

Literary and Miscellaneous.

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chiming,  
When all in hungry trim,  
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup  
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.  
Said he, 'upon this dainty cod  
How bravely I shall sup!—  
When, whiter than a table cloth,  
A ghost, came rising up!  
'O, father dear, O, mother dear,  
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—  
You know when some one went to sea—  
Don't cry—but I am him.  
You hope some day with fond embrace,  
To greet your absent Jack;  
But, oh, I am come here to say  
I'm never coming back!  
From Alexandria we set sail,  
With corn, and oil, and figs;  
But steering too much Sow, we struck  
Upon the Sow and Pigs!  
The ship we pump'd till we could see  
Old England from the tops;  
When down she went with all our hands,  
Right in the channel's chops!  
Just give a look in Norey's chart,  
The very place it tells;  
I think it says twelve fathoms deep,  
Clay bottom, mixed with shells.  
Well, there we are till 'hands aloft!  
We have at last a call,  
The pug I had for brother Jim,  
Kate's parrot, too, and all.  
But oh! my spirit cannot rest  
In Davy Jones's sod,  
'Till I appeared to you and said—  
Don't sup on that ere cod!  
You live on land; and little think  
What passes in the sea;  
Last Sunday week, at 2 P. M.,  
That cod was picking me!  
Those oysters, too, that look so plump,  
And seem so nicely done,  
They put my corpse in many shells,  
Instead of only one.  
O, do not eat those oysters then,  
And do not touch the shrimps;  
When I was in my bony grave,  
'They suck'd my blood like imps!  
Don't eat what brutes would never eat.  
The brutes I used to eat;  
They'll know the smell they used to smell—  
Just try the dog and cat!  
The spirit fled—they wept his fate,  
And cried, black, black!  
At last up started brother Jim—  
'Let's try if Jack was Jack!  
They called the dog, they called the cat,  
And little kitten too;  
And down they put the cod and sauce,  
To see what brute could do.  
Old Tray licked all the oysters up,  
Pass never stood at crimps,  
But munched the cod—and little Kit  
Quite feasted on the shrimps!  
The thing was odd, and minus cod  
And sauce they stood like posts;  
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,  
Put no belief in ghosts!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

How Brother Peter, (a Priest of Sienna,) intended to hoax a Florentine clerk, was himself hoaxed by the Florentine, in such a manner that it cost him his life.

If the wits and humourists of Florence were accustomed not to spare one another in the pursuit of any good practical joke, it would be believed, that they were not more scrupulous in the performance, when the citizen of a rich republic was fated to be the butt of their ridicule—and, last of all, when the ill-starred object had rendered himself obnoxious (as the Siennese were considered peculiarly apt to do) by acts of personal oppression.  
In Prato, a fair and honourable city of Tuscany, there lived (not long ago) one Master Mico da Siena, Prior of the Convent of Pieve, with whom dwelt his nephew, who was also a clerk, (although so young as not to be in priest's robes,) and who kept under him a curate to perform the services of the church and sacristy; who, being a native of Florence, was generally known by the appellation of "The Florentine." This last mentioned personage, although himself young in years, was, nevertheless, very shrewd, and somewhat malicious in temper, insomuch that he was engaged in perpetual feud and litigation with Master Peter, (the nephew,) which was not a little displeasing to the worthy Prior, and would have given twenty times occasion for his dismissal, if he had not been found so useful in his station, as not to be parted with for a trifle; although, at the same time, his great services did not prevent his worthy master from pluming himself on his superior rank, and treating him with contemptuous insolence proportioned to what he considered the difference between their conditions.

Now, Master Peter, who had nothing so much at heart as to play a trick upon the Florentine, one day finding a good opportunity offer itself for the purpose, resolved to avail himself of it that very night; and so, as soon as the supper was over, and all the household retired to sleep, he stole softly out of his chamber, (which was adjoining his uncle's) and went into the church, where they had that morning interred a girl who had died, after a six hours' illness, of eating poisonous mushrooms, and taking the body out of the grave, and having carefully replaced the tomb-stone, carried it on his shoulders to a place behind the high altar, where he fastened it to the rope of one of the church bells (which it was the business of his friend, the Florentine, to ring for matins) so dexterously, that the ringer, without having perceived the cause, would be sure to have the feet come bobbing against his face at the first pull; and, having thus disposed his machinery, he withdrew to a hiding-place, from whence he could witness, unobserved, the success of the stratagem.

