

POETICAL.



From the Magnolia. The Ruins of Palenque. Oh City of the Past! where sleep thy dead; These mighty warriors, who thine armies led To glorious battle in thy palmy days; And who received from thee, thy noblest praise! Where are thy princes now, no longer thine, Though like proud Rome, thou thought'st them divine!

vengeance of my family, who will demand me at thy hands." The Count deigning no other reply than a low articulate malediction; made a sign to his attendant, who immediately rising, seized the lady by the arm. "Hurl her into the lake, Jacopo," said Minnotti; and the words had scarcely passed his lips, when the victim, forced in spite of her struggles, over the side of the boat, fell with a faint shriek and a heavy splash into the water, but she almost immediately rose to the surface, and the Count seizing an oar, endeavored to stun her by a blow on the head. The stroke was ill-directed, and missed the Countess, who, seizing the oar with both hands, supported herself, and thus addressed her cruel husband: "Vicenzo Minnotti, thy days are numbered—God shall judge you for this deed; I summon you to appear before his tribunal before this moon is out!" Her husband instantly directed his attention to return to his villa. Remorse never touched the breast of Minnotti, who was as subtle as he was revengeful and cruel, and he spread it abroad that his wife had eloped from him, and the tale was believed, for he had previously circulated stories of her infidelity. Three weeks and more had passed, when a nobleman on the other side of the lake, gave a splendid fete, to which many were invited, and amongst the rest the Count Minnotti was the gayest of the gay throng. During the evening he had regarded a lady of exquisite beauty, and now he endeavored to enter into conversation with the object of his admiration; but the lady was coy, and replied to all the fond things he addressed to her with provoking coldness, and Minnotti more than once felt his wrath almost master order. He handed the beautiful mask an ice, she modestly excused herself, and the Count in vain begged that she would partake of some slight refreshment, without which she could not possibly support life through the evening. The halls were brilliantly illuminated by encaustic lamps, that mocked the stars above them, and dance and sprightly conversation were not lacking. "Dearest lady," said he, "excuse a little gentle force, and let me remove that envious vizor from your lovely face."

