

Poetic Recess

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

From the New York Courier and Enquirer. ON THE DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

By the sea-wind sweep of the river's wave, In the hearts of the free enshrined, He went to sleep with the mighty and brave; And left not a rival behind.

In the mild warm light of the summer's sky, As the sun in the view went down; He fell as a warrior doomed to die, From the land of his young renown.

As a cliff he stood, in a stormy clime, 'Mid the strife of the tempest bound; With his temples bath'd in a light sublime, That shad'd on the elements round.

On the tranquil brow of his bending frame, 'Tome mov'd with a slow and hand; But he sharpen'd his eye when the dim glance came, And number'd his years by his hand.

From the mournful shades that around him spread, No war-note sounded his doom; But where they have gather'd him home with the dead, Sweet Liberty points to his tomb.

As the white shroud fell o'er his limbs in sleep, And his funeral dirge was rung, The voice of his country's grief was deep, And his death-pall widely flung.

In the far green land where he sunk to repose, As the breeze on the tranquil main, The bright'ning beams of his fame arose, With the depth of his country's pain.

They bore him home to his land of fame, To the soil of his classic clime, Where his star looks forth with a quenchless flame, Through the darkening clouds of time.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for June. THE VICTIM OF A PROOF-READER.

"Foul murder hath been done—lo! here's the proof!" OLD PLAY.

"Oh, for the good old times of Typography, when operatives in the art could render the ancients—when Caxton translated 'Ye Sages of Troye,' from the language of Greece! Would that, in this latter age, when Champollion has deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt,—when the spirit of inquiry is every where abroad,—some one might be found, who could continue to shelter from typical aggression a writer for the press!

"I am the victim of a proof-reader. The blunders of others, and not my own, have placed me in a state of feeling akin to purgatory. Ever since I began to give for a beard, I have been more or less afflicted with the cacæthes scribendi,—and I flatter myself that I have not always been unsuccessful in my writings. But my printed efforts have neither been honorable to my genius, nor grateful to my vanity,—on the contrary, they have been quite the reverse." I have had the sweetest poems turned into thrice sordid stupidity; sentences in prose, on which I dotted in manuscript, have been perused in a deep perspiration, and with positive loathing, in print. All this has arisen from a conspiracy which seems to have been framed against me, by all the typographical gentlemen of the country. It is true, I write what Mrs. Malaprop might call an "inhalable hand;" for, to the pitiful moult of crossing 's, and dotting 'i, I never could descend. I have often given directions to publishers, that if a word was marked "past finding out," they could count the marks,—but the plan failed, as have indeed all my plans for correct habits of thought before the public. If this narrative shall prove to be correctly printed, it will be the first article from my pen that has ever met with such an honor, and I shall be proportionally pleased.

"Like all other mortals, I am penetrable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is not encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, or the bull hides of Ajax; consequently, I am what they call in romances, a susceptible person. When I was nineteen, I fell in love, and as I found prose too tame a medium, too staid a drapery for my thoughts, what could I do but express to my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature,—a delicious arrangement of "flesh and blood"—a country parson's daughter, with excellent taste and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry, and so was I. This circumstance sent my fancy a wool-gathering, for tropes, figures, and emblems. Young ladies have a passionate admiration for genius, and I determined to show that I was not deficient in that particular; that I belonged of right to those who merited the saying, 'poeta nascitur non fit.' During the spring of 18—, I was attacked with a perfect incoherence of rhyme. My lady-love was all ways my theme. But of all my compositions, none satisfied me save the following, which I produced with great labor, and studious care. I think poorly enough of it now. Mr. Neale would call it *travaille* and so do I.

"TO EMILY B.—"

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art,— The muse of every spell Which brings me transport to my heart, And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, carnation on thy cheek Its richest lustre lends; And thy blue eyes forever speak A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part, Life would be night with me; A load would rest upon my heart, Without a smile from thee.

"Where shall I meet a leaf so fair In Nature's open page! With thee the beautiful flower compare, And e'en my grief assuage?"

"Forgive, my love, this lusty lay, And let its numbers be Sweet monitors, that day by day Bid thee think of me!"

