

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Good Night. FROM THE GERMAN OF PATER. Dark is the night! Yet stars are glimmering through the cope of heaven;

And in the night! Still is the night! All day's loud notes were;

Rich is the night! When the dark night of trouble veils him round;

When all the world is hushed, and the stars are bright;

A Feast Expeditious down the Jordan. A good deal of attention, scientific and otherwise, has of late been directed to the Holy Land and adjoining countries;

Some authorities affirm that the observations to determine the levels must have been incorrect; on the other hand, it has been shown by comparison with British rivers, that there is nothing extraordinary in the presumed fall.

Four canals were provided for the boat and baggage, besides horses. After two days' travelling the party arrived at the top of the last ridge of hills overlooking the Lake of Tiberias.

Descending the hills to the lake shore, the difficulties began. "By degrees," says Lieutenant Molyneux, "the road became so steep that we were obliged to hold the boat up by ropes, till at length we arrived at a point beyond which the camel could not proceed, and to return was impossible—the stones, when started, rolled to the bottom; the camels began to roar; then followed the usual trembling of the legs—the certain precursor of a fall; and, in short, to save the boat, it became necessary to cut the lashings, and let her slide down on her keel to the foot of the hill.

After crossing the lake once or twice, and taking soundings and other observations, the boat was steered for the entrance of the river; and encompassing for the night on the bank, the party were visited by numbers of Arabs, who, after some persuasion, left them unmolested, but kept the travellers in a state of apprehension during the night, and again the next morning for several miles of the route.

The Arab who was in the boat, and who was the only one who remained, was a man of a very peculiar appearance, and who, after some persuasion, left them unmolested, but kept the travellers in a state of apprehension during the night, and again the next morning for several miles of the route.

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part of the Ghor is entitled to be called a valley. Besides other impediments, the river was obstructed by numerous weirs, built by the Arabs to divert the water into the frequent small channels cut for irrigating their fields.

In addition to this there was an incessant respecting the cattle and baggage, which, writes Lieutenant Molyneux, "were frequently obliged to diverge to a considerable distance from the river; but a capital fellow that we hired at Tiberias as a guide assisted us greatly in overcoming all our difficulties." By and by a sheik and four Bedouins stopped the party, and demanded 600 piasters for a free passage across his territories; but after some altercation, a compromise was effected for a third of the sum.

In this way the travellers proceeded, opposed not only by natural obstacles, but by the fierce and rapacious character of the natives. In some places the river was so rocky and shallow, that it was found desirable to transfer the boat again for a time to the camels' backs. On this occasion, observes the Lieutenant—"From a hill over which our road lay I had a very fine view of the whole valley, with its many Arab encampments, all made of the common coarse black camel-hair cloth. Very large herds of camels were to be seen in every direction stalking about upon the apparently barren hills in search of food. The Jordan had split into two streams of about equal size shortly after leaving El Buk'ah; and its winding course, which was marked by luxuriant vegetation, looked like a gigantic serpent twisting down the valley. After forming an island of oval form, and about five or six miles in circumference, the two branches of the Jordan again unite immediately above an old ruinously formed bridge, marked in the map as Jisr Mejmia. On encompassing in the evening, an interesting instance of sagacity is recorded by the leader. "I was much interested," he writes, "during the night, in observing the extraordinary sagacity of the Arab marauders, which are indeed beautiful creatures. The old sheik lay down to sleep, with his mare tied close to him, and twice during the evening she gave him notice of the approach of footsteps by walking round and round; and when that did not awaken him, she put her head down and neighed. The first party she notified were some stray camels, and the second some of our own party returning. The Bedouins generally ride with a halter only, except when they apprehend danger; and then, the moment they take their bridles from their saddle-bow, the mares turn their heads round, and open their mouths to receive the bit."

