

North Carolina Argus.

This Argus is the People's rights duty an eternal vigil kept. A southern strain of Cain's Son can kill his blinded eyes to sleep.

Fayetteville, N. C. Saturday August 29, 1857.

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Whole No. 190.

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New Series.—Vol. IV.—No. 34

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THE subscriber has made arrangements to keep a
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binding in any style desired.
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PONKY.

THE FARMER'S SONG.
BY A FARMER.

On of the land that till the land
And draw from earth her store,
While our days are passing o'er,
Many there are, in riches, far
Surpassing the farmer's purse,
Whilset others pursue may yield more fruits,
Yet often produce much woe.

We envy not the statesman's lot,
Still claiming for his class,
Nor his that fights for glory's rights,
At some rebuffed pass,
No risk have we on boisterous seas,
Nor fears his footsteps when
All we can do, is to defend
While waiting at the helm.

The fruitful field its bounties yield,
A rich reward for toil,
He ours the trade to ply the spade,
And deeply plough the soil,
We walk abroad o'er carpet sod,
And forgets his own feet,
Whose odors rise to scent the skies—
A tribute pure and sweet.

To all we give the means to live,
As brother shares with brother,
And thus fulfill the holy will
That bids us love each other.
Oh! life secure from guile and pure,
To thee my life clings ever,
With all its might its fond delight,
To change from thee, no never.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pen Deo Herald.

ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY D. L. CLARY.

High up among the mountains of North
Carolina lies the County of Wilkes.—
The Blue Ridge stretches along its North-
ern and Western boundaries, forming a
barrier that is almost inaccessible, save
where the serpentine road of the white
man, winds along the cliffs and around the
precipices, from whose summits, as you
look beneath you, a sensation of awe steals
upon the mind, and makes you dizzy as you
gaze upon the landscape far below. While
upon the South, the Brushy mountain, form-
ing the Southern boundary, is a beautiful
and picturesque range, and unsurpassed for
loveliness of mountain scenery in the
world. In the centre of the valley, winds
the majestic Yadkin—sweeping the fertile
plantations in its course to the east, and giv-
ing beauty and variety to the scene.

Almost a century ago, when Wilkes was
the home of Daniel Boone, and many kind-
red spirits, when its dark caves and moun-
tain gorges had never echoed with a white
man's voice, and the bear and the wolf
held dominion on the mountain top,
the sturdy settler and enterprising Yeoman,
had cleared openings along the banks of the
river, but the glens and the thickets of the
mountains, had never been penetrated, ex-
cept by the daring footstep of some perse-
vering hunter, who trod those wilds after
nobler game than was to be found in the
lowlands; or, for that ever restless love of
wandering, that characterizes our border
settler.

On one occasion, two hunters in wander-
ing about the mountains, came upon the
track of a bear and after following it a
long time, found that it entered a cave
among a ledge of rocks, whose frowning as-
pect seemed to forbid the presence of man.
It was now nearly dark, they had followed
the trail with such excitement, that they
were not aware of the lapse of time, and to
the dreariness of the scene, a cold drizzling
rain set in from the east; but to turn back
and loose the object of their chase, when it
was so near at hand, was not to be thought
of. Still they were far from home, and to
attack a bear in his den, was no small af-
fair, when the snapping of a gun or the
trembling of a nerve would instantly de-
termine their destiny. But the love of adven-
ture, and the determination not to turn back
upon any foe, decided then to attack the
animal in his stronghold, and forthwith
they prepared for the undertaking.

Night approached rapidly, but they had
collected a number of pine knots, and each
supplied himself with a torch. Looking to
the priming of their rifles, and tightening
their belts where hung the long keen blade,
they boldly entered. The narrow wind-
ing entrance soon widened and they found
themselves in a small cave whose frowning
sides, reflected back the light for the first
time since their creation. But the bear
was not to be seen, and not even a growl
betokened his presence. They pressed ear-
nestly in the gloom that every where en-
compassed them, and soon found a small open-
ing; when it terminated? they could not
tell. It was barely sufficient for a man to
crawl upon his hands to get through.

