand
 Se'd yesterday from dying,
 Pale, wan, and wither'd from its stem,
 Is now in ruins lying.
 But the fond flower, to shew she still
 Was grateful even in death,
 Her blushes to thy cheek bleached,
 Her perfume to thy breath.

Variety.

Mixing together profane thought,
 From the Cincinnati Gazette.

THE PIRATE'S DEATH.

Those individuals of Cincinnati who visited, during the last summer, the Cincinnati hospital and the lunatic asylum of Ohio, will perhaps readily recognize in the following sketch an individual of that public edifice. While wandering through the wards of this edifice, at the period referred to, my attention was attracted by the emaciated figure of a man, apparently about twenty-five years of age. His face presented a regularity of feature, and indicated a depth of mind, well calculated to elicit observation. It was peculiarly marked by some of the stronger and more ignoble features of our nature. As I entered his room, he raised his head & gazed on me for a moment, a stifled groan escaped him, his frame seemed convulsed with deep emotion—his eyes gently sunk towards the floor, and he gradually relapsed into the condition in which I found him. I left his room, but could not leave his image behind me. In the course of a few days I saw him again. Subsequently I made him a third, fourth, and fifth visit. I engaged him in conversation, won upon his confidence, in our last interview, received from him with an air of earnestness which carried to mind conviction of its truth, the history of his life. I give the substance only—the language and many little incidents I can not repeat. To spare the feelings of some of the surviving relatives, I shall call him by a fictitious name.

Those pupils of Yale College, who were at that venerable institution in the year 1819, 20 and 21, will recollect a young Virginian, possessing fine talents, warm, impulsive feelings, buoyant and generous temper, and eminent in his studies—only giving to the force of his genius and a superior education. He was generally called by his associates in College, "pious Wesson." This appellation was the result of his religious opinions, which, formerly and pleasantly maintained, were far from being orthodox. The influence of his father's opinions, together with the pursuit of the great works of Plaine and Voltaire, had early imbued his mind with so much scepticism upon that subject, that his doubts and assents were a combination of the indecisive and unsteady rocks and thorns.

Baron de Blouet, reared amid the glories of the night, and alignments of a society of fashionable, and dissipated. Lottion was morally life, a devotee to all the follies if not the lighter vices of his neighborhood. He returned from the college more nearly in his appearance, improved in his mind, polished in his manners and conversational, and with partially less of the awkwardness of youthful folly. He was destined by his father for the profession of law, and his studies were commenced, under the care of a distinguished barrister. The pages of Blackstone and Cook were, however, often thrown by for the pleasure of the turf and the tavern. Again placed in the midst of fashionable life, he gave himself up to the fascinations and practices of his early associates.

A short distance from his native town there resided in all the bloom of ripening womanhood, one of his early female associates. Amid the richer tints of the garden, we sometimes find a modest little flower, almost obscured by the more showy ones with which it is surrounded, but at the same time pos-

sessing a beauty and a fragrance of the sweetest kind. To such a flower may aptly be compared the gentle, but unfortunate Elizabeth. Of respectable parentage, without wealth, regularly educated in the bosom of her father's family, possessing fine mental endowments, with the most unvarying serenity of disposition—she was the acknowledged favorite of the few who knew her intimately, and who learned to appreciate worth, when unconnected with wealth and fashion.—These attractive qualities of the head and heart, and the beautiful form, and the still more lovely face of Elizabeth, had strongly enchaind the feelings of Littleton. Their attachment for each other was mutual, and had been formed in early youth; his absence seemed to have strengthened (at least on her part) the ties of affection. She loved his virtues and admired his talents. She knew but few of his foibles—none of his vices. Within a twelve month, however, after his return from college, an incident occurred which passed over her young affections and bright hopes as the whirlwind passes through the forest, marking its course with blight and desolation.—In one of his nocturnal revels, acquainted with the gaming table, between Littleton and his associates. Blows ensued, and in the heat of passion, Littleton drew his dirk, it stabd his companion severely. He was arrested and thrown into prison, until it was ascertained that death was not likely to ensue. By this circumstance Elizabeth was awakened from her dream of love and happiness. The page of Littleton's life, by the interposition of a friend, was spread before her. She was amazed and giddy with the thought of the precipice upon which she had been reposing. She saw him but once more. The struggle was violent, but their engagements were dissolved; and with a promptness of decision equally indicative of firmness of soul and purity of feeling, she gathered in her young affections, but with them the seeds of sorrow and affliction.