The hour of matins being arrived, the Florentine rose and went to the church without a light, as was his custom, since he had been so long in the practice he went accordingly; without the slightest suspicion, at the first pull (as it had been adjusted,) he felt the dead-cold feet come to bounce against his left temple and shoulder; upon which he set up a howl of terror, and ran away screaming as fast as his legs would carry him—All which Master Peter beheld from his spy-place with incredible satisfaction, and after having (to render his consternation more complete) locked the door by which he entered, so as to prevent his regress out of the church, retired quietly to his own chamber to sleep.

The Florentine, already half out of his senses, no sooner reached the door and found it locked, than he was ready to drop senseless. However, he collected himself sufficiently to seek his way to the principal entrance, where he succeeded in unbarring the doors

\* Priore nelle Pieve principale.

and letting himself out; which, when he had done, he felt himself so inspired by the fresh air and beautiful moonlight, (it being one of the finest nights in the whole of that season,) that he began to reflect, without disturbance, on that which had occasioned him so much terror, and bethinking himself of the circumstance of the door by which he had entered, being afterwards locked from without, arrived at a very strong suspicion of the trick that had been played him, of which he knew nobody but Master Peter could be the author. In order, therefore, to satisfy himself, he went back and lit a candle at the sacrament lamp, with which (not without some remaining sensation of terror) he returned to the scene of action, where he soon satisfied himself that it was as he suspected; for there was the body suspended by the hair of its head to the identical bell-rope—which he knew to be that of the poor girl who had been buried in the morning, both by the length of the flaxen tresses, and by the garland of flowers with which it was adorned. Moved with compassion, therefore, he was about to return to the vault, from which it had been so unfeelingly displaced, when a thought of vengeance occurred to him, which he felt quite unable to resist; so, leaving the body where he found it, he looked about till he discovered a passage out upon the leads, from whence he made his way down into the cloister, and so to the little entrance-door which Master Peter had locked from without, and which he now re-opened. He then returned again into the church, fastened the great gate, and, taking the dead body on his shoulders, carried it on tip-toe through the cloisters to the door of Master Peter's chamber, which (having first satisfied himself, by listening at the key-hole, that he was sound asleep by his snoring) he softly and cautiously opened—and, advancing to the bed, deposited his load on the pillow, by the side of the sleeper, and then took his turn to conceal himself for the purpose of witnessing the effect of his counterplot.

Long it was before Master Peter's nap ended, but at length, about daybreak, he began to stir, and turning himself in his bed, (not yet well awake) he laid his hand on the face of his unwelcome bed-fellow, which, being colder than marble, caused him to withdraw it as suddenly, and without to open his eyes; which no sooner fixed themselves on the face of the corpse, than the transaction of the preceding evening flashed on his recollection, and he concluded, that the strange visitation, which he now experienced, was in recompense of the sacrilege he had committed, and for which he was now doomed to receive some signal punishment. Leaping therefore from the bed, in an agony of horror, he ran in his shirt to the corridor, which was adjoining his apartment, and there unluckily coming to the head of a staircase, which he forgot in his terror, he lost his footing, and tumbled from the head of the stairs to the bottom, at the expense of a broken arm and rib, and of two or three contusions on the skull. There he lay, unable to move, making the most hideous exclamations, from mingled pain and terror, till he awakened the house with his cries; and the Prior himself, hastening to the spot, found his beloved nephew in the condition above described, without the power of affording the least explanation.

Meanwhile the Florentine, who had observed all that passed, sallied forth from his ambush, and going softly to Master Peter's chamber, took the corpse once more on his shoulder, and carrying it back into the church, the way he had brought it, unobserved of any one, deposited it securely in the grave from which it had been taken, with the garland on its head, so that it appeared as if it had never been moved; and then went to ring the Ave-Maria bell, as it was already broad day-light. Nor was he long employed in this office, before he was summoned by the Prior, (who had all this time been vainly attempting to recall poor Master Peter to his senses, and draw from him an intelligible answer,) to go and call a physician, the best of his time in the city of Prato. Having dispatched the Florentine on his errand, the good Prior gave directions to the assistants to convey the wounded man back to his chamber; but the order was no sooner pronounced, than he as suddenly recovered the use of speech, of which he had been deprived, and with the most manifest tokens of terror and repugnance, demanded that he might be carried any where else rather than to that frightful place; upon which they took him to an apartment that was destined for strangers, and where, not without much difficulty, he at last prevailed on himself to give them an explanation of what had caused his terror, and of the hideous spectre he had beheld on his pillow. One of the assistants, who was a man of courage, immediately upon this account being given, hastened to the spot to ascertain the reality; and finding the bed empty, and no vestige appearing of what had created this terrible alarm, returned and reported that Master Peter must have seen these things in a dream—an opinion which was acquiesced in by some neighbouring priests, who had, in the meanwhile, been attracted to the spot by his cries, and who all concurred in ascribing what had passed to a distracted imagination.