"This production I sent to the village newspaper. I waited a long week, to see it appear. Finally, the important Wednesday arrived. I hastened to the office—but the affair was not published. I glanced with a hurried eye over the damp sheet, and found a notice at last, commencing with three stars, turned up and down. It read thus:

"The tribute to Emily, by 'J. S.' is unavoidably postponed until our next, by a press of advertisements, for which we are thankful—since we do that kind of business, as likewise all sorts of job work, on the most reasonable terms,—blanks, cards, handbills, and other legal documents being executed by us at the shortest notice. Not to digress, however, we would say to 'J. S.' let him cultivate

his talent; he has tremendous powers, but he writes a bad hand. He should make his penmanship like his poetry,—perfect."

"I had the curiosity to look into the advertising columns to see what curious things of traffic had displaced my lines. There were but three advertisements; a sheriff's sale, a stray cow, and a wife eloped from bed and board. I read the sheriff's notice with that deep interest which these documents usually excite. It discoursed of lands, messages, and tenements, designated 'by a line, beginning at the northwest corner of Mr. Jenkin's cow house—running thence north seventy-five chains, fourteen links, thence east twenty-nine chains eleven links, to a stake and stones;' and so on, to the end of the chapter.

"Yet the notice filled me with exceedingly great delight. I sent it to Emily; I told her that 'J. S.' was myself, but begged her not to mention it to a third person. She kept her secret as women usually do. In three days it was all over town, that I had a piece, 'that I had made out of my head,' coming forth in the next week's newspapers, addressed to Emily Brinkerhoff.

"Never did seven days roll more slowly round than the weeks interval which followed the foregoing notice, in the publication of the 'Elucidator of Freedom and Tocsin of the people.'" When it did finally come out, I sent Emily an affectionate note, with a copy of the paper, assuring her that the poem contained my real sentiments. I determined not to read it myself until I visited her in the evening. By great self-denial, I kept my resolve, and when the young moon arose, bent my steps towards the mansion of my mistress.

"She received me coldly. I was surprised and abashed. 'What is the matter, Em.' I tenderly inquired: 'did you get my billet-doux and the verses to-day?'"

"Yes—they came safe." "Well, how did you like them?" "The note was kind and good,—but the verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense."

"I was thunderstruck. I asked to see the paper. Emily arose and handed it to me; and sitting down by the vine-clad window, patted her little foot angrily on the floor.

"I opened the Elucidator and Tocsin, and read my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem!—what inhuman butchery—what idioty! But I will give the effusion as it was printed, 'and shame the Devil.'"

TO EMILY B.—

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art,— The muse of every spell; That bray's o'er trumpets to my heart, And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh! damnation o'er thy cheek Its reddest bluster bends; And thy blue eyes forever speak A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part, Life would be rough with me; A load would rest upon my heart, Without a smile from thee.

"Where could I meet a lamp so fair In Nature's open passage? With thee the barbarous flower compare, And own my grief a saussage!"

"Forgive my love, this nasty lay, And let its numbers be Sweet monitors that daily dry, Shall bid thee think of me!" J. S.

"When I had read this diabolical mass of stuff over, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I deprecated the judgment of Miss Emily; thought every body could see the errors, and detect them as readily as I did; and I said to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or imitative, not to see how the poem ought to read. This roused in her bosom 'all the blood of the Brinkerhoffs.' She handed me my hat, and pointed significantly to the door. I went out at the aperture thus indicated, and have never darkened it since. Emily is now the wife of a Connecticut schoolmaster, who blows the pitchpipe and leads the choir on Sunday in her father's church.

"This was my first passion, and my last, except that into which I have been roused every time I sent a piece to be published. Yet I still love to console my dreary bachelorhood, by writing, and seeing my thoughts in print,—but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard, is against me, and probably always will be.

"JOHN SMITH."

From the Mobile Commercial Register of July 19. THE FATE OF MRS. ALSTON.