Having decided which should enter, the
resolute hunter, grasped his rifle in one
hand, and the torch in the other, bidding
his comrade keep watch, he groped his
way into the opening. He had only pro-
ceeded a short distance, when a growl im-
mediately before him, told he was discov-
ered. Two eye-balls blazing in the un-
wanted light, shone like twin meteors be-
fore him. Laying down his torch, he raised
his rifle, but before he entered he had
taken the precaution to cock it, and as he
was raising it to his shoulder, it struck a
projecting point of rock, and instantly was
discharged, a howl of pain from the now
enraged animal told that the ball had taken
effect. But in a trice the bear had given a
bound and was upon his intrepid foe. The
light was extinguished, and the hunter found

himself in the grasp of the wounded animal.
Then commenced the struggle for life; the
died that hardy hunter's form, injured,
dagger, become impressed, in the grasp
an animal that would not unlose its hold
but in death. It was tight to suffocate.
His blood flew like fire to his head, and
his eye balls had started from their sockets.
Home and its attractions seemed degen-
now that he would never behold them, and
the fond wife and children, would leave
their brave protector and supporter. With
his yielding struggles the love of life grew
strong within him, and summoning all his
strength, for a last effort he freed his right
arm, and grasping his knife that had hung
at his side for years, with a thought of home,
he plunged the blade to its hilt. That de-
perate grasp released, and the hunter freed
himself from the expiring animal's grasp.
He was wounded too badly to permit
of attempting to go home had the night been
favorable. So after building up a fire and
cooking some of the choice pieces from the
game, they slept within the dreary cavern,
and at the first dawn of day, they started
for home in the valley. The skin furnished
a pleasant robe for winter, and the fire-side
was often enlivened by the recital of the
fearful adventure in the cave.

Emigrants came pouring in to fill up the
vacant lands, and the hardy back-wood-
man retreated before the thick settlements,
and but few even now know the place of
the adventure, or the name of the brave
hunter.

AN EGYPTIAN STORY.

The Egyptian story or legend of the
young Sheikh Houssein, is one of those beau-
tiful bits of eastern fiction that are well
worthy of preservation. We give it en-
tire:

There is a moment in every man's ex-
istence on which turns his future destiny.
There are many such moments; for often-
times life hangs on a thread, if that thread
is not cut, it requires but a touch to change
the whole direction of the future. But in
every man's life there is at least one, and
in that of young Houssein it occurs thus:

It was not often in those days that trav-
elers crossed the great desert. Few Euro-
peans came to Egypt, and fewer still went
to Sinai. But there was a time when Houssein
was called to Cairo to meet a noble
party of western travelers, a gentleman and
two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage
to Sinai and the Holy Land, and who wish-
ed his protection in crossing the desert. He
saw but the gentleman and readily engaged
to perform the desired service.

It was not till the party had left the Bir-
get-el-Haj that he met them, where they
were encamped, by moonlight, on the sand
that stretched away to Suez. As he sprang
from his mare, before the tent door, he was
startled by such a vision as he had never
seen before, but thought he had dreamed of
in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and in the moonlight,
pale as a creature of dreams. Was this
one of the hours of his fabled paradise?
No; he rejected the thought, if it rose!
There was no spot in all the Heaven of Ma-
homet fit for an angel like this. Away,
like the sand on the whirlwind, like the cloud
before the sun, like the stars at daybreak—
away swept all his fabled paradises, and in
an instant the Sheikh Houssein was an idolater,
worshipping, as a thousand greater than he
have done, the beauty of a woman. Per-
haps he might have quenched his thirst for
the unknown at some other fountain; but
this was enough now. He had found that
wherewith to fill the void, and he was con-
tent.

Love was a new emotion—a sensation
he had never before experienced; and it
satisfied him. Did she love him? That
was a question which never occurred to
him. What did he care for that? He was
looking for employment for his own soul,
and he had found it; and that was enough.