For the next few days, so frequent were the disputes with the Arabs, the bargainers with new escorts, that the lieutenant was "almost driven mad." Sometimes the Bedouins would go off in a body, thinking to frighten him into terms; but the party were well armed, and could command a certain degree of respect. So turbulent, too, was the river, that, as we are told, "it would be impossible to give any account of the various turnings," and the leader was obliged to ride continually between the boat and the baggage, to ascertain the relative position of each; a railway-whistle which he had with him proved very useful in making signals. The expedition, indeed, "was almost like moving an army in an enemy's country—not only looking out for positions where we could not be taken by surprise, but anxiously looking out also for supplying our commissariat. With the thermometer ranging from 83 to 110 degrees, this was no enviable task."

On the 30th of the month, it having been found impossible to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Arabs, Lieut. Molyneux determined on proceeding without an escort; and after the place of rendezvous was reached by the mounted party, continues: "We, as usual, stuck Toby's spear in the ground, with the ensign flying on it, as a sign for the boat to bring up, intending to proceed as soon as she arrived. The last time I had seen her was from the top of the western cliffs; she was then nearly abreast of us; and notwithstanding the windings of the river, as the water was good, and as she had four men to pull and one to steer (Grant, Lycomb, Winter, with the guide) we had brought from Tiberias, and the man we had engaged by the road,) I expected her arrival in about an hour. The boat, however, did not arrive; and the Lieutenant, becoming anxious, sent out scouts to look for her, but they returned unsuccessful. Meantime he had taken up a secure position with his party, and eventually determined on going in search of the missing crew himself; but being ignorant of the language, Toby offered to go in his stead. The Lieutenant then pursues—"After most anxiously awaiting his return for an hour, he came back full gallop to inform me that he had found the boat; that she had been attacked; and that he had learned this painful intelligence from the guide and the other Arab, who were now alone bringing her down the river. Forty or fifty men had collected on the banks on each side of the river, armed with muskets, and commenced their attack by throwing stones at the boat, and firing into the water close to her; and after they thus terrified the men, they all waded into the river, seized upon her, and dragged her to the shore. Lycomb, who drew a pistol, was knocked into the water by a blow of a stick; and having got the boat on the shore, they robbed the men of all their arms and ammunition, took their hats, and let them go. They also robbed the two Arabs of their arms, and of most of their clothes, and threatened to kill them, but let them off with a beating. This was all the intelligence we could obtain; and, as we were supposed, I was thus, almost, by the recital of these melancholy facts. The guide and the other Arab had remained by the boat for half an hour, hoping that our men would return; but seeing nothing more of them, they concluded that they had endeavored to follow me, and accordingly they proceeded down the river with the boat."

The party were now in a critical position: surrounded on all sides by bands of notorious plunderers, and darkness coming on, added to which, anxiety as to the fate of the missing men, rendered the Lieutenant truly miserable. It seemed cruel to abandon them; but the only chance of safety and success lay in reaching Jericho as speedily as possible. The two natives who had brought the boat down were with much difficulty persuaded to take her on to the castle, and in case of the non-arrival of the party, to make their way from thence to Jerusalem, and report their position to the consul. The Lieutenant, with Toby and an old man as guide and driver of the animals, then set forward; and notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, and at times of losing their way, reached Jericho, a distance of more than thirty miles, just as

sunrise. The letter from the Governor of Beirut was forthwith presented to the old Governor at the castle; and so well did the Lieutenant urge his case, that in a short time four well mounted soldiers, accompanied by the guide with refreshments, and a note for the sailors, were scouring the country in search of them. Meantime Lieutenant Molyneux rode over to Jerusalem, where, in company with the consul, he visited the Pasha, and obtained from him letters to two other pashas, directing them to send out men to the search, besides the soldiers to assist the officer in his own exploration, and accompany him afterwards to the Dead Sea. On returning to Jericho, the boat was found to have arrived; and the next day the district of country in which the outrage occurred was diligently explored, but without obtaining any tidings of the missing unfortunate; a result which, despite a hope that the men might have succeeded in reaching the coast, threw the Lieutenant into "a desponding and gloomy mood."

He determined, however, on accomplishing, if possible, the grand object of the expedition; and the *agha* (leader of the soldiers) was requested to be in readiness with his men the following morning. "At last," pursues the Lieutenant, "we reached the mouth of the river, where I was glad to find the boat floating on the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. We had great difficulty in getting anywhere near the shore, on account of the marshy nature of the ground, several horses and mules having sunk up to their bodies in the mud; but at length we pitched the tent on a small patch of sand and sandy ground."