Master Peter, still more amazed, and incensed by this conclusion, now insisted upon being himself carried back to his chamber, where he found every thing as had been reported, and which yet farther increased his perplexity. Meanwhile, the physicians arriving, prescribed the usual remedies both for his outward hurts, and his supposed mental derangement; and the former having been found less severe than was first apprehended, the unfortunate sufferer, to excuse himself from the imputation cast on his understanding, began to relate, in a clear and connected manner, the whole history of what had passed, so far as it was known to him, first asking pardon (with many expressions of shame and contrition, (for the trick he had himself endeavoured to play on the Florentine. How great, then, was his astonishment and rage, when the Florentine, with the utmost apparent truth and simplicity, solemnly denied all knowledge of any trick having been practised on him whatever, or of any part of the alleged transactions; adding, that after ringing the matins-bell as usual, during which no event had happened in any manner to disturb him, he had returned to bed, and was there expecting the signal for the Ave-Maria, when he was alarmed by Master Peter's cries, and the noise made by those who came to call him. "How!" exclaimed Master Peter, half choked with passion; "and did you not perceive the corpse attached to the bell-rope? And did you not feel its feet dangling in your face? And did you not run away, terrified out of your life?—And so repeated word for word the whole history of the event, exactly as he had before related it, every part of which the Florentine again, and in like manner, put in issue by a positive denial. Upon this Master Peter could contain himself no longer, but challenged an immediate test of his veracity, by inspecting the grave from which the body had been taken. Thither all the by-standers adjourned accordingly; and there (to his utter confusion) the corpse was found, laid out in precise order, with not even the garland on its head discomposed, and with no sign of having been moved since the hour of its interment.

It is impossible to describe the mingled feelings of wonder and vexation with which this miracle was beheld by the poor baffled schemer, who (to shorten the tale) gave orders to be instantly carried back to his chamber, and put to bed, where, having leisure to consider all that had passed, he found so little comfort or satisfaction in his reflections, that he fell into melancholy, and thence into frenzy, in which latter state he was so tempted by the Devil that one morning, being left alone in his chamber, he threw himself out of the window, and fractured his skull, by which he died on the spot. His old uncle, in despair for his loss, having no longer any one to succeed him, renounced the priory, and passed the remainder of his days in retirement at Sienna, being firmly persuaded to the last, that his nephew had been bewitched. As for the Florentine, he found that it

\* Lampane del Sacramento.

would not be convenient for him to remain behind, with so much of doubt and mystery attached to an incident in which he performed so distinguished a part; and removing to Florence, became clerk of the Sacristy of St. Peter the Great, where, in process of time, he ventured to divulge the whole truth, and has since often and often related the affair precisely as it occurred, without which the world would never have been made acquainted with so rare and diverting a history.

From "Legends of New England."

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The gaunt wolf,  
Scenting the place of slaughter with his long  
And most offensive howl, did ask for blood."  
"The wolf—the gaunt and ferocious wolf! How many tales of wild horror are associated with his name! Tales of the deserted battle-field—where the wolf and the vulture feast together—a horrible and obscene banquet, realizing the fearful description of the siege of Corinth, when

"On the edge of a gulf  
There sat a raven flapping a wing,  
amidst the cold and stiffening corpses of the fallen; or of the wild Scandinavian forests, where the peasant sinks down exhausted amid the drifts of winter, and the wild wolf-howls sound fearfully in his deafening ear, and lean forms and evil eyes gather closer and closer around him, as if impatient for the death of the doomed victim.

"The early settlers of New England were not unfrequently incommoded by the numbers and ferocity of the wolves, which prowled around their rude settlements. The hunter easily overpowered them, and with one discharge of his musket scattered them from about his dwelling. They fled even from the timid child, in the broad glare of day—but in the thick and solitary night, far away from the dwellings of men, they were terrible, from their fiendish and ferocious appetite for blood.

"I have heard of a fearful story of the wolf, from the lips of some of the old settlers of Vermont. Perhaps it may be best told in the language of one of the witnesses of the scene:—

"Twas a night of January, in the year 17— We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our little settlement of four or five log-houses. 'Twas rather late—about twelve o'clock, I should guess—when the party broke up. There was no moon—and a dull, gray shadow or haze hung all around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly-looking stars gave us their dull light, as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and myself, and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountain. There were my two sisters, and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl—that Caroline Allen, I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

"Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark, full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the thick darkness. The snow was deep—deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years—but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the white pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a low, howl howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were folded close to my own, as a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—"The wolves—the wolves!"

"Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for sixpence a sight, children half price—but a fierce, half starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has such a frightful, fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon. "Another, and another howl—and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us.—We all turned right round, and looked in the direction of the sound.

"The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark, gliding bodies. And so in fact they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a powwow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us to feel that it would be useless to contend without them. There was not a moment to lose—the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the trees—let us climb this tree! I cried, springing forwards towards a low boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed into.

"Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold—and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the topmast of an iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs—no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And their yells—they were long and loud, and devilish!

"I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us; and a moment after a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went plunging down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!  
"It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrible dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not—and I stirred not, for the whole was at that time like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined with them—and that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

"When I came fully to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sisters, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raging animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down upon the dark, wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around us was the thick cold night—and below, the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

"The morning broke at last; and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of day-light, like so many coward murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from

our resting place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb with cold and terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raved wildly about the dreadful things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains all around the tree, and two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled into the snow.

"We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazed and brain-stricken creatures. They assisted us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason never recovered fully from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, and would sit alone for hours together, ever and anon muttering to himself about that horrible night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a hair of his head.

"For my own part, I confess I have never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavoured to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my own shadow; and even now, the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.  
J. G. W."

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

Such is the name of the new work of Sir Walter Scott, which will shortly issue from the press. We have read the first and half of the second volume, of the English copy, being the whole that has been received in this country. In the interest and variety of the scenes, in the delineation of character, in the introduction of striking historical personages and events, in the gorgeous description of eastern magnificence, and in the lively and romantic account of chivalrous adventure, it will be found largely to abound.

Those who have not forgotten the annals of the lower empire—the Greek or Byzantine court; those who are familiar with the rich pages of the latter volumes of Gibbon, and his masterly, full, but rapid sketch of the Crusades, cannot fail particularly to remember the period, during which the illustrious family of the Comneni redeemed, for a while, the fleeting splendours of the throne of Constantinople. The emperors of that name were distinguished in themselves, but especially so when compared with the miserable pageants who were elevated and torn almost daily, from the seat which they claimed to hold as the successors of the fierce masters of the destinies of Rome. The bold phalanx of Rome had dwindled down into an army, bearing mighty names, and dressed with the splendour of the east, but in truth powerless; while the emperor was guarded on his seat, maintained by a small band of barbarians, or Varangians as they were called, who driven from their own homes far to the west, by the weapons of the fierce Normans, sought a livelihood among the feeble inhabitants of the east: while in their bosoms rankled the bitterest hatred against the barbarians by whom they were compelled to accept this venal service. The singular spirit of religious enthusiasm, the fondness for warlike adventure, and the inherited love of military conquest, drew from all parts of Europe the vast bands of Crusaders, and threw them like an avalanche on the east. The peculiar character of the age, called forth a thousand traits of wonderful bravery, of haughty pride, and of contempt for danger. These circumstances, all united in a brief and eventful period, have allured, or with a good judgment been selected by the great novelist, to form the basis of his volumes.

The Hero of the piece, Count Robert of Paris, is well known by the bravest champions of the first Crusade; and his bold feat during the performance of reluctant homage, by the Crusaders to the Emperor Alexius, is recorded by Gibbon and other historians. It is introduced into, and forms a striking scene in the romance.—Advocate.

CAPTAIN CALAMITE.

"To what base uses must we come, Horatio! might well be put in the mouth of Hamlet by the Bard of Avon; and we do think, had he but known the following anecdote, related by James P. Andrews, F. R. S. p. 371, Shakspeare would have prolonged the address made to Horatio. However, we give the tale, wounding as it is to our sympathies.

"A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Bristol, under the title of Capitaine Calamite, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours the misfortunes of his early years. His favourite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His stature, it must be observed, was singularly diminutive, and his strength of body small in proportion. To such a one no severe tasks of labour could be assigned, even by the most barbarous taskmaster. What then were the cruelties he had to relate? "I was treated (he used to say to the Editor's friend) like a brute animal. They could not make me tug at the oar; they could not make me drag heavy stones; they made me then—they made me sit, day after day, and night after night, in one cruel constrained posture—to hatch turkeys!" Mr. Cunningham seems to have embodied this story in his Velvet Cushion.