The tradition goes to describe his long
crossing of the desert—how he lingered
among the hills of Sinai; how he led them
by Akaba and Petra, and detained them
many weeks in the city of Rock; how the
fair English girl faded slowly away, for she
was lying when she came to Egypt; and
how, weary, and well nigh dead, he carried
her to the Holy City and pitched their tents
by the mountain of the Ascension. And
all this time he watched over her with the
jealous care of a father or a brother, and
the quick heart of the lady saw and under-
stood it all. And sometimes he would try
in broken words, to tell her of his old belief
and his ideas of immortality, and she would
read in his hearing sublime promises and
glorious hopes that were in a language he
knew nothing of, but which he half un-
derstood from her uplifted eye and counte-
nance.

How he worshipped that matchless eye.
He worshipped nothing else, on earth or in
Heaven.

It was noon of sight under the walls of
Jerusalem; and in a white tent close by
the hill on which the last footsteps of the
ascending Lord left their hallowing touch,
an English girl was waiting his bidding to
follow him.

Outside the tent, prone on the ground,
with eyes fixed on the everlasting stars, lay
a group of Bedouins, and apart from them
a little way, their chief, silent, motionless
—to all that was earthly, dead. A low
voice within the tent broke the stillness of
the night, but he did not move. A voice
was uttering again those words, of which
the sound had become familiar to him al-
ready—the Christian's prayer.

"Sheik Houssein!"
He sprang to his feet. It was her voice,
faint, low, but silvery. The tent door was
thrust aside, and as a hand motioned him
to enter, he obeyed.

She lay on the cushions, her head lifted
somewhat from the pillow by the arms of
her sister; her brother, who spoke the lan-

guage of the desert well, stood by her as
the young sheik approached. His coffin
dark eye, flashing gloriously, was visible.
She looked up into it and whispered; he
half understood her before the words came
through her brother's lips, as she told him
the story of Calvary and Christ, and the
cloud that received the King and Saviour
returning to his throne.

It were vain to say he understood all this.
He only knew that she was telling him of
her hope ere long to be above him, above
the world, above the sky; and his active
but bewildered mind inwrought all this with
his ancient traditions, and having long ago
rejected the creed that did not teach him
she was immortal, as he fell back on the
idea that the immortals had somewhat to do
with the dead; and as he lay down on the
ground close by the side of the tent, listen-
ing for every sound from within, he fixed
his eyes on the zenith and watched the pas-
sage of the hosts of the night until she died.
There was a rustling of garments, a voice
of inexpressible sweetness suddenly silent,
a low, soft sigh, the expiration of a saint,
and at that instant, far in the depths of the
meridian blue, a clear star flashed on his
eye, for the first time its silver radiance,
and he believed that she was there.

For three-score years after that, there
was on the desert, near the group of palm
trees and lonely spring, a small turret built
of stones, brought a long distance, stone by
stone, on camels. And in this hut, or on its
summit, lived a good, wise man, beloved of
all the tribes and especially followed by his
own immediate tribe, who, with him, re-
spected Mahomet, and worshipped an un-
known God, through the medium of the
stars, and especially one star, which he had
taught them to reverence above all others.

And at length there came a night when
the wind was abroad on the desert, and the
voice of the tempest was fierce and terri-
ble. But high over all the sand hills, and
over the whirling storm of sand, sedate,
calm, majestic, the immutable stars were
looking down upon the plain, and the old
man on his tower beheld them, and went
forth on the wind to search their infinite
distances.

That night, sayeth the tradition, another
star flashed out of heaven beside the star
that the Arabs worshipped, and the Sheik
Houssein was young again in the heaven
of his beloved.

Let us leave him to the mercy of the
tradition, nor seek to know whether he
reached that blessed abode.

RECOMPENSE OF A DEFIANT.

A Leipzig paper just received mentions
the following incident as having occurred
in New Orleans:

A Frenchman, lately arrived, went into
a restaurant and called for a glass of beer.
As the boy brought it, a tall man, unknown
to him, who had eyed the Frenchman rather
insolently on his entrance, snatched the
glass from the table and drained it off.