Stung with disappointment and mortified pride, almost discarded by his father, and partially discountenanced by society, L. now plunged deeper into scenes of vice and dissipation. Harassed by debts, and deserted by those who had favored upon him in prosperity, he clandestinely left the scenes of his childhood, and the companions of his dissolute habits. He crossed the mountains, descended the Ohio and Mississippi, making transitory visits at Cincinnati, Lexington and Natchez, where, though wearing the exterior of a gentleman, and possessing that fascination which ever attends genius and attainments, he mixed only with vulgar and depraved company. In New Orleans he found himself surrounded by sharpers, and scenes of human depravity to which those he had passed through were nothing. His small stock of money was soon exhausted, his clothes in tatters, and the barriers between vice and virtue were broken down. If memory occasionally carried him back to his father's house; in the fond embraces of a mother's holy love, or the ardent attachment of the pure and lovely Elizabeth, it served to increase the horrors of remorse, or the imprecations of infidelity. In this situation he became acquainted with the commander of a piratical vessel, who in disguise was obtaining provisions for a cruise and some additional companions, to share with him the spoils and dangers of piracy.

The idea of engaging in such a horrible course of life was at first a little revolting to Littleton, but the struggle was neither long nor severe; the still small voice of conscience was soon hushed, and obedient to all the ties of virtue, country and kindred, ere the lapse of two weeks, he found himself amid a band of the most lawless rascals on board an armed piratical vessel in the Gulf of Mexico. The qualities possessed by Littleton were soon discovered, his desperate courage to be precisely those that fitted him admirably for the enterprise, in which they were engaged, and he was unanimously elected mate to the captain. The first vessel which they fell in with was a small English merchantman called the Stork bound to Jamaica. By hoisting false colors, the vessels were laid side by side, and the captain of the Stork invited to the cabin of the Romney where he was stabled in the heart. At the same moment, his vessel was boarded, and his unsuspecting crew, few in numbers and totally unprepared for defence, were seized and put in confinement. The more valuable part of the cargo having been transferred to the Romney, Littleton proposed that the crew of the Stork should be liberated, and suffered to proceed to their place of destination. His proposition was firmly rejected as fraught with danger to their future success. The Stork was scuttled, and in a short

time, calmly sunk beneath the waves. As she went down, a piercing shriek of supplication and despair from her crew, broke upon the stillness of the scene, and carried daggers to the bosom of Littleton. The body of the murdered captain was brought on deck and plunged into the sea. His blood was washed from the cabin floor, and the vessel righted, and, in a few hours, every thing was in readiness for another similar enterprise.

On the 5th day from this time, the Romney fell in with the Packet ship Cleopatra, from New-Orleans, bound to New-York. This vessel was prepared for resistance. The fire of the Romney was returned, killing one of the pirates, and wounding several others. A severe and bloody contest ensued which continued until after sunset. The captain of the Romney now ordered his boats to be prepared for boarding. The firing from the Cleopatra ceased before the boats reached her. It was, however, but the calm which presages the coming of the whirlwind. The crew of the boat were manfully met with swords, pistols and dirks. The pirates with the captain and Littleton, fought to desperation.—One of the crew of the Cleopatra presented his pistol at the breast of Littleton, but it flashed; the poniard of the latter, was instantly planted in his breast, a deep groan succeeded; he reeled and as he fell overboard the bright moon presented to Littleton, a face strongly resembling the father of his once loved Elizabeth. He again rushed to that part of the deck where the battle was fiercest. As he approached it, the contents of a pistol were lodged in the head of the Captain, who fell lifeless, covered with blood. At this moment, the awful cry of "the ship is on fire," put an end to the fearful strife.