Two soldiers were left in charge of the tent, while the officer, with Toby and two men, an Arab and Greek, embarked. "We shoved off," he says, "just as it was falling dark, with only two oars, and with no one who had much idea of using them except myself, or any notion of boat-sailing. Under these circumstances, as I made sail and lost sight of the northern shore, I could not help feeling that I was embarked in a silly, if not a perilous undertaking. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite sea enough for such a little craft; we passed several patches of white frothy foam, and as the sea made an unusual noise, I was many times afraid that they were breakers."

Two days and nights were passed on the bosom of the dread lake: when the sun was up, the party were scorched by the heat, as though they were in a well heated oven; and on the second night they were chilled with cold winds, and the boat became so leaky as to add greatly to the risk. In some places the arid cliffs rise perpendicularly to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet, and only in one little gap were there any signs of vegetation; a drearier scene could scarcely be imagined. Soundings were taken three times, the deepest being 225 fathoms, and the least 178 fathoms; the lead brought up rock-salt, and dark-colored mud. "On the second day," continues the narrative, "at eleven o'clock, we got sight of the tent, and at twelve we reached the shore, quite done up, and thankful for having escaped, which none of us expected to do the night before. Everything in the boat was covered with a nasty slimy substance; iron was dreadfully corroded, and looked as if covered in patches with coal tar, and the effect of the salt spray upon ourselves, by lying upon the skin, and getting into the eyes, nose, and mouth, produced constant thirst and drowsiness, and took away all appetite."

As to the alleged destructive effect of the Dead Sea on birds flying over its surface, we killed some which were actually standing in the water; and on Saturday, while in the very centre of the sea, I three times saw ducks, or some other fowl, fly past us within shot. I saw no signs, however, of fish, or of any living thing in the water, although there were many shells on the beach. I must here mention a curious broad strip of foam which appeared to lie in a straight line, nearly north and south, throughout the whole length of the sea. It did not commence, as might be supposed, at the exit of the Jordan, but some miles to the westward, and it seemed to be constantly bubbling and in motion, like a stream that runs rapidly through a lake of still water, while nearly over this white track, during both the nights that we were on the water, we observed in the sky a white streak like a cloud, extending also in a straight line from north to south, and as far as the eye could reach."

Just after starting the next day to return to Jericho, the party saw a horseman at a distance galloping towards them, and at times firing a pistol; and we can sympathise with the leader's "inexpressible delight that it proved to be the consul's janizary, with a letter to tell me that the three lost men had reached Tiberias in safety; he brought me also a most kind letter from Capt. Symonds, enclosing a copy of the account that they had given him of their adventures. It would be a mere waste of words to state my joy at these tidings." The boat was carried back to the coast, and on the 12th of September Lieutenant Molyneux found himself once more on board the Spartan. And until more accurate information shall be obtained, we may consider that the question, as to the nature of the Jordan, is answered.

We wish we could close our narrative here; but it is necessary, however painful, to add, that since the above columns were commenced, intelligence has been received of the death of this gallant officer, which took place, through the combined effect of climate and over-exertion, soon after his return to the ship.

BULWER AND EUGENE ARAM.—A meeting announcement is made by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his preface to the present edition of "Eugene Aram," the last volume completed of the beautiful edition of his works now publishing by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The announcement will henceforth confirm the fame acquired by this noble romance, and will materially tend to elevate the already noble and lofty character of Eugene Aram. Says the author, "On going with mature judgment, over all the evidences on which Aram was condemned; I have, convinced myself, that although an accomplice in the robbery of Clarke, he was free from both the premeditated design, and the actual deed of murder." So thorough is the conviction of Sir Edward on this point, and so fully has that conviction been corroborated, that he says further on—"Finding my convictions, that in the murder itself he had no share, borne out by the opinion of many eminent lawyers, by whom I have heard the subject discussed, I have accordingly so shaped his confession to 'Walter.' This will be grateful news to those who, like ourselves, regard 'Eugene Aram' as one of the best, and certainly as one of the most moral of his productions.—London paper.