"I have not the honor of your acquain-
tance, sir," remarked the Frenchman, sur-
prised at the familiarity.

"Nor I of yours," retorted the other.

"You are seeking a quarrel with me
then?"

"I should be sorry to leave you in doubt
of the fact," was the insolent response.

"Look you, sir," said the new comer; "I
am a man of peace, and mind my own busi-
ness. I meddle with none, and I receive
no unprovoked insults. I pass yours by
for this time. Boy, bring me another
glass!"

The Creole broke into taunting laughter,
and when the second glass was brought
stepped up and seized it, drank part of the
contents, and threw the remainder away.
The Frenchman would have rushed upon
him, but was held back by the bystanders.

"Hold sir!" they cried, "or you are lost—
If he does not kill you on the spot, he will
in the duel; for he is the most skillful
duelist in Louisiana. With pistol, or rifle,
or with the sword, he is unequalled. He has
killed thirty-four men, and wounded over
sixty more."

"What you tell me," replied the French-
man, "convince me the more that he
ought to be dealt with."

He then drew near the man who had in-
sulted him and said—"Sir, I happen to be
in a particularly good humor to-day, and
am not disposed to take offence. You have
taken away two glasses of beer I had or-
dered: it is now my turn, and I hope may
teach you better behavior. Boy—another
glass!"

The boy brought it, trembling, as if anti-
cipating a catastrophe. Scarcely had he
placed it on the table, when the bully
again seized it, and tossed its contents. At
the same instant, like a tiger on his prey,
the Frenchman threw himself on his en-
emy, and assailed him in the face, breast and
side, with a tempest of blows and kicks.—
The bully, who had not time to recover
himself, was soon stretched on the floor, and
pommel-still more unmercifully till bleed-
ing and quite insensible. The victor then
quietly drew forth his pocket-book, took
out a card, and pinned it to the vest of his
prostrate foe. He then said to the specta-
tors of the affray:

"If there is present any friend of this in-
dividual, I would inform him that he may
find me at my lodgings every morning from
eight to eleven. Buy another glass of
beer!"

This time he took the glass, and drank it
off composedly. Then, paying for the four
glasses, he turned and left the place, amid
the wonder of all the company.

As they lifted the vanquished bully, it
was found that two of his ribs were broken
and one of his eyes was seriously damaged.
The card bore the inscription: "Lucien
Petit, Fencing Master, from Paris—will
give instruction in fencing boxing and in
the various methods of fighting. Terms
moderate."

Some six weeks after this scene the door
of M. Petit's apartment was flung open,
one morning, and a man strode in without
announcement.

"Do you know me?" he cried, in a voice
choked with rage.

"Perfectly," responded the fencing mas-
ter—"What is your wish?"

"To kill you," thundered the bully, who
had just recovered from his wounds, of
which, however, he bore the traces. "I
know I was first in the quarrel; on that ac-
count I give you the choice of weapons.
But make haste, for you or I must be a
corpse before sunset."

"Let us rather talk the matter over cool-
ly," replied the Frenchman. "I have no
more desire to-day to kill you, than to beat
you the other day. But if you are bent on
picking a quarrel, you will find me ready."

"Wretched boaster, we shall see. I have
killed thirty-four men already in duels, and
you are much mistaken if you think to
make me afraid of you!"

There was no help, and the combatants
proceeded to fight out their quarrel. Petit
deferring to the bully, who chose the sword,
in the use of which he was very expert.
He received a wound in the arm, and the
fencing master proposed an adjustment;
but the Creole insisted that the encounter
should be fatal to one or the other. It was
not long before he fell mortally wounded.
The community was delivered from a nu-
isance, and Petit's fame so widely estab-
lished as a professor of the science of battle
that pupils came to him from every quar-
ter.

ABOUT JURIES.

PETER PUNGENT.