amassed fortunes as the agents of the great river and land pirate. Near the rural village of Steubenville, on the Ohio, resides an old Dutchman named Peter Schoenberger, who never bends the knee in prayer, without concluding with a fervent hope that Mason is at this present time in a very warm climate. Peter was among the first of the boatmen who embarked in their cumbrous vessels for New Orleans, and was very fortunate in one of his adventures. He reached the city, and disposed of his flour and whiskey at high prices, realizing several thousands in gold and silver; shiplasters being unknown in those days. Few steamboats were at that time navigating the rivers of the West, and it was the custom of the boatmen after selling out, to meet together—choose their officers—and march for home a la militaire. Having made all right, Peter set out in command of some 30 hands, for Ohio, in as good a humor as the possession of the yellow boys, and the prospect of soon seeing his "frow" and "children" could make him. 'Tis true, he had some misgivings about the tam robbers' he might encounter on the road, but he had done every thing prudence and ingenuity could suggest, to frustrate the highwayman. His "dilers" were sewed up in the lining of a pair of buckskin "trouserloons," stowed away, and the sure old rifle was ever at his side. The company travelled during the day, and camped out at night, with sentinels at their posts. Their march was un molested, and they reached the borders of Tennessee, without having any other use for their arms, than to bring down some of the wild game which crossed their path. Conceiving themselves entirely out of danger, they neglected stationing sentinels around the camp, for as old Peter says, "by sure I was one thousand miles from de tam rascals." This negligence proved their ruin. One morning, just before day, they were all awakened by the quick report of rifles, and on rising, found to their utter astonishment that they were surrounded by a band of robbers. There was no time for parley. The chief of the band told them to surrender and their lives would be spared. This was a poser to all, but more especially to Peter, who had no idea of losing the castings necessary to square the yards on his return. "Will you surrender or not?" thundered the bandit chief. "By sure I dish, for I dosh—" replied Peter. Bang—bang—bang! went the murderous guns of the robbers, and in a few seconds a number of the boatmen were stretched dead on the ground. The firing ceased for a moment, and the chief repeated the question of surrender. The boatman finding resistance fatal, held a short consultation, and determined to escape if possible, with their lives, by giving up their money. Peter alone objected. Their hands were tied behind them, and every part of their clothing searched. At last the chief called out—"Where is the buckskin pantaloon?" "I don't know," said the boatman he was robbing. "The old Dutchman's, I mean," said the robber, "they've got dollars inside, and I must have them or blood!" "Der tyvel!" said old Peter, struggling to get his hands loose. The pants were soon found, ripped open, and out rolled the wheels of the indelible anguish of old Peter. It is worthy of remark here, that the robbers knew the exact amount of money in the possession of the boatmen, furnished, doubtless, by their agents in New Orleans, who sold the produce. In a few moments the robbers were on the retreat, giving the boatmen money sufficient to defray their travelling expenses. The unfortunate men commenced their march at the first blush of morn, in a state of mind easily imagined, and had proceeded a short distance on the way, when it was discovered old Peter was among the missing. Guns were fired, and lungs exerted, but no trace of the honest Dutchman could be found. No one could unravel the mystery of his disappearance, and he was given up as lost. In a few days the boatmen reached their homes with heavy hearts, and told of their bad luck and the loss of old Peter. The country around was regularly "stirred up"—crowds flocked around the adventures to hear all—and Peter's "frow" went on at a great rate, in her lamentations for the loss of the old man—and the "dilers." A few days after, a great change was observable in the countenances of the villagers. Peter was home, quietly seated by a blazing hickory fire, spinning an unvarnished tale of his last adventure. It appears he was fully determined to lose "neck or nothing," and followed the robbers on foot, without mentioning his intention to any one. The next day they perceived him travelling behind, and riding up to him, told him if he did not turn and go back, they would shoot him. Peter told them he couldn't go back without his money to pay for his farm, and would "as leash die ash live." They rode on, and Peter still pursued, regardless of the several warnings he received. The better emotions of our nature will sometimes be felt by the most hardened and criminal, and the old man's appeal was so urgent—and his determination so fixed, that Mason gave him his money back! Peter, however, never forgave him for tying his hands, spoiling his buckskins, and leading him such a wild-goose chase in search of his "dilers."