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him to the grave.

Good men are distinguished by various characteristics arising out of temperament, education, and circumstances, which impart great variety to the modes they adopt of accomplishing plans of life, and carrying out any important enterprise for the Church, for the country, or for the benefit of the world. In one man we see straightforward honesty of purpose, which thinks of no compromise, fears no results, and presses on to the right with an earnestness and perseverance which are almost sure to win success. This is the decided policy. With prudence in judging the right, and due regard to circumstances, such men are very apt to bend the opinions of others to theirs, and in the end succeed against all obstacles, in whatever they undertake. Many a man of ordinary capacity, by pursuing a course of this kind for years, has come to be thought a great man, and reached a position of standing and influence to which men of really higher powers aspire in vain. But there is another class of good men, who seem to have no opinion of their own about anything until they hear that of some one else; who desire above all things to avoid making themselves enemies, and would have all, of every shade of opinion, and every variety of sentiment, their friend; who fear to speak their own views decidedly, and modify their thoughts, and nothing of their expressions into such a convenient ambiguity, that they are much like the ancient oracles, whose dicta were sure to be applicable any how, no matter how events turned out. Such men to be sure, in some measure, avoid making enemies, but do they make for themselves decided loving friends? Do they generally reach eminence? Are they generally successful in their undertakings? Have they the confidence of any body to such a degree as to be trusted with important interests? Do not men come to regard them as a sort of negation in society, neither a plus nor a minus, but a sort of smooth round O, well enough in its place, but which no body wants very much to do with? We call the policy of such men the temporising policy. They are time-servers. They say agreeable things to every body. Their object is to please. Duty relaxes in their hands. Language bends under their efforts to keep good conscience, and yet not displeasing, or contrary. They are a supple sort of compromising milk and water material, "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;" ever striving after something, but scarcely ever attaining it, and when they do, it is by some indirect or accident. Such men are often frightened at their own shadow, and turned aside, after they have become fixed, if a spider weave his web across their path. What good do such men ever do in the world or the Church?—Western Episcopalian.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.—Marriage is of a date prior to sin itself—the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one smile that God fell on the world's innocence, lingering and playing still upon its sacred visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God himself, who filled in his own person, the office of Guest, Witness and Priest. There stood the two godlike forms of innocence, fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden, and the green carpeted earth smiled to look upon so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by, pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed incense on the sacred air, answering to their upright love. An artless round of joy from all the vocal natures, was the hymn, a spontaneous nuptial harmony, such as a world in tune might yield, ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus, and led them forth into life, to begin her wondrous history. "The first religious scene they knew, was their own marriage before the Lord God." They learned to love him as the interpreter and sealer of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a form of wedded worship—a sacred mystery of spiritual oneness and communication. They did not continue. Curiosity triumphed over innocence. They tasted sin and knew it in their fall. Man is changed; man's heart and woman's are no longer what the first hearts were. Beauty is blighted. Love is debased. Sorrow and tears are in the world's cup. Sin has swept away all paradise matter, and the world is bowed under its curse. Still one thing remains as it was. God mercifully spared one token of the innocent world; and that the dearest, to be a symbol forever of the primal love.—And this is marriage. This one flower of Paradise is blooming yet in the desert of sin.—Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

All for the Best. All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful, Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise; Nothing but folly gives failures and fears; Courage forever is happy and wise; All for the best—if a man would but know it; Providence wishes us all to be best; This is no dream of the poet or priest; Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best.

All for the best; set this on your standard, Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love, Who the shores of Despair may have wandered, Away, wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove; All for the best; be a man but confiding, Providence kindly governs the rest; And the frail bark of our frailty is guiding, Woeless and wary, all for the best.

All for the best—then bring away terrors, Meet all your fears and your foes in the van, And in the midst of your dangers or errors; Trust like a child, while you strive like a man; All's for the best—unbiased, undoubted, Providence reigns from the East to the West, And by both nations and masters surrounded; Hope and happy be that—all's for the best.