Peter Pungent contributes the following
to the New York Sunday Dispatch:

Dear reader, did you ever comprise one
of the twelve men who sat on a jury? If
so, did you feel your importance as an
American citizen, a freeholder, a man who
enjoyed the inestimable privilege of settling
the disputes of his neighbors; consigning
some abandoned wretch to the State Prison;
or hanging some unfortunate mortal
by the neck until dead! dead! dead! and
all for the public good? If you have, read-
er, I pity you. For myself, I have never
been so unfortunate as to be a jurymen. I
prefer attending to my own business to
settling the disputes of other people, and
unless compelled by the force of circum-
stances never intend to be. But there are
men who like sitting on a jury; who like
the dollar a day received therefor; who
admire the easy and indolent position of
a jurymen's chair, and the food for scandal
that a trial furnishes, in witnessing the fail-
ings and short-comings of one's neighbors
and friends.

Man who aspire to be standing jurymen
tell about courts of justice, and if they are
not drawn as regular jurors, which they
somehow manage to be, are sure to be in
at the lucky moment to be called upon as
talesmen. The standing juror is frequen-
ly a stubborn animal, and his ears are
just long enough to catch every sound of
malice, jealousy and ill will that clusters
with such luxuriance about the courts of
law, and which too often has a jaundiced
eye in the very seat of justice itself.

A balky horse, a stubborn mule, or a con-
trary woman, are not more fixed in their
wicked purposes than is the professional
juror in his opinions and conceits; he
knows the exact boundary between right
and wrong; he can tell by the looks of
a man if he is guilty or not guilty; and
he is a perfect judge of law, religion, morals,
patent rights, and personal property.
He can tell to the diameter of a hair how
far a trespasser stepped his foot over a dis-
puted boundary line; and can see in the
dark labyrinth of a cause the clear spots
long before any sunshine of evidence has
irradiated the obscure and intricate points
in controversy. What he does not profess
to understand, judge, jury, and counsel
need not desire to know. What he has pro-
fessive knowledge of, it is useless to ex-
amine into and ascertain. Stubbornness
and self-will like this too often disgra-
ces the jurymen's vocation; and the igno-
rance and stupidity of such a man in many
cases changes the relationship of innocence
and guilt, affording the bed and base a long
season for the expansion of their wicked-
ness, and condemning the unfortunate for
their crimes committed by other hands. A
good sample of an ignorant jurymen came
under my own observation not long since,
in the trial of a highway robber. The
scondrel had committed the crime under
peculiarly aggravated circumstances, and
the offense was satisfactorily proved, but
because the victim was shown to have been
plundered on the borders of a mill race, in
an unfrequented place, out of the usual
line of travel, the jury acquitted the robber
on the ground that the offense was a crime
not committed upon the highway, and
therefore, not covered by the statute.

GRANDILOQUENT.—An old story revived.
"Once upon a time," of course,—some high-
bred college graduates hired a horse and
buggy, to have a drive out of town. They
went. Arriving at a country tavern, they
sought rest and refreshments for both the
horse and themselves. On driving up to
the door of the hotel, one of the collegians
addressed the boy in attendance thus:

"My lad, have the kindness and conde-
scension to extricate the quadruped from
the vehicle, stabulate and donate him with
an adequate supply of nutritious aliment,
and when the aurora of morn shall again
illuminate the oriental horizon, we will
award you a pecuniary recompense for your
kind hospitality."

The boy ran into the house, calling—
"Father, father, there's a Dutchman at the
door wants to see you!"

Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy
because his is all net profit.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Returning from a visit to New Orleans,
we were fortunate enough secure a passage
in a line steamer, with but few passengers.
Among the ladies, one especially interest-
ed us. She was a widow of a wealthy
planter, and was returning, with only one
child to her father's house. Her devotion
to her child was very touching, and the eyes
of her old black nurse would fill with tears
as she sought her mistress "not to love
that boy too much, or the Lord would take
him away from her."