From the Oxford Mercury. Mr. Error:—By publishing the following, you oblige a large portion of that very respectable class of your readers called Bachelors. On Saturday the 14th of May, according to previous notice, the Hydrophobic Institute was at an early hour, crowded by unwashed and unshaved bachelors. The meeting was organized by calling Unexamined Mammoth-Scheme to the chair and appointing Cruel Tragedy Secretary. The objects of the meeting were then briefly explained by Anti-Hysterics, intermixed with whose discourse, there were occasional touches of the sublime and passages of thrilling pathos. He concluded by moving the following resolutions, all of which were carried nem. con. 1st. Resolved, That for the better formation of a uniform system by which our unfortunate class may, in future, succeed in winning the hearts of the Fair, that each member of this assembly give in the experience of his courtship, and that a rule be formed from the history of each so detailed. 2d. Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to report at our next meeting, on the most effectual means to secure against injury from Kicks. In accordance with the last resolution, Messrs. Bumpus Blubber, Sky Blue, and Solomon Lounger, were appointed a committee. Mr. J. Stupid Foppington then gave his experience, the substance of which was, that when a dirty-face boy, it was the unanimous opinion of his mother that he was an exception. That he was caressed, be-patted and be-kissed by his mammy's female visitors, all agreeing that he was a little dear, and predicting the slaughter he would some day make among the hearts of the ladies. That in consequence of his peculiar promise, it was thought advisable to bring him up to no particular profession, thus leaving his talents uncramped by any business, but that of contemplating himself which was thought to be employment enough for any one mind, considering the immense importance of the subject. At five Mr. J. Stupid Foppington was breeched, booted at ten, and fell in love at fifteen. The object of his passion was one of those great beauties among women, a sensible spirited girl, who made no scruple of telling Mr. J. Stupid Foppington that he was a "toon-ish." She had fallen in love with his elegant cravat, and was audibly heard to say, as he once passed before her at a party, "what sweet little silk gloves; what a divine head of hair; just see what an elegant pattern for a coat; he is a love." The next day found Mr. Foppington courting her, the third they were engaged, but on the fourth (it being Sabbath) Miss Seraphina fell in love with an immense pair of whiskers, beneath which was concealed the face of what was said to be a French officer, but what was in fact an ex-drummer and now a dancing master. Mr. J. Stupid was however soon consoled for the loss of Seraphina, by a new conquest which a flamed coloured vest had effected over the sensitive and romantic heart of the accomplished Maria Augustina Turnip Tops. This lady was the daughter of a tallow dealer who had suddenly become immensely rich. She was much courted by ambitious lawyers, skilful but poor young doctors, and industrious clerks, but she turned up her nose at them all. Her heart was impervious, till it felt the heat of J. Stupid's red vest and then it yielded to the soft flame of love. Matters went on swimmingly till the noise of Miss Augustina's wealth laid at her feet a new admirer, who sported a tandem, and kept two odd riders, and who besides was adorned with a head of rich and glossy curling hair. For a long time it was neck and neck, red vest and mustach vs. tandem and curls, till at length the latter, at the last quarter stretch threw his antagonist off the track by a subtle coup-de-main, which was no other than cutting the pigeon wing with unparalleled grace and elasticity of heels. He won the prize and turned out to be a broken down gambler.—J. Stupid made another conquest and was engaged, but an elegant pair of artificial teeth in the mouth of an empty-pated coxcomb turned the lady's heart. This was the substance of his experience, at the conclusion of which it was resolved: that to win the heart of a sensible woman requires a sensible man: to catch all Augustina's and Seraphina's and languishing, suddenly rich heiresses, a flamed coloured vest, ivory teeth, curly hair and mustache are necessary, and to bind their affections completely, they must be bound with a cord of whiskers, and charmed by a light pair of heels, eased in elegant French boots; and the meeting adjourned to meet this day week.

Rather Awkward. The assistant minister in a not very distant parish being violently smitten by the charms of a certain lady who resided in a pretty whitewashed two-story house, within a gunshot of the manse, used, often in the evenings, to hover around the dwelling of his enchantress, like some gnome over the spot where its treasure is concealed. One dark autumn night he was perambulating as usual "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and gazing on the lighted window of his charmer's bedroom; but, contrary to usual custom, more than two hours passed away, and still the light was as bright as ever, shining "like a good deed in a naughty world." A twinge of jealousy came over his reverence's heart. What could be the fair one's long vigil? Could there be another lover in the case? This state of uncertainty was too dreadful to endure. Fortunately, as he thought, a ladder stood temptingly convenient at the end of the house; a few turns of it, by his clerical fingers, brought it opposite the lighted window; the preacher mounted this unlighted rostrum, and climbed as far as to be opposite to the light, when, looking down into the courtyard, he spied the figure of a man moving along within a dozen yards of him. Ashamed of his position, he mounted beyond the whitewashed wall, thinking to conceal himself on the dark slates, but the lover of the maid (who was on a wooing visit himself) knew in a moment the reverend sweatheart of his mistress, and, with remorseless waggery removing the ladder altogether, he left the victim of jealousy to spend the night on the old-fashioned stair shaped gable of the house. "Lang and dreary was the night," yet the daylight came unwished for, and there he was found, by all the laborers of the farm, perched on his "bad eminence." He was taken down, amid the ill suppressed sneers of the men and the giggles of the women, looking dispirited, baffled and ashamed, unwilling to give any rational account of his elevation, fully assured of his character becoming food for village gossip, and himself the laughingstock of the whole country side. Nor was he long in finding, from the loud waggings of scandal's tongue, that he had made a hole in his manners which only wedlock could patch up; and a few months saw him legally entitled to enter the door of that room, for attempting to steel a peep into whose windows he had been forced to take upon himself, prematurely and without a kirk of his own, the hymeneal chains. Moral.—Let no man, who would avoid scrapes, pry into the secrets of maid, wife or widow.—Kilmarnock Journal.