TURKISH GALLANTRY.—A Mexican, when you praise his horse, immediately replies that the horse is at your service, which means no more than when in this country you write to a man that you are his "obedient, humble servant." A late Turkish ambassador in England, actually did what the Mexican phrase professes to do. When any lady happened to praise one of the handsome shawls that decorated his person, he immediately presented it to her. This led to a very general admiration of his excellent shawls, and in consequence, to a very great diminution of the ambassador's wardrobe. At last, when his excellency's stock was reduced to the one he wore, upon a lady's loudly expressing her admiration of its beauty, instead of his former reply, "Madam, it is at your service," he said, "Turkish gallantry, 'Madam, I am glad you like it; I shall wear it for your sake.'"

When an Indian maiden dies, her friends take a young bird which has just begun to try its power of song, and leading it with kisses and caresses, set it free over the grave, in the belief that it will neither fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has reached the "spirit land," and borne its message of affection to the loved and lost.

State of the Tonguin and her Adventures. The captain of the vessel, was a rash and choleric man—or, if these accounts represent him truly, a monster. Quarrels commenced as soon as the party got out to sea; and before the Tonguin reached the Oregon, Capt. Thorn had thrown one man overboard—left nine others, including three or four partners, on a barren island—and cast away eight of his best seamen to inevitable death on the bar of the river. But justice comes to all men, as the ancients said: the death of this half-savage man is one of the most tragic on record. The story has been told by Washington Irving—in the interest of Capt. Thorn: now let us hear Mr. Ross's version. After disembarking the colony at the mouth of the Columbia, the Tonguin was voyaging still farther north, trailing along the coast. Next day the Indians came off to trade in great numbers. On their coming alongside, the captain ordered the boarding-net to be put up round the ship, and would not allow more than ten on board at a time; but just as the trade had commenced, an Indian was detected cutting the boarding-netting with a knife in order to get on board. On being detected, he instantly jumped into one of the canoes which were alongside, and made his escape. The captain then, turning round, bade the chiefs to call him back. The chiefs smiled and said nothing, which irritated the captain, and he immediately laid hold of two of the chiefs, and threatened to hang them up unless they caused the delinquent to be brought back to be punished. The moment the chiefs were seized, all the Indians fled from the ship in consternation. The chiefs were kept on board all night with a guard over them. Food was offered them, but they would neither eat nor drink. Next day, however, the offender was brought to the ship and delivered up, when the captain ordered him to be stripped and tied up, but did not flog him. He was then dismissed. The chiefs were also liberated, and left the ship, refusing with disdain a present that was offered them, and vowing vengeance on the whites for the insult received. Next day an Indian came to the ship, but in the afternoon an old chief came for Mr. McKay and myself to go to his lodge. We did so, and were very kindly treated. Mr. McKay was a great favorite among the Indians; and I have no doubt that the plot for destroying the ship was at this time fully arranged, and that it was intended, if possible, to save McKay's life in the general massacre. But not finding this practicable without the risk of discovery, he, as we shall soon learn, fell with the rest. When we were on shore, we saw the chiefs, and they seemed all in good humor, and asked me if the captain was still angry; and on being assured that they would be well treated and kindly received by him if they went on board, they appeared highly pleased, and promised to go and trade the following day. Mr. McKay was walking backwards and forwards on deck in rather a gloomy