The pirates rushed to their boats, and the crew of the Cleopatra, to the extinguishment of the flames. Littleton, followed by a wounded companion, sprang into his boat, and was the first to clear the burning vessel. A light breeze having sprung up soon after sunset, the crew of the Romney, who had been left on board, resolved upon running off with her and diving the spoil, already acquired, among themselves. They had accordingly hoisted all sail; and before her boats had left the Cleopatra, she was nearly two miles distant. Littleton had but a single oar in his boat, his companion mortally wounded was sinking under loss of blood, and in attempting to rise, for the purpose of taking the helm, he tottered, fell overboard and sunk. By this time, the fire, whether communicated by accident, or by some passengers, for the purpose of escaping a more horrible death, was beginning to show itself on deck and among the rigging. An immense column of smoke towered like a pyramid in the moonlight depths of the sky, while fierce and brilliant streams of flame issued from the port-holes and windows of the ship, casting a fearful glare upon the expanse of waters around. On deck, huddled together, stood amidst the dead and dying combatants, the surviving crew and passengers of the Cleopatra, including three or four females, one of whom clasped to her bosom with the fond despairing feeling of a mother's love, an infant child. Above the noise of the crackling flames, now and then could be heard the prayers and agonizing shrieks of this pitiable group.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild firewell,
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
 brave,
 Then some leapt overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave."

Some of the sailors, aware that there was on board a considerable quantity of powder, hastened to throw themselves into the sea, with such articles of furniture as they deemed most likely to preserve their lives.

Not far distant from this ocean volcano, lay the almost unmanageable boat of Littleton—himself apparently indifferently well. One dreadful explosion, one loud shriek was heard; ten thousand fragments of the burning vessel sparkled, for a moment, far up in the air, and all was silent, save the fierce hiss of the quenching flames; or when

"At intervals, there gushed,
 Accompanied with convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony."
 Several pieces of the vessel fell close by the side of Littleton's boat and in connexion with one he discovered a living being. It was a female, in the last struggle of suffocation. He seized the body, and partly raised it from the water; the moon shone full and bright upon the face. It was the pale, emaciated but still beautiful face of his once adored Elizabeth. He gazed intently upon it, for an instant, his arms dropped palsied by his side; he reeled and fell prostrate in the boat; the almost lifeless body of the unfortunate girl sank gently beneath the waves, and rose

no more! The victim of an ardent attachment for an unworthy object, she had sought in company with her humble but fond father, a relief from disease and melancholy, in the mild air of the south, to which she was now adding the promised advantage of a sea voyage.

Littleton lay that night in a state of insensibility. The morning never dawned upon a more miserable being. He raised himself, and looked abroad upon the wide waste of waters. No object either living or dead met his eye. In his reveries, the torments of the wicked convulsed his bosom; the boundless sky and water seemed to spread eternity before him; the bright sun, rising majestically from the ocean towards the high Heavens, seemed to him emblematical of the upward flight of the pure spirit of Elizabeth, which, but a few hours before, had gone as his accuser to the regions of immortality. A waveless calm overspread the deep throughout the day, and, without the means, or the strength to propel his boat, exhausted by fatigue and agonized by the goading of his conscience, he lay in his motionless bark until the succeeding day, when he was discovered by a vessel bound for New-Orleans, whither she carried him.—Friendless, penniless, and unknown, he was here cast upon the charity of the world. Disease, severe and protracted, ensued, and, after the lapse of several months, like the prodigal son, he set out in sickness, poverty, and distress, for his father's house. By the aid of private charities, he was enabled to reach this city, but in a state of too much exhaustion to proceed any farther.

Such are substantially the incidents in the life of Littleton, as related to me upon our last interview. At that time he appeared calm, but without any heavenly serenity that marks the last moments of a virtuous man. There was a small pocket bible near his bedside, and he spoke with some anxiety, if not perturbation of his approaching dissolution—expressing a wish to converse with a minister of the gospel. I called on the Rev. Mr. —, who visited him twice before his death. As I approached the hospital some days afterwards, I observed the bearers returning from "Potter's Field."—It had just committed to that city of the dead, the wasted body of the miserable Littleton. He sleeps among strangers, in an unknown grave,
 "And leaves a Corsair's name to other times,
 Mix'd with few virtues, and a thousand crimes."

From the London Times.

GAMBLING, RUIN AND DESPERATION.