I have for some time observed an article going the rounds of the newspapers, in relation to the mysterious death of Mrs. Alston, the daughter of Col. Aaron Burr, taken from the Alabama Journal. This article, although true in many particulars, nevertheless, contains several errors. I suppose it grew out of a casual conversation I held in Mr. Smith's Book Store, in Mobile some six months since; and as Mr. Smith was very busy at the moment, several gentlemen being in the store, he probably misunderstood me in my statement. 1st, as to time, and 2ndly, as to the receiving the confessions of the pirate, either personally or as a physician. The article was also wrong in many points, as the statement itself will show. I do not charge any one with wilful exaggeration or misstatement, for nothing is more liable to occur, than for a story to undergo trivial modifications, by frequent repetitions from one individual to another.

It is well known under what circumstances Mrs. Alston left South Carolina. Whether she was the only daughter of Col. Burr, I know not; but one thing was evident, never did a father love a daughter, or a daughter a parent, with more fervor and devotion than they did. She quit Carolina and embarked at Charleston, with all her effects, consisting principally of plate, to join him in New York. She sailed, and was heard of no more for years.

It is said, her loss afflicted her father more severely than all his political troubles and adversities. For as before remarked, he loved his daughter.—In his last letter to General Wilkinson, written at the most important crisis of his life, says he, "I shall be on in such a time, and my daughter will soon follow."

The first indication of the nature of Mrs. Alston's death, which had for a long time, excited the painful and anxious feelings of her friends and the community, it is said, was communicated in the confessions of a pirate in the neighborhood of Norfolk, Va., many years since, who stated that the vessel in which she was embarked, was seized off the coast of North Carolina, and that Mrs. Alston's plate being considered valuable, caused the murder of all on board, and the robbery of the vessel. I do not know what degree of credit the report obtained.

Some years after this, another man died in South

Alabama; I think it was said to be in Marengo county, who also alluded to the death of Mrs. Alston, in the same manner and under the same circumstances—stating, that he had been a pirate, and concerned in the transaction; and that after the vessel was robbed, she was scuttled.

More recently another has died not very far from Mobile, bearing still stronger testimony in favor of the same horrible transaction.

The pirate who died, and the facts of whose case came into my possession, was by the name of Foster. He was taciturn and silent in his disposition. He for some time before his death, grew gradually more intemperate. He often spoke of being a sailor, of having been much at sea, or as the phrase goes, of having "seen much service." He fell sick, and was confined for some time. His brain appeared disordered, and his mind at times haunted by strange impressions. He, on his death bed, confessed to a very worthy and respectable gentleman who stood by him, that he had been a pirate, and belonged to a piratical crew, who took the vessel in which Mrs. Alston had embarked. That after the crew and passengers of the captured vessel were all dispatched, she alone remained to be disposed of. Each man expressed an unwillingness to become her executioner. They finally drew lots, to see whose duty it should be to destroy her, that it unfortunately fell upon him. Upon learning her fate, she begged strongly and pathetically for her life; she entreated them to spare her! She told them that she was Mrs. Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, who had been Vice President of the United States, and that he was awaiting her in New York, where she was going on to join him, and to console him in his adversity—that he made her walk the plank—which, finding she could not avert, she finally did with great firmness and composure! He was an illiterate man, and had probably never read any thing on the subject.

For some days previous to his death, he imagined he saw her in his room, and would convulsively point to different parts of the chamber, exclaiming with much earnestness, "There, there she is!" and ask the by-standers if they did not see her. This delusion rendered him as long as he could make himself understood, when he died a most miserable death!

In corroboration of this statement, the testimony of several gentlemen could be mentioned, whose standing and character are of the first order in the community, and whose veracity where known, never has nor never will be questioned, and who know the above statement to be substantially true; but I have no authority for calling them by name. If Col. Burr should yet doubt on the subject, evidence could be adduced, to establish it in any court of justice, which, being a lawyer, he would be obliged to admit.

I do not consider it necessary to be more minute on the subject, unless I should be more formally called on by some one, who has authority or claims for more particular information. Because, as before observed, nothing of the kind can do any good—further development and discussion can only tend to revive melancholy feelings and unpleasant regrets, which time had measurably buried in oblivion. ALEXANDER JONES, M. D.