mood, and considerably excited; himself and the captain having, as he told me, had some angry words between them respecting the two chiefs who had been kept prisoners on board, which was sorely against McKay's will. As soon as I got on deck he called me to him. "Well," said he, "are the Indians coming to trade to-day?" I said, "They are again; wish they would not come," said he again; adding, "I am afraid there is an undercurrent at work. After the captain's late conduct to the chiefs, I do not like so sudden, so flattering a change. There is treachery in the case, or they differ from all other Indians I ever knew. I have told the captain so—I have also suggested that all hands should be on the alert when the Indians are here, but he ridicules the suggestion as groundless. So let him have his own way. McKay then asked me my opinion. I told him it would be well to have the netting up. He then bid me go to the captain, and I went; but before I could speak to him, he called out, 'Well, Kay, are the Indians coming out to-day?' I said I thought so. He then asked are the chiefs in good humor yet? I said I never saw them in better humor. 'I humbled the fellows a little; they'll not be so saucy now; and we'll get on much better,' said the captain. At this moment McKay joined us, and repeated to the captain what he had just stated to me. The captain laughed; observing to McKay, "You pretend to know a great deal about the Indian character—you know nothing at all." And the conversation dropped. Mr. McKay's anxiety and perturbation of mind was increased by the manner in which the captain treated his advice; and having, to all appearance, a presentiment of what was brooding among the Indians, he refused going to breakfast that morning, put two pairs of pistols in his pockets, and sat down on the larboard side of the quarter-deck in a pensive mood. In a short time afterwards, the Indians began to flock about the ship, both men and women, in great crowds, both men and women; certainly I myself thought there was not the least danger, particularly as the woman accompanied the men to trade, but I was surprised that the captain did not put the netting up. It was the first time I ever saw a ship trade there without adopting that precaution. As soon as the Indians arrived, the captain, relying no doubt on the apparent reconciliation which had taken place between McKay and the chiefs on shore, and wishing perhaps to atone for the insult he had offered the latter, flew from one extreme to the other, receiving them with open arms, and admitting them on board without reserve, and without the usual precautions. The trade went on briskly, and at the captain's own price. The Indians throwing the goods received into the canoes, which are alongside, with the women in them; but in doing so, they managed to conceal their knives about their persons, which circumstance was noticed by one of the men aloft; but by myself, and we warned the captain of it; but he treated the suggestions, as usual, with a smile of contempt, and no more was said about it; but in a moment or two afterwards, the captain began to suspect something himself, and was in the act of calling Mr. McKay to him, when the Indians in an instant, raised the hideous yell of death, which echoed from stem to stern of the devoted ship, the woman in the canoe immediately pushed off, and the massacre began. The conflict was bloody but short. The savages with their naked knives and horrid yells, rushed on the unsuspecting and defenceless whites, who were dispersed all over the ship, and in five minutes' time the vessel was their own. McKay was the first man who fell; he shot one Indian, but was instantly killed and thrown overboard, and so sudden was the surprise that the captain had scarcely time to draw from his pocket a clasp-knife, with which he defended himself desperately, killed two, and wounded several more, till at last he fell in the crowd. The loss man I saw alive was Stephen Weeks, the armorer. In the midst of this carnage, I leapt overboard, and did several other Indians, and we were taken up by the women in the canoes, who were yelling, whooping and crying like so