Galvanism.—The following is a comprehensive and brief history of the origin of an interesting branch of science. Fifty-one years ago, an Italian priest, Galvani, preparing some frogs for his frugal meal, observed, as doubtless many thousands had observed before, that the muscles of the animals quivered as the nerves connected with them happened to be touched by a metallic substance. He lived in an age of chemical and electrical discovery, and he traced by successive experiments the principle of a phenomenon, for which, simple and indifferent as it seems, he could not account by any law of nature. The investigation led to the development of that amazing power, which, from the name of the discoverer, is called galvanic electricity—a power which, in the hands of Sir Humphry Davy, analysed substances, though simple, into previously unknown metals; which, within fifty years, has supplied telegraphs in some places, superseded the printer's, engraver's, and sculptor's labor; which (the least honorable of its triumphs) enables the engineer at a safe distance—a distance of miles, if necessary—to spring mines; or enables him, as in the case of the Royal George, to violate the peace of the great deep with tremendous explosions, himself remaining all the while in perfect security. The last of the achievements of this mighty power, is so wonderful that we cannot forego the opportunity of mentioning it for the gratification of our fair readers. It is electrolytic painting. A drawing is made—no matter how simple—no matter how complicated. The task of copying and perpetuating it is the same to the marvellous agent it employed; and from this drawing alone, without any recourse to etching ground or burin, a perfect copperplate is obtained in a few hours, at the cost of a few shillings—a copperplate, if we may so say, copied by the hand of Nature, certainly by a natural operation, and therefore more exquisitely faithful to the original than the most accomplished artist could execute. Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen and there is continual interruption. But good or ill manners are discovered, let the company be ever so large. RATHER SHARP.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before a lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession. "I am a poet, sir," said Piron. "Oh! oh! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate; "I have a brother who is a poet." "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool!" If there is any man who may eat his bread at peace with God, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry:—it is caskered by no fraud, it is wet with no tears, it is stained with no blood.—Colman. A DOG PLAYING DOMINOS.—A writer in the London Lancet gives the following instance of the surprising sagacity of a dog belonging to a French gentleman named Leonard. M. Leonard is a man of fortune, and the instruction of his dogs has been taken up for his own amusement. The dogs are of the Spanish breed: After many other performances, evincing the wonderful sagacity and perception of the dogs, M. Leonard invited me to play a game of dominos with one of them. The younger a slighter animal, then seated himself on a chair at the table. M. L. and myself placed ourselves opposite. Six dominos were placed on their edges in the usual manner before the dog, and a like number before me. The dog having a double number took it up in his mouth, and put it in the middle of the table; I placed a corresponding piece on one side; the dog immediately played, and so until all the pieces were engaged. Other six dominos were given to each, and I intentionally placed a wrong number. The dog looked surprised, stared very earnestly at me, and at length growled, and finally looked angrily. Finding that no notice was taken of his remonstrances, he pushed away the wrong domino with his nose, and took up a suitable one from his own pieces, and placed it in its stead. I then played correctly; the dog followed and won the game. His play must have been the result of his own observation and judgment, as not the slightest intimation was or could have been given by M. L. to his dog. One morning, after a tempestuous night, during which several trees were rooted up, Dr. Vince, of Cambridge, met a friend, who said, "Good morning, doctor; a terrible wind this!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, smiling; "quite a mathematical wind, for I see it has extracted several roots." NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—A fire happening at a public house, a man, passing at the time, entreated one of the firemen to play the engine upon a particular door, and backed his request by the bribe of a shilling. The fireman consequently complied, upon which the arch rogue exclaimed,—"You've done what I never could do: for, egad, you've liquidated my score!" GOLD DIGGING IN GEORGIA.—The Millidgeville Recorder of the 17th ult. says: "Persons engaged in this pursuit in our gold region have of late, we learn, been much stimulated in their labor in consequence of the handsome profits they have in many instances recently realized. We are credibly informed that in the neighborhood of Dahlonega there are from fifteen hundred to two thousand pennyweights found daily. At one time on Battle Branch there was lately one lump found, worth, it is said, one hundred and twenty-eight dollars. It is supposed, from present prospects, that there will be at least from three to four hundred thousand dollars realized in that section from the pursuit in the present year. The late success in this business is drawing the attention of many others to it." A gentleman passing the shop of Mr. Haswell, tea-dealer, observed, his name would be as well without an H.