Contest of Love and Folly.—The following allegory, from a female pen, is amusing, and the moral is instructive. According to the story, Love and Folly arrived at the same moment, at the gate of Jupiter's palace, to a feast to which he had invited all the deities of Olympus. Folly observing Love just going to step in the hall of the festival, pushes him away, and enters in first. Love is enraged, but Folly insists on her precedence. Love perceiving there was no reasoning with Folly, bends his bow and shoots an arrow; but she baffled his attempt, by rendering herself invisible. In turn, she becomes furious, fills on the boy, tearing out his eyes, and then covers them with a bandage, which could not be taken off. In despair for the loss of his sight, Love implores the assistance of his mother; she tries in vain to undo the magic fillet, the knots are never to be untied. Venus then presents herself at the feet of Jupiter, to complain of the outrage committed by Folly on her son. Jupiter summons Folly to appear; she replies, that though she has reasons sufficient to justify her conduct, she will not venture to plead her cause, as she is apt to speak too much, or to omit what is material. Folly asks for counsel, and chooses Mercury. Venus selects Apollo to advocate the cause of her son. In a long plea, Apollo demands justice against folly. Seduced by his eloquence, the gods are ready to condemn Folly, without hearing her counsel, Mercury. But Jupiter commands silence, and Mercury replies. His plea is long, and his arguments so plausible, that when he concludes, there is a diversity of opinion; some espousing the cause of Love, and some that of Folly. After trying in vain to make them agree, Jupiter pronounces the following award: "On account of the difficulty and importance of your disputes, and the diversity of your opinions, we have suspended your contest from this day to three times seven times nine centuries. In the mean time, we command you to live amicably together, without injuring one another. Folly shall lead Love, and take the boy whither she pleaseth; and when restored to his sight, sentence shall be pronounced as the fates may direct and compel."

Judge White, the people's candidate, is gaining ground in North Carolina, with unprecedented rapidity. Our information from every quarter is most cheering. Owing to local circumstances, and the artifices of the wire workers of the Regency, some counties which are decidedly for White, have returned Van Buren men to the Legislature; but the people are beginning to open their eyes, and it is the last time they will suffer themselves to be deceived by an interested band of office-holders and office-hunters, who, impudently name themselves "THE DEMOCRATIC." Their presumptuous attempt to dictate to the freemen of the country under this assumed, popular party title, will be spurned by the yeomanry of the country with the spirit and indignation that become an enlightened and independent people. The real Democracy will acknowledge no connexion with such a company of masked and trading politicians. Their over-weening zeal to identify their candidate with Gen. Jackson, and their repeated and flagrant efforts to deceive the people with regard to the true issue in the elections (erroneously placing it upon the Administration and the Bank) have betrayed their want of candor and sincerity, exposed their cloven foot, and plainly show that their real object is to promote the ambitious designs of the office-holders' candidate; and there can, therefore, be no more communion with them than Democracy, than that of light with darkness.

MURREL—"THE LAND PIRATE."

This individual, who has figured so largely in the incipient insurrectionary movements in Mississippi, appears to be a man of no ordinary character. He has been, we understand, for many years past, a resident of Tennessee, where bold and high handed depredations gained for him a conspicuous notoriety, and the cognomination of the "Land Pirate." His detection and conviction, were effected under circumstances full of incident peculiarly striking, and wildly romantic. We give them as they were hastily detailed to us, by a very intelligent and respectable Georgian, who has just returned from the South West. They are as follows:

Murrel had stolen, in Tennessee, several negroes belonging to a Baptist preacher, and a Mr. Stewart, a very enterprising and intelligent young gentleman went in pursuit of him. Stewart had no personal acquaintance with Murrel, but in the pursuit he accidentally fell into his company, when, by some expression which escaped Murrel, Stewart with an admirable tact, drew from him his name; upon which Stewart expressed his high admiration of Murrel's character—telling him, he had heard of his high chivalric exploits, and had long desired to follow so gallant a leader. Murrel, won by Stewart's flattery, and his assumed character of a desperado, confidentially communicated to him the insurrectionary plot, which he and his banditti had then in embryo. Stewart immediately intimated a desire to league himself with the great Chief, which of course, was readily granted. Murrel then informed him, that the head quarters of the band was in Arkansas, and that he was on his way to attend a meeting of the Grand Council, in that Territory, and invited Stewart to accompany him. Stewart readily accepted the invitation; and, upon his arrival with Murrel at their place of designation, was regularly inducted into the great council of the conspirators. The mystic signs of the band, such as the grip, countersign, &c., were then made known to Stewart, and the whole plot, in all its details, developed to him.