Philology.—The following ludicrous explanation of the order in which some of the letters of the Alphabet are placed, as well as their essential use in the economy of morals, may well be entitled to the consideration of the "literati" of the present enlightened period. The scholiasts upon that ode of Anacreon, which describes Cupid to be stung by a bee, state him at that moment to have been learning his letters, and in perpetual remembrance of his winged assailant, he decreed that the alphabet should commence with B. A.—The precedence of B to C is explained upon the principle that a man must Be before he could See. But the modern philologists make more important discoveries, and assign an origin to our letters as ancient as extraordinary; they declare that the letter D was of infinite concern to Noah, inasmuch as it made his Ark, Dark; that the letter F is peculiarly the poulticer's property as it makes an Oul a Fowl; and that the letter G is as much the requisite of the Farmer as it converts all his Oats into Goats; that it is of inestimable service to a Lass, as it only requires it to be placed before her to make a Glass; and that the letter H is as important to the physiologist as it convinces him that no Ear can Hear, without it; the modern scholiasts also inform us that the letter K has a serious reference to the safety of the good, as it only enables the Ill to Kill; and that the letter L would

be of service to any man when pursued by an Adder, as it would alone convert the serpent into a Ladder, and permit him to make his escape; as for the letter M its utility to the female members of a Temperance society is apparent, for it only enables an Ale-Drinker to be a Male-Drinker, and surely our fair friends cannot be too much obliged to this admirable letter for the distinction; the letter N is likened to a little pig, because it makes a sty Nasty; while the letter P is taken from Pimp, in order to show that character in his light, as an Imp; the learned are not yet satisfied; they have not yet discovered, forsooth, that the letter R is an emetic, because it makes Each, Reach, and the letter U and V can never by possibility go after T; moreover they have asserted o, a, s, t, are Toast with T, and therefore in a somewhat unhappy condition likewise; it is said in the schools, where these matters are taught, that the Barber is the unkindest trade of all to the gentlemen of the alphabet, as he ties up Q's (quees) and puts two P's (toupées) into irons. Such is philological science; to what interesting discoveries may it not give rise, when even an alphabetical arrangement can put us in possession of such important facts.—Inq.

A RIDE.

During the Revolutionary War, when a part of the American army were encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown in New Jersey—an officer who was rather more of a devotee of Venus, than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly, in the cultivation of those kindly feelings which love so cordially inspires. On a discovery of the cause of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where his interviews with his dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his amorous visits. The officer it appears rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he always left unbridled, with the bridle reins over his neck near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over; and the horse always remained until backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position. On a certain very dark night, when the officer had, as usual, gone to pay his devoirs to the object of his affections, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one; his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was; took the bridle and saddle from the horse which they sent quietly away, placed the former on the tail, and the latter on the back of a very sober ruminative old cow, (with the crupper over the horns,) who stood peaceably chewing her cud, near the spot. Immediately thereafter, they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed, and were marching in full force into the village. On hearing the voice of alarm, the people ran out greatly excited; and consternation entering every dwelling, found its unwelcome way speedily, into the household temple where our official hero was worshipping. Taking counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he started from the lady's chamber, and rushing rapidly down stairs, shot out of doors with the velocity of a musket ball, and owing to the darkness, not seeing the interesting change in the conformation of his nag, mounted hastily into the saddle, with his back towards the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs deeply into her side, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted off in gallant style, and in her best gallop made towards the camp. The officer still plying his trusty spurs and whip to the skin and bones of the suffering old animal, and with all his wine and love on board—finding himself hurried rapidly backwards, maugre all his efforts to advance; and hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured and frightened beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him—was carried in this state of perturbation into the very alignment of the camp. The courageous sentinels, hearing the noise, and imagining no doubt, that Hannibal and his oxen were coming, discharged their pieces and fled as if the devil had chased them; the alarm guns were fired—the drums beat to arms; the officers left their quarters and cried turn out! turn out! with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers started from their sleep as if a ghost had crossed their dreams—and the whole body running, half naked, together, formed as quick as possible in gallant dishabille, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes, of the gallant officer, mounted on an old cow, with his face towards her tail, and this appendage sticking straight out behind; her tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the grievous gigning of the spurs, and himself, owing to his excessive fear, almost deprived of reason and half petrified with horror. A loud and general roar of laughter broke from the assembled band, at the rider and his steed—the whole corps gave him three times three hearty cheers, as he bolted into the camp, and he was seized and carried to his quarters in triumph, there to dream of love's metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances, and alarms of invasion, and thereby to garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of cowology.  
N. Y. Constellation.

The world is rapidly reforming. Knowledge is marching forth like an armed man. The public taste is improving. The pomp and pageantry which formerly attended the passage of crowned heads, is on the wane, and growing into disuse. From what we see in the political movements of the old world, we hazard the opinion that where reform does not take place, the hydra head and hands of revolution will attempt the great work itself.

A virtuous education, and habits of industry, make a better inheritance for children than a great estate. We are very solicitous to acquire property, but too often care but little what sort of heirs we leave it to.

Some will acquire property by selling brick dust, others will become poor by selling gold dust.