From Wright's La Fontaine. The Ass carrying Relics—A Fable. An ass, with relics for his load, Supposed the worship on the road Meant for himself alone, And took on lofty airs, Receiving as his own, The incense and the prayers. Some one who saw his great mistake, Cried, master Donkey, do not make Yourself so big a fool— Not you they worship, but your pack; They praise the idols on your back, And count yourself a paltry fool. 'Tis thus a brainless magistrate Is honored for his robe of State.

Miscellaneous. The Spectre Mask. A TALE OF THE LAKE OF COMO. It was a still and cloudless night—not a breath stirred the leaves on the high trees that surrounded the great villa of Count Minnotti, on the lake of Como, when two figures were seen to emerge from a private door that led into the garden surrounding the house, and descend the stone steps to a little boat, in the stern of which sat a figure muffled in a coarse cloak. Perceiving their approach, the man who occupied the boat, immediately arose and assisted the cavalier and his companion, a female of stately form and features, of great beauty, to descend, which they did in silence, and entered the boat, which was immediately pushed off. There no moon to add beauty and effect to the scene, but the heavens were studied with stars, and the clear blue lake reflected their more intensely blue rays, whilst the lights from the windows of the different dwellings that skirted the shores, were reflected in long lines of gold, and the distant bark of the watch dogs alone broke the stillness of the night. Not a word was spoken by either party, until the boat reached the middle of the lake when the lady laid her small white hand on the shoulder of the cavalier, and looked earnestly in his face for some minutes. "Dearest Vicenzo," said she, "why so moody and thoughtful? You evening star shines as brightly as on that night when you wooed and won my poor heart; but," she continued mournfully, "you are changed, aye, changed—and now scarcely vouchsafe a word." "Yes," replied he who was thus addressed, as he cast from his shoulder the cloak in which he was thus muffled, "I have words for three ear-to-night which may not be pleasing—Mariana, thou hast outlived my love. Hast thou no prayer ready? for here I shall absolve myself from the vow my folly made thee." The lady stared wildly at her husband, for he was no less, and attempted to clasp him round the neck. "Dear, dear, lord," she said in supplicating accents, "what dreadful deed dost thou meditate! Think, oh, in mercy think what you would do!—Have I offended? Have I said or done anything to—"

From the New Orleans Crescent City. Sketches of the West. MASON'S GANG.—The navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was, at an early period in the history of the settlement of the West, attended with great dangers, the most formidable of which was the existence of organized bands of robbers, who had commission merchants, at all the points of any note on the rivers. Very few boats, at that time, succeeded in making a trip to New Orleans, without being overhauled by these marauders, who made the green old wood their home, and revelled in intoxicating delights, purchased by the blood and pillage of their victims. Boat after boat would leave commercial points on the Ohio, and never be heard of afterwards.—So great was the destruction of life and property, that few speculations were undertaken, the merchants losing all hope of a return of the cargoes shipped. A few miles below Shawneetown, on the Ohio, is the celebrated "Rock-in-cave," as it is called for shortness, we presume, but properly the "Cave-in-rock." It is a stupendous rock, some fifty feet in height, containing a number of small rooms, connected with each other, which were once the residence of "Mason's Gang," if any remnant can be placed on the stories of the time. Mason was an Englishman, who, as the tale runs, left the "nation of shop-keepers" in disgust, and sought the boundless forests of the West for a home more congenial to his nature, which is described as fierce and uncompromising.—His "gang" was a chosen one, from the half savage and base population of the border, inured from childhood to hardships, and having no restraint on their wild and malignant passions. Mason's operations were extensive. Boats were captured—their crews murdered—and his own men placed on board. The cargoes were disposed of at Vicksburg, Natchez, and New Orleans, by his coadjutors; and if Madame Rumor is to be believed at all, men now rolling in wealth can be pointed out, who