The grand Council having adjourned, Murrel and Stewart, returned together to Tennessee; when the latter, being in possession of the facts we have narrated, had Murrel arrested, tried, and sent to the Penitentiary. On his way from Arkansas to Tennessee, Murrel communicated to Stewart the fact—which had probably been overlooked in the Council—of there being twenty or thirty white men in Georgia concerned in the plot.

Our informant tells us, that Mr. Stewart is a young gentleman of great respectability, inflexible firmness, and unobscured decision of character—and that his patriotic and gallant conduct, has elicited the gratitude and admiration of the people of Mississippi.—Augusta Chronicle.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

One day last week, the wife of Mr. John Keen, of this town, was surprised by finding on the floor, close beside an infant, a very large brown adder which had made its way into the room unperceived, there being in the house, at the time, no one but herself and three small children. She immediately seized the fire shovel, and placing it upon his neck kept him a prisoner, till she had sent her little girl near half a mile for assistance, who returned with two women, the only assistance she could procure. During all this time, Mrs. Keen held the snake under her shovel, when the women with an axe severed his head from his body. He measured three feet and a half, and was of the thickness of a man's wrist.—Hallowell Press.

AN UGLY ANECDOTE.

I use the word Anecdote, Mr. Editor, in the old sense, as being "a something" as yet unpublished. Dr. P., who is a very efficient and capable editor of a spirited newspaper in the mining country, was one of the most active and daring soldiers, that strode his horse to meet his savage enemy in the last war with the Sacs and Foxes, which closed about September 1832. Strolling out from the camp early one morning, accompanied by one of his "fellows in arms," they suddenly met three Indians, by whom they were fired upon; luckily for themselves they escaped unhurt. The Doctor's companion quickly brought his rifle to his shoulder, and the unerring aim of the keen eye of the western hunter caused one of their men to kiss his mother earth. They instantly made chase after them, and the Doctor coming near to one raised his pistol, and another "son of nature" was brought to the earth. As he approached his enemy, he observed that though life was still in him, that death was perceptible in his eye. Having no scolding knife himself, he drew the Indian's, and began to execute that which Indians of every tribe perform, after leveling his enemy. Owing to the knife being extremely dull, the ill-fated Indian with-drew bitterly under the operation; he raised his hand and body to avert his coming fate, and with an awful groan, unusual to the savage, fell back, with his eyes firmly fixed on his conqueror. As the knife still progressed in its operation, he writhed horribly, but the Doctor with a great deal of sang froid, quite coolly remarked, Why did you not keep a sharper knife, the pain would not have been half so great, and with this remark he concluded his work.—Baltimore Republican.

From the Middletown (Conn.) Sentinel.

UNCOMMON CIRCUMSTANCES.

The facts communicated in the following notice are believed to be strictly true. The communication is from the parties themselves, one of whom is personally known to us:

Singular Marriage.—In the month of January, 1817, Mr. Henry Rockwell and Esther Niles were united in the bands of matrimony, by the Rev. Mr. West of East Hampton. In October, 1819, business called Mr. Rockwell to Savannah, from which place he intended to return in about six months; but unforeseen circumstances prevented his return until the 4th of the present month, having been absent sixteen years, eight months, and twenty-seven days. During his absence, Mrs. Rockwell obtained a bill of divorce, and was a second time married. With her second husband she lived until his death, which happened the 12th of March, 1831, and from that to the present time she has remained a widow.—On Saturday, the 4th instant, Mr. Rockwell arrived in Chatham, East Hampton Society, and found her that was once his wife, in the same house in which he had left her in the year 1817, and on Thursday afternoon, the 9th instant, they were again united in the bands of matrimony, by the Rev. Mr. Loper, of Middle Haddam. A short but comprehensive address was delivered on the occasion.