many fiends about the ship; but before I had got two gun-shots from the ship, and not ten minutes after I had left her, she blew up in the air with a fearful explosion, filling the whole place with broken fragments and mutilated bodies. The sight was terrific and overwhelming. Weeks must have been the man who blew up the ship, and by that awful act of revenge, one hundred and seventy-five Indians perished, and some of the canoes, although at a great distance off, had a narrow escape. The melancholy and fatal catastrophe, spread desolation, lamentation and terror throughout the whole tribe. Scarcely anything belonging to the ship was saved by the Indians, and so terrifying was the effect, so awful the scene, when two other ships passed there soon afterwards, that an Indian would venture to go near them.—Ross's Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon and Columbia River.

The Days of Old. A curious instance of a lady availing herself, in 1340, of the right to appear by champion in a breach of promise marriage case, is mentioned in the memoirs of Philippe de Montepedon having died in Piedmont without issue, she was left a young, rich and beautiful widow, and was sought in marriage by several noble suitors. Amongst these was the Marquis de Saluces, to whose attentions she seemed to listen favorably, and she permitted him to accompany her from Turin to Paris. It turned out, however, that the lady had merely wished to have the advantage of his escort on the journey; and when she arrived at its termination, she cavalierly dismissed him, saying, "Adieu, sir! your lodging is at the hotel des Ursins, and mine at the Augustins." The Marquis still persisted in his suit; but as Philippe continued obstinate, he asserted that she had made him a formal promise of marriage, and cited her to appear before the court of parliament. She came there, attended by a numerous company of friends, and, having been desired by the president to hold up her hand, she was asked whether she had ever promised marriage to the Marquis, who was then present in court. She answered upon her honor that she had not; and when the court proceeded to press her with further questions, she exclaimed with passionate warmth, "Gentlemen, I never was in a court of justice before; and this makes me fear that I may not answer properly. But to put a stop to all capricious caviling and word-catching, I swear in the face of this assembly to God and the king—to God under pain of eternal damnation to my soul; and to the king under the penalty of loss of honor and life—that I have never given pledge or promise of marriage to the Marquis de Saluces, and what is more, that I never thought of such a thing in my life. And if there is any one who will assert the contrary, here is my chevalier, whom I offer to maintain my words, which he knows are entirely true, and uttered by the lips of a lady of honor, if ever there was one. And this I do, trusting in God, and my good right, that he will prove the plaintiff to be (begging the pardon of the court), a villainous liar." This spirited defiance caused no little sensation in the audience; and the president told the registrar that he might put his papers, for Madame la Maréchale had taken another and much shorter road toward settling the dispute. Then addressing the marquis, he asked, "Well, sir, what say you to this challenge?" But the love, as well as the valor of the latter, was fast ebbing away; and the craven knight answered by a very decided negative. "I want not," said he, "to take a wife by force, and if she does not wish to have me, I do not wish to have her." And so, making a low obeisance to the court, he prudently retired, and the fair Philippe heard no more of his pretensions to her hand.—Forsyth's Hor-tensius.

A HOME TYRANT.—Fastidiousness is a dreadful weapon of domestic tyranny. Many a household can tell the grinding power of a selfishness which disguises itself under the form of delicacy of tastes and habits. Many are the tears of vexation, anxiety, mortification and disappointment, occasioned by the unfeeling temper and inconsiderate exactions which are the legitimate fruit of undue attention to personal comfort. One must be little observant of what is about him if he have not sometimes been driven by the ingenious requisitions of the self-indulgent, to wish that the hair-shirt, the pulse-and-writer, and the finny bed of the anchorite could be tried for the reformation of such. Providence seems often to discipline these people by increasing the sensitiveness they have voluntarily induced or cherished, until it becomes a tormenting want which nothing in nature is capable of allaying. They are crushed by the gods their own hands have set up.

THE COUCH OF JOSEPHINE.—In the *adulta penetrantia* of the mansion—the dressing-room and bed-room of Lady Blessington—amidst crowds of costly and beautiful objects, there was one that was interesting from the association which surrounded it. At the further extremity of the inner apartment the eye was attracted to a superb bedstead, which reflected the rich blue satin hangings and fine muslin curtains with which it was decorated, in a large pier glass let into the wall behind it. The bedstead itself, of white and gold, was richly carved; but it owed its chief value to the fact of its having once belonged to Josephine Beauharnais. Under that canopy the discredited empress, and repudiated wife, had sighed through many a sleepless night, mourning the loss of him whom love had been unable to bind; and happily foreseeing with prophetic eye the bitter future reserved to avenge her for his misplaced ambition. An upholsterer carried off this bedstead—figuratively—for something short of £20.

A RUSSIAN WIFE FAIR.—The chief opportunity of seeing native finery is mixed up with a very curious custom observed on White Monday at the summer gardens, when the unmarried girls present themselves for the chance of being selected and sought in marriage by those who are on the lookout for wives. These young people arrange themselves in rows by the sides of the long avenue, attended by their mothers, decked out in their gayest costume, while congested thousands promenade up and down in dense crowds. The idea realizes what we call "love at first sight," and is certainly a novel way of putting the power of Cupid to the test. If any arrow falls, the party introduces himself to the mother, and exchanges addresses, and the matter is negotiated at home. This is confined to the little people—I mean those just above the lower class; but in former times it was common to all ranks.—Life in Russia.

Dr. Holland says: "That if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so set on the part that it is very likely to come upon them."