From the Oxford Mercury. Mr. Error:—By publishing the following, you oblige a large portion of that very respectable class of your readers called Bachelors. On Saturday the 14th of May, according to previous notice, the Hydrophobic Institute was at an early hour, crowded by unwashed and unshaved bachelors. The meeting was organized by calling Unexamined Mammoth-Scheme to the chair and appointing Cruel Tragedy Secretary. The objects of the meeting were then briefly explained by Anti-Hysterics, intermixed with whose discourse, there were occasional touches of the sublime and passages of thrilling pathos. He concluded by moving the following resolutions, all of which were carried nem. con. 1st. Resolved, That for the better formation of a uniform system by which our unfortunate class may, in future, succeed in winning the hearts of the Fair, that each member of this assembly give in the experience of his courtship, and that a rule be formed from the history of each so detailed. 2d. Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to report at our next meeting, on the most effectual means to secure against injury from Kicks. In accordance with the last resolution, Messrs. Bumpus Blubber, Sky Blue, and Solomon Lounger, were appointed a committee. Mr. J. Stupid Foppington then gave his experience, the substance of which was, that when a dirty-face boy, it was the unanimous opinion of his mother that he was an exception. That he was caressed, be-patted and be-kissed by his mammy's female visitors, all agreeing that he was a little dear, and predicting the slaughter he would some day make among the hearts of the ladies. That in consequence of his peculiar promise, it was thought advisable to bring him up to no particular profession, thus leaving his talents uncramped by any business, but that of contemplating himself which was thought to be employment enough for any one mind, considering the immense importance of the subject. At five Mr. J. Stupid Foppington was breeched, booted at ten, and fell in love at fifteen. The object of his passion was one of those great beauties among women, a sensible spirited girl, who made no scruple of telling Mr. J. Stupid Foppington that he was a "toon-ish." She had fallen in love with his elegant cravat, and was audibly heard to say, as he once passed before her at a party, "what sweet little silk gloves; what a divine head of hair; just see what an elegant pattern for a coat; he is a love." The next day found Mr. Foppington courting her, the third they were engaged, but on the fourth (it being Sabbath) Miss Seraphina fell in love with an immense pair of whiskers, beneath which was concealed the face of what was said to be a French officer, but what was in fact an ex-drummer and now a dancing master. Mr. J. Stupid was however soon consoled for the loss of Seraphina, by a new conquest which a flamed coloured vest had effected over the sensitive and romantic heart of the accomplished Maria Augustina Turnip Tops. This lady was the daughter of a tallow dealer who had suddenly become immensely rich. She was much courted by ambitious lawyers, skilful but poor young doctors, and industrious clerks, but she turned up her nose at them all. Her heart was impervious, till it felt the heat of J. Stupid's red vest and then it yielded to the soft flame of love. Matters went on swimmingly till the noise of Miss Augustina's wealth laid at her feet a new admirer, who sported a tandem, and kept two odd riders, and who besides was adorned with a head of rich and glossy curling hair. For a long time it was neck and neck, red vest and mustach vs. tandem and curls, till at length the latter, at the last quarter stretch threw his antagonist off the track by a subtle coup-de-main, which was no other than cutting the pigeon wing with unparalleled grace and elasticity of heels. He won the prize and turned out to be a broken down gambler.—J. Stupid made another conquest and was engaged, but an elegant pair of artificial teeth in the mouth of an empty-pated coxcomb turned the lady's heart. This was the substance of his experience, at the conclusion of which it was resolved: that to win the heart of a sensible woman requires a sensible man: to catch all Augustina's and Seraphina's and languishing, suddenly rich heiresses, a flamed coloured vest, ivory teeth, curly hair and mustache are necessary, and to bind their affections completely, they must be bound with a cord of whiskers, and charmed by a light pair of heels, eased in elegant French boots; and the meeting adjourned to meet this day week.