Like Noah's dove, that from the ark Was sent forth all alone, He found no mate to cheer his heart, Until he had returned.

WOMAN.

Woman, woman!—truly she is a miracle.—Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and something of folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose-bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affection, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart strengthens itself; how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or pities, to protect, and see her, as in a related instance, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead; praying for life to protect the helpless, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing; she distils, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, of grief forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

An Angel Caught.—The Magazine and Advocate says, that while the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, was in Ohio, engaged in proselyting the people to the faith of the "Golden Bible," he sought to give additional solemnity to the baptismal rite, by affirming that on each occasion an angel would appear on the opposite side of the stream, and there remain until the conclusion of the ceremony. The rite was administered in the evening, in Grand River, near Painesville, not by the prophet in person, but by his disciples. In agreement with the prediction of the prophet, on each occasion, a figure in white, was seen on the opposite bank, and the faith of the faithful was thereby greatly increased. Suspicious as to the incorporeal nature of the reputed angel, at length induced a company of young men (believers of course) to examine the quality of the ghost, and having secreted themselves, they awaited its arrival. Their expectations were soon realized by its appearance in its customary position, and rushing from their lair, they succeeded in forcing it into the stream, and although its efforts to escape were powerful, they succeeded in bringing it in triumph, to the opposite side of the stream, when, who should this supposed inhabitant of the upper world be, but the Mormon Prophet himself.—Rochester Republican.

Dead Doleful.—I paid Captain Chronic a visit one day and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it. Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered "our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. "This from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our 'poor dear friend,' was at his last gasp; but, being acquainted with Dr. Doleful's ways, I approached the captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone inquired how he was getting on. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see you—it does me good; you look and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful!—Here he comes, Sir, three times a day; walks into the room, on tip-toe, as if he thought I had 'at nerve to bear the speaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers, as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'well, how 'dye do, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and those three in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear—his dismal undertaker countenance lowering over me all the while—I'm not a nervous man, but"—and he here rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the *Thunderer*:—"I'm not a nervous man; but he sometimes makes me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner!"

A man of the middle class of society at Berlin, lately took it into his head to abandon his occupations and set up for a fortune-teller, and attracted 'crowds of credulous persons. Among the rest was a female servant, to whom he predicted that she should die on a scaffold. The girl became so depressed that it was remarked by her mistress; who, having extracted the secret, recommended her to try her fortune again, going to the soothsayer disguised as a lady of rank and wealth. The former prediction was repeated. The poor girl now was conscience-struck, and confessed that she had been guilty of infanticide. Upon this the pretended prophet as well as herself was taken into custody, he being suspected of having been privy to the crime.

A fight with the Devil.—A toper in a certain county in Virginia, wending his way home from a groggery after night, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on all fours, was in this last position met, as we suppose, by a wicked goat, who had learned to but, and who made instant fight with the son of Bacchus. After battering the poor fellow to his satisfaction, he was permitted to return to the grogman, with broken head and bloody face, and with the startling declaration that he had "met the devil out there in the old field, and we had a hard fight." "The devil?" enquired the man of grog, "how did he look?" "Why, he was black, and had a great pair of horns." On reviewing the field of battle the following morning, there was found incontrovertible evidence that fighting had been done by some body.—Temperance Star.

Rare Accomplishments.—A gentleman observed to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that it was very rare to find genius, wit, memory, and judgment, united in the same person. "Surely there is nothing astonishing in this," replied the Prince. "Genius takes its daring flight towards heaven—he is the eagle. Wit moves along by fits and starts—he is the grasshopper. Memory marches backwards—he is the crab. Judgment drags along slowly—he is the tortoise. How can you expect that all these animals should move in unison?"

A Yankee Shot.—A good story is told of a major and another Yankee. A Yankee says to a Major, "Can you shoot a rifle, Major?" "Pretty considerable," says he. "I can hit a chip in the air," says the Yankee, "five times out of six shots." The Major replied, "Well I can beat that, I guess, for I can hit one seven times in four shots." "Well," says the other, "that's enough—we won't waste powder, and I knock under."