To our former accounts of the woeful effects produced by gambling, we have to add another tale of woe. It bears some similarity to a circumstance which took place about fifteen months ago. Mr. —, an English country gentleman, belonging to a respectable and highly connected family, married about six years since a young lady, possessed of considerable personal attractions and £50,000; it was a love match, the gentleman not having £50 per annum. The money had been bequeathed by a distant relative, and it was settled by the will that in the event of her marriage, she should not become mistress of it till five years after the celebration. That period now arrived, and the husband and the wife, who hitherto had been living in comparative obscurity in a remote spot near B—, proceeded to London to enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis. Their income was not found sufficient to keep pace with their expenses, and their family now consisted of four children; they came to the resolution of spending a few years on the continent, and Nice had been fixed as their residence. The mild climate of Piedmont, it was thought, would benefit the declining health of the lady.

They set out and arrived a few weeks ago at Paris, where they proposed remaining only a short time. The husband had seen little of the gaities of a town life, but he had not been many days there before he became intoxicated with the dissipations of Parisian society. He received a great number of foreigners, and many English of suspicious character. It may be necessary here to state, that previous to his leaving England he had been injudiciously advised by some over-officious friends to sell out the whole of his property in the funds and transfer it to the French, which would produce 5 instead of 4 per cent. The money was transmitted to a banker in Paris, but the order to purchase was deferred, the parties anticipating that the funds would decline. Day after day the banker suggested the propriety of investing the money, but the intemperate husband continued to procrastinate, till at length, on receiving a sharp remonstrance from the worthy banker, who felt much interested towards

a family recommended to him, the imprudent man, in the irritation of the moment, withdrew every shilling and placed it in another firm. Had not this circumstance occurred, it is probable that Mr. — would have been saved from ruin, as the banker we allude to would, had he perceived that the principal was being squandered away, have informed the lady or her friends of the fact, but the other merchant, to whom the money was confided, knowing nothing of the parties, took no interest whatever in what manner it was disposed of. In the mean time Mr. — had been induced by some unworthy associates, (one of whom is known, in London,) to visit the private gaming house kept by a female who calls herself a countess; this abode of infamy is frequented by numerous sharpers, both English and French; and here it was that the ruin of the unfortunate Mr. — was effected.—The whole amount of the £50,000, was lost! Hundreds of individuals were acquainted with the fact, the only one that knew nothing of it was the hapless wife; and when the intelligence was communicated, it burst on her ear like thunder. This poor lady was in declining health, in a state of pregnancy, having four infant children and in a foreign country. Such is the situation to which the most baneful of passions has reduced her. A few charitable persons entered into a subscription to defray the expenses of the hotel, and supplied her with sufficient money to return to England, where she has arrived. Her worthless partner has disappeared, and it is probable has ere this terminated his career by self-destruction.

A Grecian Heroine.—Sophia Consulino was the wife of an officer of distinction, who fell during the siege of Missolonghi. When the Turks entered the town, she was among the crowd who sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them: horrified at the fate which was about to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of 16, she turned to her son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim of Mussulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents, four large slugs, in his sister's head, when she fell to the ground apparently a lifeless corpse. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, herself and son endeavored to take refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape shot struck the boy in the leg. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, than a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up: one of the party drawing forth a pistol, pointed it at the temple of poor Sophia, who suddenly rising up, looked sternly at the Turk and exclaimed, "Barbarian! do not you see that I am a woman!" This appeal had the desired effect, and both the mother and her son were spared to be conducted into slavery. The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told. Being among the two hundred ransomed by the constitutional Greek Committee, they were sent over to Corfu, and placed with the others. Judge of the mother's astonishment on finding that her imaginary murdered daughter was among the number. To be brief, on perceiving she was a female, the Turks carried her back to Missolonghi, bound up her wounds, which had all the appearance of being mortal, and her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, the interesting Cresulo was rescued from bondage, and, what is more thus singularly destined to be once more restored to the arms of her desconsolate parent.

Bleeker's Letters from Greece.

Love of Justice.—A Chaplain's place to Queen Louisa de Vandemont being vacant, a man came to beg Scipio Fiesque's interest, and in order to obtain his patronage, delivered to him a charter, which, he said, a lucky chance had thrown into his hands. After having attentively examined it, M. de Fiesque saw that it was an incontestible record absolutely decisive against himself in a considerable law suit then depending for his estate of Leuroux. "I am going," said he to the man, "to write word to my antagonist that he has gained his suit, and that I am ready to pay all the costs and damages to which I shall be condemned; with my letter he shall receive that charter which belongs to him, and which you ought to have delivered to him. You have thought as ill of me, as I must now think of you—Be gone!"