Never say to a child, "I don't believe what you say," nor express doubts. If you have such feelings keep your own thoughts and wait with watchfulness. Truth will eventually be plain. Repeating the bad language or telling the bad conduct of others in the hearing of children, or allowing them to repeat or tell of what they have heard by the way of idle talk, is impressing on their minds knowledge which the wicked heart turns into a sad temptation, which may follow them through life. All such stories and the relation of things frightful or shocking to common feelings, and all extravagance in expression, should be carefully avoided on the parent's part, and disapproved in the child. Never speak evil or suspiciously of your neighbors before your children; and more especially never speak to the disparagement of their companions or playmates, nor allow them to speak or write so to you. If there are evident defects which the child must see, mention them by way of caution as things not to be imitated, and not in such a way as to lead the child to think itself superior. All compulsion in making a child attend to such duties, reading or work, as are peculiarly unpleasant to it, is a sort of teasing which not only sets the child more against the thing itself, but against you too. Such forcing leads to dissipation of mind and to discouragements, if not sulky disobedience. Good manners is the art of making all our company easy, and being easy ourselves.

HYPOCRISY.—The first consideration with a knave is, how to help himself, and the second how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius the Tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massive gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; it behoves us take care of Jupiter." "I never did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee room. "And pray, sir," inquired a would-be wit, "since you saw the wind and the storm, what might their color be?" "The wind blue and the storm rose," was the ready reply. None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them, such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation. An old offender being asked, whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge? answered,—"I have done still worse—I suffered myself to be apprehended." WELSH TOURISTS.—A Welsh tourist, among many other judicious observations, remarked, that the mad-house of Lanark was in a very crazy state. CHARITY KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.—An ill-natured cynic said that the charity of a beneficent neighbor was induced by a wish to be extolled. "Ay, sir," said the object of the charity, "if we see the hands of the clock go right, we are very sure that the mechanism inside cannot be going very wrong."

From the New Orleans Crescent City. Sketches of the West. MASON'S GANG.—The navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was, at an early period in the history of the settlement of the West, attended with great dangers, the most formidable of which was the existence of organized bands of robbers, who had commission merchants, at all the points of any note on the rivers. Very few boats, at that time, succeeded in making a trip to New Orleans, without being overhauled by these marauders, who made the green old wood their home, and revelled in intoxicating delights, purchased by the blood and pillage of their victims. Boat after boat would leave commercial points on the Ohio, and never be heard of afterwards.—So great was the destruction of life and property, that few speculations were undertaken, the merchants losing all hope of a return of the cargoes shipped. A few miles below Shawneetown, on the Ohio, is the celebrated "Rock-in-cave," as it is called for shortness, we presume, but properly the "Cave-in-rock." It is a stupendous rock, some fifty feet in height, containing a number of small rooms, connected with each other, which were once the residence of "Mason's Gang," if any remnant can be placed on the stories of the time. Mason was an Englishman, who, as the tale runs, left the "nation of shop-keepers" in disgust, and sought the boundless forests of the West for a home more congenial to his nature, which is described as fierce and uncompromising.—His "gang" was a chosen one, from the half savage and base population of the border, inured from childhood to hardships, and having no restraint on their wild and malignant passions. Mason's operations were extensive. Boats were captured—their crews murdered—and his own men placed on board. The cargoes were disposed of at Vicksburg, Natchez, and New Orleans, by his coadjutors; and if Madame Rumor is to be believed at all, men now rolling in wealth can be pointed out, who