Before dinner, Lord... Frere, and asked himself... the moment of his entry... to the whole party, and in... being genuine English... his French was execrable... the Russian army into France... a good deal of the great... the war; of none of those... a word, but went on, sometimes... and sometimes in French, gabbling... cookery, and dress, and the like... he paused for a little; and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the conscientious and prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge, and the preservation of life in Genesis, and the Paradise Lost, and the ludicrous effect produced by Dryden's description in his Noah's flood—

"And now the beasts are walking from a wood. As well of rarin, as that cawing the cat. The king of beasts his fury doth suppress. And to the ark lead—'tis the longest. The bull for his—'tis a mate doth love. And to the ark bridge on the first-eyed cow."

Hereupon Lord... resumed, and spoke in rapture of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and the elephants last, in great majesty and filled up the foreground. "Ah! no doubt, my Lord," said Canning, "your elephants, were fellows stayed behind to pack up their trunks." This floored the ambassador for half an hour.—Coleridge's Table Talk.

Consquences of Nice People. Like other things spurious, fastidiousness is often inconsistent with itself; the creature things are done, the cruel things said by the most fastidious people. Horace said by a pole was a proverb of epigrammatic parity of taste, yet none of the vulgarities whom he vilified had a keener relish for a coarse allusion or a malicious falsehood. Beckford, of Fonthill, demanded that his should be twice windowed for his use, but what was his life? Louis XIV. was "intensely nice" in some things, what was he in others? If we observe a person proud of a reputation for fastidiousness, we shall always find that the egotism which is its life will at times lead him to say or do something disgusting. We need expect from such people no delicate, silent self-sacrifice, no tender watching for others' tastes or needs, no graceful yielding up of privileges in unconsidered titles, on what we call "flowing thanks." They may be kind and obliging to a certain extent, but when the service required involves anything disagreeable, anything offensive to the man on which they pride themselves, we must apply elsewhere. Their fineness of manners commonly duties, selecting for preference only those which will pass the test, and conscience is not hurt, for unsuspected praise has given her a bribe.

FASTIDIOUSNESS ILLUSTRATED BY A STORY.—Hans Christian Andersen has given us one of his shrewd little stories in point.

There was once a prince of great beauty and renown who wished to marry a princess. Many persons called themselves princesses had been offering their daughters; but there was always something about the ladies which made him doubtful of their claim to the title. So not being able to satisfy his fastidiousness on this point, he remained for a long time undecided.

One night during a tremendous storm, a young lady came to the door and repeated admittance, saying that she was a real princess. She was in a most pitiable condition—singed from head to foot, with her hair pouring in torrents from her dishevelled locks, she looked forlorn enough for a beggar. But the prince would not reject her; he invited her to spend the night, and in the meantime his mother devised a plan by which to ascertain whether her pretensions were genuine. On the place where the princess was to sleep she put three small pees, and on the top of them twenty mattresses, covering these again with twenty feather beds. Upon this luxurious couch the supposed princess retired to rest, and in the morning she was asked how she had passed the night.

"Oh, most wretchedly!" she replied, "there was something hard in my bed, which distressed me extremely, and has bruised me all over; black and blue."

Then they knew that her pretensions were not false, for none but a real princess could have possessed sufficient delicacy of perception to feel three little pees under twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds.

PERSISTENCE OF AUDUBON.—An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far persistence for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most distressing difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, and proceeded to Philadelphia on business. I looked at all my drawings before my departure, placed them in charge of a relative, with the injunction to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months, and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasure of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me, a poor, pale Norwegian rat had taken possession of the whole, and they had cared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the mental powers being recalled into action, I took up my gun, my note book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might make better drawings than before. And ere a period not exceeding three years elapsed, my portfolio was again filled.

BLENDERS.—Nine-tenths of the misery and vice of mankind proceed from blenders; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, the habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and shames, and men fall in for strength, as not so much from the want of strength, as from the ill direction of it. The weakest from the ill direction of it. The strongest, the strongest by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish his object. The drop by continued falling, bore a passage through the hardest rock—the heavy torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.