We passed through the canal at Louis-
ville, and stopped for a few moments at the
wharf, when the nurse, wishing to see the
city, walked out on the guard, at the back
of the boat, where, by a sudden effort,
the child sprang from her arms into the ter-
rible current that sweeps towards the falls
and disappeared immediately.—The confu-
sion which ensued attracted the attention
of a gentleman who was sitting in the fore-
part of the boat quietly reading. Rising,
hastily he asked for some article the child
had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny
apron she had torn off in her efforts to re-
tain the babe in her arms. Turning to a
splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly
watching his countenance, he pointed
first to the apron, and then to the spot where
the child had gone under.

In an instant the noble dog leaped into
the rushing water, and also disappeared.
By this time the excitement was intense,
and some persons on shore, supposing that
the dog was lost as well as the child, they
procured a boat and started off to search
for the body. Just at this moment the dog
was seen far away with something in his
mouth. Bravely he struggled with the
waves, but it was evident that his strength
was failing fast, and more than one breast
gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached
him, and it was announced that he had the
child, and that it was alive. They were
brought on board—the dog and the child.

Giving a single glance to satisfy herself
that the child was really living, the young
mother rushed forward, and sinking beside
the dog threw her arms around his neck
and burst into tears.—Not many could
view the sight unmoved, and as she cre-
sted and kissed his shaggy head, she looked
up to his owner and said:

"Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich,
take all I have—everything—but give me
my child's preserver."

The gentleman smiled, and putting his
dog's head said, "I am very glad, madam,
he has been of service to you, but nothing
in the world could induce me to part with
him."

The dog looked as though he perfectly
understood what they were talking about,
and giving his sides a shake laid himself
down at his master's feet with an expres-
sion in his large eyes that said plainer than
words, "No, nothing shall part us!"

MRS. HEMANS.

The following beautiful description was
meant for Mrs. Hemans.—Others might be
more versatile, more acute than Egeria,
but I never saw one so exquisitely femi-
nine. She was lovely without being beau-
tiful; her movements were features; and if
a blind man had been privileged to pass
his hand over the silken length of hair that,
when unbraided, flowed around her like a
veil, he would have been justified in ex-
pecting softness and a love of softness,
beauty, and a perception of beauty, to be
distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would
he have been deceived. Her birth, her edu-
cation, but, above all, the genius with which
she was gifted, combined to inspire a pas-
sion for the ethereal, the tender, the imagi-
native the heroic, in one word, the beauti-
ful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet
of daily life; it touched all things, but, like
a sunbeam, touched them with a "golden
finger." Any thing abstract or scientific
was unintelligible and distasteful to her;
her knowledge was extensive and various;
but, true to the first principle of her nature,
it was poetry that she sought in history,
scenery, character, and religious belief;
poetry that guided all her studies, governed
all her thoughts, coloured all her conversa-
tion. Her nature was at once simple and
profound; there was no room in her mind
for philosophy, or in her heart for ambi-
tion; one was filled by imagination, the
other was engrossed by tenderness. She
had a passive temper, but decided tastes.
Any one might influence, but very few im-
pressed her. Her strength and her weak-
ness alike lay in her affections; these would
sometimes make her weep, at a word—at
other times imbue her with courage; so that she
was alternately a "falcon-hearted dove,"
and a "rapt shaken with the wind." Her
voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her
spirits remained one of an old poet's de-
scription of the orange-tree, with its
"Golden lamps lit in a night of green,"
or of those Spanish gardens where the pe-
negrinate grows beside the cypress. Her
gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and
if, in her depression, she resembled night,
it was night wearing her stars, I should
describe and describe for ever, but I should
never succeed in portraying Egeria; she
was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a
dependent woman—the Italy of human be-
ings.

A character in Mrs. Hemans' story of "Love
after Marriage," lays down the law thus: "If
a man is not able enough to fighten his horse,
he is handsome enough to marry."

Mrs. Farrington says she was much elated
last Sunday, on hearing a fine discourse on
the parol of the prodigious son.

An Irishman was challenged to fight a
duel, but declined on the plea that he did
not wish to leave his old mother an or-
phan.